TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 4, No. 52 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, NOVEMBER 21, 1891. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 208

Around Town.

While sometimes unduly critical of church methods in matters in which perhaps they are better able to judge than I am, it seems to me that they assume to be able to do too much in the direction of amusing and educating their adherents. The theaters may be a bad thing. Unless theaters are properly managed and good and elevating morals taught there, they are certainly bad; but it is a fact that they would be much better than they are, if instead of practically forbidding their membership to attend theatrical performances, the churches endeavored to purify and uplift a certain section of what we may call theatricals, and thereby use it as an educational institution. A clergyman in Hamilton has denounced the performance of Ben Hur undertaken there for a charitable object. No one who has read the book, and I understand it is admitted to all Sunday school libraries, can fail to have been benefited by reading this remarkably clever story of the life and times of Christ. If this be so, how can an audience be injured by seeing a representation of it? Is not prejudice being imported into this matter? I know I have a better idea, a clearer conception of the mission of Christ and of the sacrifice that he made since I read General Lew Wallace's book. If I had had time I should have seen the play presented. Surely that could not have injured me. The parts were taken in Toronto by amateurs who cannot be condemned as "unclean professionals." Now just where can the damage be done? It may be said that a taste for theatrical exhibitions may be created in the minds of those who attend. If this be so, then let the good influences supply something with which to satisfy that taste and keep the young and unsophisticated from frequenting theaters where damage may be done to their morals. If there be a public taste for such things and the church finds itself unable to satisfy it by concerts and lectures, it is much better to allow respectable and well intentioned performances to take place than to withdraw all countenance from dramatic representations of every kind and leave church members and their families to surreptitiously seek to gratify a not unnatural taste.

***

A pathetic exhibition of marital infelicity was made in the police court a week ago. A demented wife carrying a little baby had been found wandering up and down the streets and asking passers-by if they had seen her husband. It appears they had lived unhappily together almost from the beginning of their domestic partnership, and he with his elder child quietly retired from the scene of unhappiness, leaving his wife sufficiently provided for in the meantime.

***

The newspapers say that their squabbles had been frequent and disturbing. The question suggests itself to me if married people who have rows can cure this habit of raising Cain with one another, and if the intervals between these outbreaks of temper are really happy ones. One has very little material by which to judge of such matters. Observation is limited to the circle of our acquaintances and the scenes which may occur in public or amongst the people with whom we may have lodged. It seems to me that a man and his wife who squabble must either quit it or expect unhappiness—permanent, cankering unhappiness to be the result. Of course there is scarcely ever a family so well assorted, so even-tempered, so considerate that a disturbance cannot arise; occasionally tempests gather, once perhaps in a lifetime there may be a cyclone, and yet marital happiness may escape wreck. It seems reasonable to believe that married couples who love very intensely and are greatly bound up in one another, can hardly escape the intensity of themselves. The world turns on its axis with great smoothness and velocity, but the people who live on its storm-beaten surface find a friction that makes heat and irritation a portion of the experience they must expect. If home could be an undisturbed heaven, a place in which no fractious or rebellious child made unhappy the heart of father and mother, if it were a place in which the tired wage-earner or worried merchant or harassed professional man could breathe a sigh of relief and forget what had been making him miserable, there would be more home life than there is. But every class drags to a greater or less extent its outside influences into the home. Business, industrial, professional storms cannot rage without influencing the domestic barometer. Then, too, the wife and mother has her trials and may be possessed of considerable temper, and when it has been worked up by fractious servants or the accidents of domestic toil, when the husband and father comes in, the clouds are not likely to go away all at once; the smell of suds and the odor of ironing will not all pour out of the door when the man of the house enters, nor will the delicately turned sarcasms, the sneers and the little bickerings of the drawing-room secrete themselves in the coal hole or fly up the chimney when milady meets milord at his home-coming.

***

If there are disturbing influences, and presuming that no one's nature is so thoroughly well adjusted as to be unaffected by what ordinarily causes storm signals to be put up, we must believe that instances are rare where married folk do not go through some hard sieges. It is where these rows and vulgar exhibitions of bad breeding and ill temper are frequent, where the daily atmosphere is one of disturbance, distrust and fault-finding that we may expect distracting unhappiness, perpetual misery. In the fairest of all sweet lands there are some storms, but we do not judge the land by the cyclone, the hot wind that scorches for a day the very life of those who live there. There are regions of perpetual winter where the sun shines with warmth never, where green trees and bright fields and the softening and beautifying tints of summer landscape are never seen. In a domestic life of the latter type nothing happens that gets people into the police court, but those who live that way are icebergs and their days must be joyless and their nights devoid of hallowing peace. Then again, there are climes where storms seem almost perpetual and wreck and destruction and simoons and hot winds from deserts and the belching forth of volcanoes are almost every day incidents. It seems to me so in the domestic affairs of some people and I am sorry for them.

***

One cannot help feeling sorry for the woman who with a baby in her arms and a great choking sob in her voice goes about asking for "Will." We at once think what an infernal scoundrel this man must be to have left a wife who loves him so well that his disappearance even for a day turns her brain, yet that very intensity which makes it impossible for her to live without him may have made it impossible for him to live with her. Their days of domestic peace may have been as glorious as the little valley where palms shadow the luxuriant foliage of bush and flower, but the storm cloud always seems to hang overhead. They may enjoy in an hour, in a day of peace, more than we quiet folk have in weeks disturbed by nothing but an overdone steak or a badly fitting collar, yet I would prefer to have a quiet life and believe it is better worth while demanding but little if little be demanded from me, than to clamor for so much and be met by exorbitant demands in reply. Happiness may furnish a pretty fair average to everybody, but I would rather have my bread buttered thin than to eat it dry and butterless for three hundred and sixty days out of the year in order to have it buttered an inch thick on each side for the other five.

***

When married people begin to have rows in public we know that there must be a reformation or rupture in the near future. The possibilities are all in favor of the rupture. No matter whether they are cultured or ignorant, neither married people nor single people can survive that loss of self-respect entailed by glaring sins against good form, as it is generally called, or conventional decency—it matters not which word we use, the meaning is the same. If we are prepared to wash our family linen in public—that means even in the presence of a single outsider—privacy and all the beautiful little tints and halos that belong to the loving kindness of a home, depart at once, and we have instead a whirlpool of angry recrimination into which we slip whenever we push out an oar's length from shore.

***

In a column of editorial the *Mail* tries to prove that it doesn't matter who is mayor; it then nominates Alderman McDougall!

***

The *News* has also proven to its own satisfaction that the office of mayor should be purely ornamental. The terms for procuring its services to help elect the ornament can no doubt be obtained at the office.

The *Telegram* is undecided and probably will be until its decision is too late to be of any good to the city.

***

The *Empire* is evidently unprepared to make up its mind or to offer any ideas, and the *Globe* is apparently waiting to see what party exigencies may demand of it.

***

The world is but a bubble,
There's nothing here below
But toil and sin and trouble,
No matter where we go.

***

When the daily press of a city is so strongly impregnated with the idea that it doesn't matter who is mayor or who become aldermen, when all their force is apparently reserved with an idea of strengthening the advertising canvasser who is to solicit mayoralty and aldermanic cards, it is no wonder that the average voter—what a world of misgovernment we heap upon the devoted head of the "average voter!"—is much more impressed by the time and trouble it takes to go to the polls than he is by the trouble and high taxes which may be caused by his thoughtlessness and inattention to public duties. Of course the newspapers state in stentorian tones that we must have good aldermen and ought if possible to have a good mayor. After indulging in these large generalities they retire from the business and let men who think they are good and capable select themselves. They offer no advice to the people as to who these Unknowns may be, and it is the very insignificance and inutility of the men who escape public criticism which enables them to obtain office.

***

No doubt mistakes have been made in the past by the advocates of certain men and measures, but if it cannot be shown that the newspapers were insincere, or that, indeed, they were not genuinely interested in municipal affairs and believing themselves to be possessed of an idea and a good candidate did their best for him for Toronto's good, their partizanship is not only excusable but is to their credit. Burke said that what he feared was not the day of judgment, but the day of no judgment, or something to that effect. What we have to fear in Toronto is not the judgment of the newspapers, but their lack of judgment, or rather the suppressing of their judgment lest their advertising columns may be affected.

***

How does it sound for a newspaper to revile a respectable portion of the citizens, who thought they had a right to gather together and express their preference as to a mayoralty candidate, by calling them a kid-gloved and silk-stockinged outfit. If they wear kid gloves and silk stockings and have paid for them, or if they wear silk gloves and kid stockings what difference does it make? They neither obtruded their underwear nor their general raiment upon the public eye, nor was there any manifestation of dudishness or "capi alistic" prejudice in what they said or did. They respect the workingman just as much as the *News* does, and the workingman respects them just as much as he can respect an opinionless newspaper. There is no institution in Toronto that depends so much on the commercial prosperity of the city as the Board of Trade, which numbers in its membership upwards of a thousand of those who have their every dollar invested in the prosperity of Toronto and Ontario enterprises. They are not a lot of sharks living off the community! Was it not the Board of Trade that primarily interested itself in obtaining the railway facilities that have made Toronto what it is? Can, indeed, any commercial enterprise be started in this city the majority of the directors of which are not likely to be Board of Trade men? Why should there be this prejudice against the organized merchants, manufacturers and business men of this city? Have they not recently put up one of the handsomest structures in Toronto? Has not the whole tendency of their work been to make Toronto great? Demagogues may go about saying that the Board of Trade is made up of a lot of gamblers in wheat and speculators in pork. This is rubbish. In the whole membership there are not fifty speculators of any sort, that is to say, men who have no legitimate and beneficial business outside of occasional transactions in the wheat pit. Who are those who do the buying and selling in the rotunda? They are millers and shippers. The Toronto Board of Trade is vastly different to the stock exchanges and gambling centers of the United States. Transactions on margins are a rarity, not the rule. Of the large membership of the Board of Trade there are probably not over a hundred men who see the rotunda once in five years. The Toronto Board of Trade is an organization of the manufacturers, the producers, the merchants, the shippers of Toronto, yet small minded newspapers and down-at-the-heel politicians yowl like a pack of coyotes whenever the Board of Trade is mentioned. When a movement is on foot to benefit the city, to pay for specialists to examine plans for civic improvement, where is the hat passed around but amongst the members of the Board of Trade? Who in this city give up their money as largely and as freely as the members of this same Board of Trade? Yet newspapers that live on their advertisements and but obtain their subscription list by pandering to prejudices, ridicule the members of the Board of Trade as kid-gloved and silk-stockinged dudes! Why, bless my heart, the members of that organization are the best democrats in the city. They are no respecters of persons, and ninety-five per cent. of them earned their first dollars either on a farm or in a factory. It is this contemptible tendency to set class against class in Toronto that makes bad civic government not only a probability but seemingly a part of the inevitable.

***

In the next place, it was not at a Board of Trade meeting but at a meeting of a number of business men in a room in the Board of Trade building, open for public rental, which resulted in the nomination of Mr. E. B. Osler. He may not be the right man for mayor. If he is not, there is no reason why the fact cannot be made plain without attacking those who with the best possible intention brought him forward, an unwilling candidate, who made the greatest possible sacrifice in accepting. If as a C. P. R. director he is unfit to be mayor of Toronto, let it be so proved. Montreal never had a better mayor than Premier Abbott was, though he was a director and the legal adviser of the C. P. R. When the Citizens' Association was making a righteous fight against C. P. R. aggression, the newspaper now most horrified at the thought of a C. P. R. director being mayor of Toronto was the champion of C. P. R. interests and the defender of a mayor and council that were sacrificing city interests in order to conciliate this corporation. The fight is all over; the settlement is made and now to cover a partizanship which was disastrous to the city, the same newspaper is inexpressibly shocked to think that anyone interested in this great Canadian corporation should at the same time be mayor of this city. The whole scheme, as usual, is being worked in favor of the nonentity. The man who has been successful at nothing, who has been read out of politics, who has been scarcely able to make ends meet in his profession or who has for the first time enjoyed anything like affluence by making politics a business—these are the men who find newspaper advocates, while a man like Mr. Osler, who by immense force of character and an aggressive intentness of purpose has achieved success for himself and those allied with him, is considered unfit to be suggested by the business community as a proper man for the chief executive position. It is to be hoped that Mr. Osler's friends thoroughly understand the littleness of the opposition to him. Upwards of two thousand people did not invite him to become a candidate without desiring him to be elected and believing such a result likely. Those making these petty cries will weary themselves and the public long before the election takes place.

***

When we hear of snow and frost appearing in Great Britain and Europe at an unusually early period, or when as during last winter great severity of weather was reported in the countries where a milder climate is usual, we have no idea of the immense amount of suffering which results. In those countries no adequate provision has been made for warming the houses. A grate fire is expected to make a suite of rooms comfortable even in the homes of the rich, while the poor can provide nothing but a few pieces of coal in a roaring and leaking fireplace designed for cooking simple food rather than heating the draughty rooms. It is amusing for an American or Canadian to see the stoves which more than ever before came into vogue in Europe during last winter—great big affairs built of tile and many of them eight or nine feet high, in which a man could secrete himself quite easily. A fire put in one of these things makes just about as much impression on a cold room as if it were built out in the street. Yet it is thus that the millions of people across the Atlantic try to warm themselves when they have a "cold snap" such as we occasionally mention to one another when we meet on the street. Cold is nothing in America because we have made preparations for it. In Europe any such severity brings chill and desolation to millions who are unprepared for it and whose scanty means make preparation or prevention impossible.

***

Poor Mrs. Parnell! Since her husband's death she has been gradually sinking and it is now feared that she will not live. What a pitiable example it is of that unphilosophic condition which leads us to stake our all on the uncertain cast of the dice of Fate. The thoroughly well balanced mind—and it is presumable that this fine mental poise is occasionally to be found—cannot be disturbed from its application of rules and system to its smallest movement. The man who is thus fortunately balanced understands that he should not marry without loving the woman who is to become his wife, yet is able to so carefully place his affections that moderate though sufficient love is accompanied by a very comfortable dowry. The woman of the same sort looks for a good husband and an ample establishment and very often finds both. Less fortunately balanced people marry for love and live in poverty long after love has flown in the traditional manner from the hearth where hunger has made sentimentality impossible. Others love the unattainable and die unloved. Still others mistake passion for something more enduring and are left in misery standing in loneliness over the ashes of a fire that has burned itself out. Understanding then how apt people are to be unwise and how often unselfishness and unwisdom go together, we can perhaps spare a little sorrow for this poor woman who had so much to do with the ruin of a great man. Poor Kitty O'Shea! In the loneliness of her room, through which must flit the phantoms of her dead past, she has certainly learned that the way of the transgressor is not easy.

***

A friend of mine used to say that he would rather be a very pretty woman with ordinary talents than a very smart man. As a rule pretty women are not clever enough to utilize the tremendous power of their dangerous gift. A really beautiful woman with a good set of nerves and a reasonably bright intellect can accomplish almost anything, and no matter how she may plot and how ruinous her wiles may be to mankind, sympathy is always with her. Tears in her bright eyes are pearls that purchase liberty, and are like great millstones about the neck of the man who dares to risk the accusation of causing this fair creature to weep. Beautiful women may be good women; good women certainly have a beauty of their own, but the tendency of the world is to enthrone beauty rather than virtue and pity 'tis, 'tis true, that as a rule beauty cannot stand enthroning or the worshipful attitude that the weaklings of the earth assume towards the unusually bewitching woman. It is very easy to weave romances and let them float like a halo about the face of beauty! It seems easy to imagine that a pretty woman is a good woman,

· CIRCUMSPECTION.

and even if we haven't seen her and a friend tells us about her, the color of her eyes and the beauty of her face and the shapeliness of her figure, we at once become anxious to see her. Extended beyond this idea, is the pretty woman who gets newspaper notoriety. What is chivalric in mankind becomes interested, and though the facts are as a cloud of witnesses against her, yet that she is beautiful or that she sobs in court or clasps her pretty hands or faints and falls against the shoulder of her lawyer, these things interest us and a certain portion of mankind at once presumes that she is being abused. I am always dreadfully afraid of the woman who has the faculty of making the balance of the world think she is abused. The pretty wife that wears the air of not being well treated, the sprightly daughter who is anxious to give people to understand that she isn't being given a chance, and the whole class of much abused beauties excite far more alarm than pity in my hardened heart.

***

Mrs. Maybrick, who was undoubtedly guilty of poisoning her husband and confessedly guilty of dishonoring his name, has had more sympathy wasted upon her than ten thousand good women who have gone down to the grave unpitied and unhelped. Newspapers start funds to assist her to obtain a new trial; the most famous lawyers for a small retainer fight in her behalf, and a great section of the world seems to regard her as a much injured individual. The great pity of the whole business seems to me to have been that she wasn't hanged. All women of her class could very well be hanged as being more dangerous to the community than the gorgeously hued snake which creeps into the household and strikes death into the hand that would caress it. Perhaps there are not many Mrs. Maybricks who are willing to poison their husbands with a deadly drug, but there are far too many of them who poison lives and bring about torture a thousandfold more agonizing than the convulsions of physical death. Yet as long as the world lasts the romanticism of men will offer inducements to beautiful and dangerous women to run the world on the old-fashioned plan pursued by Delilah.

***

The bi-chloride of gold as a cure for drunkenness excited a good deal of attention for a little time and is creating a good deal of trouble preparatory to dropping out of the procession of great discoveries. Injecting a chemical into a man's veins in order to change the yearnings of his stomach, is alm ost as certain to be a failure as the ducking-stool was for scolding women. My opinion is that a man drinks whisky because he wants to and he quits because, for some reason, he ceases to want to get drunk. In order to effect a reformation of any kind a mental or spiritual or emotional change must be brought about. The wretched man who wrote an article for one of the leading reviews, and described how he had been cured of drunkenness by this scheme, took the money he got for writing it and went on a prolonged spree and was found dead in the ditch. What a commentary on the effectiveness of a hypodermic syringe to produce a moral reform!

***

This university extension business is the latest fad. I have watched the papers pretty closely and while I am not nearly so clever as many of the people who write on this topic, I perhaps might assert myself as the possessor of average intelligence; yet I was forced to make a special effort outside of newspaper articles to find out the meaning of "university extension." University extension is a sort of a university on wheels, a teaching faculty; that is to say, a lecturing circus which will go about and give a *quasi* university course in various localities. Those who attend the lectures of this perambulating faculty will be given a discount of a certain amount of time, thus shortening their regular course. The newspapers have been universally favorable to this itinerant notion. I cannot conceive why. In Canada we have colleges and universities, normal schools, model schools, and training schools galore. Down-at-the-heel collegians, tramp professors and no good undergraduates can be found in every neighborhood, who can teach Cæsar and Virgil and Xenophon and higher mathematics and worthless ologies. A youth who is ambitious to teach school or peddle tinware and get money enough to go to college without much trouble. The means of obtaining "higher education" are ample in Canada. What is lacking is not a chance to get into a university to learn Greek and Latin, strange mathematics and useless theories, but an opportunity to acquire technical knowledge of something that is some good. The Hon. G. W. Ross is too active in this university extension matter; in fact, he is suspiciously alert. My own belief is that the Ontario Government would like to organize an educational circus of this kind, a tent show, a perambulating court of learning, in order to get a still greater grip on the constituencies. If a county asks for a university extension annex it will have to behave according to Grit principles in order to obtain it. We may be assured this scheme will not become law unless the Ontario Government has control of it, and if it controls it, it will be worked like the Dominion Government manages the erection of postoffices, custom houses, etc. The Minister of Education has intimated that a grant will be given by the province to favor this scheme—at least he has set the ball in motion that a grant may be asked for. This province has no money to give to any such electioneering snap. If we are to extend the sphere of our educational enterprise, it should be in the direction of technical schools. We have enough abstractions both in politics and learning. We have vastly too much politics in our educational system. I sincerely hope that the professors and presidents of colleges will not be led away by this fancy, this fine fad, this electioneering scheme.

***

The pilgrimage of Saint Wilfred Laurier to Boston and the banquet tendered him there and the eloquent speech addressed to his compatriots and the assembled statesmen in New England, may tend to add brilliancy to the pageantry of his political career, but is unlikely to gain him votes. The Hon. Mr. Laurier and his friends are not running for office in New England, but in this allied nation of Old England. Of course the visit of a Canadian statesman so highly regarded as the Hon. Mr. Laurier may do something to attract attention to Canadian questions in the United States, but the boodlers in his ample retinue cannot coats kept up their reputation of last winter, as perfect and courteous hosts. The new staircase was appreciated by those who ascended and descended to the supper rooms, and universal comfort and enjoyment crowned this social opening of the season.

*

The list of guests is as follows: The Misses Armour, Mr. A. J. Arnold, Mr. Rudyard and the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brouse, Capt. Baldwin, 2nd Regiment Cavalry, and Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Miss Bethune, Mr. and Miss Barker, Miss Begg, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bingham, Lieut-Col. Brophy, 91st Batt. and Mrs. Brophy, Mrs. Geo. Tait Blackstock, Mr. A. O. Beardmore, Mr. H. L. Branchand, Capt. Brougnall, 90th Rifles, Mr. A. J. Boyd, Mr. Fred. Brough, all, Mr. J. G. Burnham, Q. O. R., Mr. Benedict, 90th Rifles, Mr. Herman Boulton, Col. Arthur L. Bresler, A. D. C., to the Governor of Ohio, and Mrs. Bresler, Mr. F. H. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Baines, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Miss Campbell, Mr. Mayne and Miss Campbell, Mr. Coulson, Mr. Barlow and Miss Cumberland, Mrs. A. F. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croil, Mr. and Mrs. John and Miss Cawthra, Mr. Bertie Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Capt. Cameron, R. G. and Mrs. Cameron, Dr. Cane, Miss Castle, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, G. G. B. G., Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Dyas, Mr. T. Dyas, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Capt. and Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mr. Casimir Dickson, G. G. B. G., Miss Dunbar, Lieutenant-Colonel Dawson, R. G., Mrs. and Miss Dawson, the Misses Despard, Mr. H. A. Drummond, Capt. Eliot, R. G., and Mrs. Eliot, Mr. and Mrs. Everett, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. J. F. Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Miss Fraser, Miss Foy, Mr. W. J. Fleury, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Fisken, Mr. and Mrs. A. Foy, the Misses Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, the Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Gooderham, Capt. Gibson, R. G., and Mrs. Gibson, Miss Grigor, Mr. P. C. Godden, Miss Greer of Brantford, Mr. Scott Griffin, Mr. Goldingham, Miss Headly, Major Harrison, R. G., Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Hepburn, Capt. Hay, R. G., and Mrs. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas, Mr. Hollyer, Mr. A. J. Henderson, Mr. Andrew Hoskins, Mr. W. D. Hart, Mr. Harry Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Homfray Irving, Mr. and the Misses Janes, Mr. W. W. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Dr. King, R. G., Mrs. and Miss King, Mr. J. S. and Miss King, Mr. Nicol and the Misses Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kay, Major King of Welland Field Battery and Miss King, Miss Annie Kirkpatrick, Mr. J. J. and Miss Kelso, Mr. H. V. Knight, Mr. W. S. and the Misses Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Dr. Lehman, R.G., Mr. Laurie, I.S.C., Mr. W. M. Lindsay, Capt. H. Merritt, G.G.B.G., and Mrs. Merritt, Mr. J. D. and the Misses Merrick, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Montizambert, Mr. and Mrs. MacFarlane, Judge and Mrs. MacMahon, Miss Moss, Mr. F. W. MacLean, Capt. MacDougal, I.S.C., and Mrs. MacDougal, Mr. and Mrs. McMandrew, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCualg, Mr. C. J. Marani, R.G., Capt. McKay, R.G., Capt. McLean, R.G., Mr. Hugh McLean, Miss Mackey of Ottawa, Dr. McDonagh, Mr. Harry McMillan, Mr. H. M. McCualg, Mr. Claude and the Misses Macdonnell, Capt. Morrow, Mr. Percy Maule, Mr. A. F. Matheson, Mr. J. A. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Brantford, Mr. Arthur Peuchen, Q. O. R., Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mr. W. R. Pringle, R. G., and Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. Prince, Mr. J. K. Pauw, Dr. Ryerson, R. G., and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. A. W. Ridout, Mr. Grant Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rutherford, Mr. E. C. and the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ridout and Miss Ridout, Mr. J. F. Risley, Miss Ross, Capt. Roche, 34th Battalion, Mr. Fred. Strowger, Mr. J. M. Saunders, Mr. G. B., Mrs. and Miss Smith, Mr. D. T. Symons, the Misses Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Hon. Frank and Miss Smith, Dr. Spilsbury, Mr. W. P. Sloane, Mr. B. O. R. Sloane, Miss Spratt, Mr. W. W. Strathy, Mr. Sydney Small, Mr. C. W. Shanly, Mr. Charles Swabey, Miss Strange, Mr. W. W. Strathy, Dr. Thistle, Capt. Trotter, R. G., Mr. R. M. and the Misses Thompson, Mr. John Thompson, the Misses Todd, Miss Taschereau, Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylour, Mr. L. A. Tilley, Capt., Mrs. and Miss Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Major Vidal, I. S. C., Mr. D. R. and Miss Wilkie, Mr. David, Mrs. and Miss Walker, Mr. John Wright, Mr. C. W. Walker, Mr. Harvey Willis, 35th Batt., Mr. Harry Wyatt, Q. O. R., Miss Adelaide Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Woodsworth, Miss Yorston.

*

A most charming event took place at the residence of the bride's father in the City of Hamilton on Wednesday evening of last week, it being the occasion of the marriage of Miss Minnie Chase, youngest daughter of Mr. John Chase, to Mr. Charles E. Oles, a rising young barrister of Brantford. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. Dean Francis. The bridesmaids were Miss Hattie Johnston of Burlington and Miss Gallagher of Hamilton, while the groom was attended by Mr. John Chase, brother of the bride, and Mr. W. J. Elliott of Toronto. The bride looked charming, attired in cream *soliel* and carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses, while the bridesmaids wore rose-pink Luxore silk and carried bouquets of pink roses. Immediately after the wedding breakfast the happy couple left for New York and other points east. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Alex Oles, Mr. S. Boyd and Miss Barton of Brantford, Mr. Frank Bell of St. George, Mr. M. Shearer of Buffalo, N. Y., and Mr. E. W. McIntyre.

*

A very pretty but quiet wedding took place in this city at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. A. K. McIntosh, Wednesday, November 11, when Mr. Charles C. Penfold and Miss Grace B., daughter of Mr. James R. Silliman, all of Buffalo, N. Y., were united in marriage by Rev. Septimus Jones, M. A. Miss Lulu Silliman, sister of the bride, assisted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Frank C. Penfold, brother of the groom, as best man. None but the two families interested were present, owing to the late bereavement in the bride's family.

*

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Capreol have returned from their wedding trip. Mrs. Capreol will receive at 58 St. George street on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

A large number of visitors is expected at the Swiss Cafe Chantant, in aid of the Victoria Home, on Tuesday, at Ossington Hall, 220 Dundas street. It is easily reached by either the College or Brockton cars. Pretty girls in pretty dresses, dispensing coffee and ice creams, will be there. In addition to these there is to be a separate magic lantern show from four to six and from eight to ten p.m. Capt. Greville Harston showed himself an adept at catering for the public taste in the success of his Nightingale Concert last year, and we hear that he has been equally successful for this affair. Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Huycke Garratt and Miss Massie with her 'cello are the leading soloists, and in addition to these the programme includes Mrs. Peterson, Miss Pechell, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Wey, Mr. Poulett Thompson, Capt. Greville Harston, Messrs. Dickey, Stewart, A. R. Denison and part of the Dufferin Glee Club. Recitations will be given by Mr. Bromley Davenport and Mr. Steward, and a banjo solo by Mr. V. Robin. The ladies of the committee are Mrs. Greville Harston, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Robin, Mrs. E. A. Thompson, Mrs. Arthur Denison, Mrs. Felix Lloyd, Miss Pechell and Miss Macdonnell.

*

Mr. E. W. Sandys of *Outing*, New York, spent Thursday in the city on his return from the West. Mr. Sandys has been attending the field trials in Kent, and also paying his respects to all the seasonable game in that locality.

*

Mrs. Philip Drayton of Bloor street east gives a tea this afternoon.

*

Mrs. Nordheimer entertained a number of friends at dinner on Monday evening.

*

The Maritana Club held their third At Home at Webb's on Friday night, Nov. 6, and a large number of friends attended. One of the interesting features of the evening was the introduction of the Oxford Minuet, a new and very graceful dance. Guests were noticed from Green River, Hamilton, Orangeville and other places.

*

The Rossmore Club gave a very pleasant surprise party at Mrs. Disette's, Dundas street, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 11. An orchestra was in attendance, and dancing was indulged in with the greatest enjoyment until the small hours of the morning.

*

The Sons of England held an At Home in Webb's parlors last night week, which was very much enjoyed by their guests. Dancing and the phonograph formed rival attractions up and down stairs. Mr. Nicholls made a genial master of ceremonies, and a very social and pleasant evening was spent. Lists of guests at this and the two entertainments preceding are unavoidably crowded out of my column this week. The invitation cards for this At Home and that of the Maritana Club were designed by James Bain & Sons and were much admired.

*

On Tuesday afternoon, November 10, Mrs. and Miss Spier of Lindsay were At Home from four to seven to their friends, previous to Miss Spier's departure for her new home in Montreal.

*

Thanksgiving day at Lindsay was the scene of a social event of more than usual importance, in which society showed its interest by filling St. Andrew's church to the doors to witness the marriage of one of Lindsay's most charming daughters, Helen Muirhead, daughter of Mr. Robert Spier, to Mr. William A. Carlyle of the Science Department of McGill College, Montreal. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock in the afternoon, Rev. Robert Johnston, B. A., pastor of the church, officiating. Punctual to the hour the bride entered the church escorted by her father, as the strains of the organ pealed forth a selection from Mendelssohn. Miss Annie Hall of Peterboro' acted as bride-maid, while Dr. Spier of the General Hospital, Montreal, brother of the bride, assisted the groom. The pretty church was illuminated and tastefully decorated by the young people, which added much to the beauty of the scene. The bride was attired in white silk with *chiffon* and feather trimmings, with the conventional veil and orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses and maiden-hair fern. The bridesmaid wore shell-pink surah, carrying a large bouquet of pink roses. Messrs. G. Montgomery Vance and J. M. McLennan acted as ushers. After the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the residence of the bride's father, Russell street, where the bride and groom received the warm wishes and hearty congratulations of

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Bendelari and Mrs. Drayton were the recipients of two lovely baskets of roses last Tuesday from the gentlemen who took part in the Ben Hur performance; the fragrant tributes to the managing ability and faithful supervision of these two invaluable workers were accompanied by many kind and grateful expressions of regard. The acknowledgment was well merited and is joined in by every one who took part in the spectacle of Ben Hur.

*

In company with many others of the caste, I was sorry to read the abusive personalities which appeared in a local paper about the senior partner of the company who own the Ben Hur spectacle. Those who took principal parts and rehearsed with Mr. Clarke were possibly less sensitive, but probably more sensible than those who took offence at his offhand business manner, or want of manner. One cannot expect chivalry under such circumstances, and it would have looked better both for the dignity of the reporters and their informants had the matter of complaint been kept where it should have been, behind the scenes. To the aforesaid paper we are one and all under great obligations for encouragement and support, and therefore only a sense of justice to our instructors leads to my notice of the one thing which would have been pleasanter to us unsaid.

*

The Grenadiers' first assembly of this season took place on Tuesday evening at Webb's. The dancing and supper rooms were tastefully decorated with ferns, palms and rich curtains, and the rattling good band lent wings to flying feet. The first party of the season shows the buds and blossoms of fashion's conservatory in all their freshness and loveliness, and I don't remember a dance where I noticed more really handsome women and pretty girls. The brides rather cast the buds in the shade. Mrs. Hay, in her magnificent bridal gown of white silk and shoulder train of silver brocade, was a figure at once beautiful and stately; Mrs. Elliott, who is an unusually lovely woman in any costume, looked her best in a plain white silk gown of exquisite fit, with ornaments of strung pearls; Mrs. Haas, in a cute little frock of pink crepe and knotted fringe, was her usual charming self; Mrs. Fred McQueen of Woodstock provoked many admiring expressions, her gown of pale blue, and her *coiffure* a small Langtry knot; Mrs. Neville, was piquante in a pale blue gown, fringed with grasses and tiny blossoms, and a fawn bodice and half *pannier*; Mrs. James Crowther, a dainty toilette of white and gold; Miss Seymour, black and gold, and Miss S. Seymour, white silk mull; Mrs. Arthur Brown, whose costumes have been uniformly beautiful this season, wore a soft white brocade with *chiffon* frills *en berthe*, and a lace front drapery; Mrs. Walter Barwick wore a dainty little dress of violet-gray benzaline with a passementerie corsage belt; Miss Frances Smith, a pink and white brocade with pink hyacinths; Mrs. Dawson, a rich gown of satin brocade in salmon and puce color; Miss Ferguson, a rich tan brown with *berthe* and foot trimming of crinkled pink roses; Miss Spratt, brown and cream lace; Miss May Walker wore a simple little gown of mustard yellow, with a coronet of wheatears, which was vastly becoming. Mrs. Cecil Leigh wore white and corn color; Miss M. Gooderham, pale pink; Miss Janes, mauve *chiffon*, and Miss Louie Janes, cream with tiny knots of blue flowers and blue ribbons. Space fails me to mention the scores of other pretty toilettes which passed and repassed. The rooms were just rightly filled without crowding, and needless to chronicle, the gallant redcoats kept up their reputation of last winter, as perfect and courteous hosts. The new staircase was appreciated by those who ascended and descended to the supper rooms, and universal comfort and enjoyment crowned this social opening of the season.

*

The list of guests is as follows: The Misses Armour, Mr. A. J. Arnold, Mr. Rudyard and the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brouse, Capt. Baldwin, 2nd Regiment Cavalry, and Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Miss Bethune, Mr. and Miss Barker, Miss Begg, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bingham, Lieut-Col. Brophy, 91st Batt. and Mrs. Brophy, Mrs. Geo. Tait Blackstock, Mr. A. O. Beardmore, Mr. H. L. Branchand, Capt. Brougnall, 90th Rifles, Mr. A. J. Boyd, Mr. Fred. Brough, all, Mr. J. G. Burnham, Q. O. R., Mr. Benedict, 90th Rifles, Mr. Herman Boulton, Col. Arthur L. Bresler, A. D. C., to the Governor of Ohio, and Mrs. Bresler, Mr. F. H. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Baines, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Miss Campbell, Mr. Mayne and Miss Campbell, Mr. Coulson, Mr. Barlow and Miss Cumberland, Mrs. A. F. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croil, Mr. and Mrs. John and Miss Cawthra, Mr. Bertie Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Capt. Cameron, R. G. and Mrs. Cameron, Dr. Cane, Miss Castle, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, G. G. B. G., Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Dyas, Mr. T. Dyas, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Capt. and Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mr. Casimir Dickson, G. G. B. G., Miss Dunbar, Lieutenant-Colonel Dawson, R. G., Mrs. and Miss Dawson, the Misses Despard, Mr. H. A. Drummond, Capt. Eliot, R. G., and Mrs. Eliot, Mr. and Mrs. Everett, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. J. F. Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Miss Fraser, Miss Foy, Mr. W. J. Fleury, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Fisken, Mr. and Mrs. A. Foy, the Misses Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, the Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Gooderham, Capt. Gibson, R. G., and Mrs. Gibson, Miss Grigor, Mr. P. C. Godden, Miss Greer of Brantford, Mr. Scott Griffin, Mr. Goldingham, Miss Headly, Major Harrison, R. G., Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Hepburn, Capt. Hay, R. G., and Mrs. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas, Mr. Hollyer, Mr. A. J. Henderson, Mr. Andrew Hoskins, Mr. W. D. Hart, Mr. Harry Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Homfray Irving, Mr. and the Misses Janes, Mr. W. W. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Dr. King, R. G., Mrs. and Miss King, Mr. J. S. and Miss King, Mr. Nicol and the Misses Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kay, Major King of Welland Field Battery and Miss King, Miss Annie Kirkpatrick, Mr. J. J. and Miss Kelso, Mr. H. V. Knight, Mr. W. S. and the Misses Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Dr. Lehman, R.G., Mr. Laurie, I.S.C., Mr. W. M. Lindsay, Capt. H. Merritt, G.G.B.G., and Mrs. Merritt, Mr. J. D. and the Misses Merrick, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Montizambert, Mr. and Mrs. MacFarlane, Judge and Mrs. MacMahon, Miss Moss, Mr. F. W. MacLean, Capt. MacDougal, I.S.C., and Mrs. MacDougal, Mr. and Mrs. McMandrew, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCualg, Mr. C. J. Marani, R.G., Capt. McKay, R.G., Capt. McLean, R.G., Mr. Hugh McLean, Miss Mackey of Ottawa, Dr. McDonagh, Mr. Harry McMillan, Mr. H. M. McCualg, Mr. Claude and the Misses Macdonnell, Capt. Morrow, Mr. Percy Maule, Mr. A. F. Matheson, Mr. J. A. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Brantford, Mr. Arthur Peuchen, Q. O. R., Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mr. W. R. Pringle, R. G., and Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. Prince, Mr. J. K. Pauw, Dr. Ryerson, R. G., and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. A. W. Ridout, Mr. Grant Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rutherford, Mr. E. C. and the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ridout and Miss Ridout, Mr. J. F. Risley, Miss Ross, Capt. Roche, 34th Battalion, Mr. Fred. Strowger, Mr. J. M. Saunders, Mr. G. B., Mrs. and Miss Smith, Mr. D. T. Symons, the Misses Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Hon. Frank and Miss Smith, Dr. Spilsbury, Mr. W. P. Sloane, Mr. B. O. R. Sloane, Miss Spratt, Mr. W. W. Strathy, Mr. Sydney Small, Mr. C. W. Shanly, Mr. Charles Swabey, Miss Strange, Mr. W. W. Strathy, Dr. Thistle, Capt. Trotter, R. G., Mr. R. M. and the Misses Thompson, Mr. John Thompson, the Misses Todd, Miss Taschereau, Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylour, Mr. L. A. Tilley, Capt., Mrs. and Miss Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Major Vidal, I. S. C., Mr. D. R. and Miss Wilkie, Mr. David, Mrs. and Miss Walker, Mr. John Wright, Mr. C. W. Walker, Mr. Harvey Willis, 35th Batt., Mr. Harry Wyatt, Q. O. R., Miss Adelaide Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Woodsworth, Miss Yorston.

*

A most charming event took place at the residence of the bride's father in the City of Hamilton on Wednesday evening of last week, it being the occasion of the marriage of Miss Minnie Chase, youngest daughter of Mr. John Chase, to Mr. Charles E. Oles, a rising young barrister of Brantford. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. Dean Francis. The bridesmaids were Miss Hattie Johnston of Burlington and Miss Gallagher of Hamilton, while the groom was attended by Mr. John Chase, brother of the bride, and Mr. W. J. Elliott of Toronto. The bride looked charming, attired in cream *soliel* and carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses, while the bridesmaids wore rose-pink Luxore silk and carried bouquets of pink roses. Immediately after the wedding breakfast the happy couple left for New York and other points east. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Alex Oles, Mr. S. Boyd and Miss Barton of Brantford, Mr. Frank Bell of St. George, Mr. M. Shearer of Buffalo, N. Y., and Mr. E. W. McIntyre.

*

A very pretty but quiet wedding took place in this city at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. A. K. McIntosh, Wednesday, November 11, when Mr. Charles C. Penfold and Miss Grace B., daughter of Mr. James R. Silliman, all of Buffalo, N. Y., were united in marriage

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

BERMUDA

Sixty hours from New York, THURSDAYS

BARBADOS

Trinidad and West Indies, SATURDAYS

ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary Quebec S.S. Co., Quebec.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent,
72 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Paris Kid Glove Store

JUST RECEIVED

Special Shades in Swede Mousquitaire

Evening Gloves, all lengths.

Derby Gloves for Fall Wear in all Colors

Ladies 5 and 7 Hook Lacing Gloves in Every Shade

Lined Gloves, Mitts and Driving Gloves

P. D. Corsets and R. & G. Corsets to Suit All Figures

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT

We have some very elegant lines in goods suitable for Evening Dresses, Wraps, Trousseaux, Dinner Gowns and Visiting Costumes.

MILLINERY

The newest ideas from Paris, London and New York.

WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Special attention given to orders by post.

PEOPLE who have Steck Pianos wonder why it is that when they essay to play on other pianos they fail to get the same effect in tone. The reason is that the touch of no other piano is so quick to speak—the tone of no other piano so full of sympathetic sweetness as the Steck. The Steck Pianos are positively unrivalled in the world to-day for refinement and singing quality of tone and beauty of touch.

Sole agents for Ontario.

FARWELL & GLENDON

Wareroom: 68 King St. West.

Also sole agents for the celebrated Dominion and Dunham Pianos.

VINOLA SOAP

Vinola Powder

Recamier Preparations

Imperial Hair Regenerator

"Saunders" Eau Blonde

Oriental Cream

And all the latest Toilet Preparations, Perfumes, &c.

CAN BE HAD AT

McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE

230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter

XMAS IN EUROPE

BY THE

CUNARD LINE

Passengers leaving New York per SS. UMBRIA, DECEMBER 12

Will arrive in England on the 19th inst.

Tickets and information from—

W. A. GEDDES - Agent

69 Yonge Street, Toronto

WINTER

TOURS OF EVERY VARIETY

TRANS - ATLANTIC

RATES REDUCED

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Gen'l Steamship and R. R. Agency, 72 Yonge St., Toronto

BURMESE

TABLE AND HALL

= GONGS =

The Newest and Latest Novelty

RICE LEWIS & SON

(LIMITED)

Cor. King & Victoria Sts., Toronto

INVITATIONS

To Weddings, Dinner, Dance and Juvenile Parties

Menu Cards, Visiting Cards, Ball Programmes, Etc.

THE MOST FASHIONABLE PATTERNS

JAMES BAIN & SON, 39 King St. E., Toronto

Freaks and Fancies.

FUR and lace seems a strange combination in trimming, but is far from unlovely. I saw a dainty velvet gown of a rich green trimmed with vest and cuffs of Persian lamb fur, and finished at neck and wrists by a deep frill of antique lace. The bonnet to go with this gown, was of green, bordered scantily with fur and on top had an Alsatian bow of the rich old lace. The muff, a tiny round affair, was also trimmed with bands of fur, and had a full ruffle of lace on each opening. The costume was of singular elegance.

*

Another theater waist caught my eye a few evenings ago, partly because of its novelty and partly because of its peculiarity. It was a long loose blouse of soft peach silk with a deep yoke of open work *applique* and wide cuffs of the same. The *applique* was in gilt cord and braid, and was very handsome, though the loose and *negligé* appearance of the garment is not to my taste. Its handsome garniture could not impart that look of trimness and smartness so indispensable for a theater gown. The girl who wore it was tall, slender and a perfect brunette, with a languid grace and indifference which well suited her costume.

*

The "love spoon" is the latest development in the souvenir spoon fad, and is chosen for an engagement token. A silver arrow with enameled forget-me-nots twined round the shaft, and its barbed point piercing the golden bowl of the spoon, which is in heart shape, is the appropriate design of this trifle, and the intertwined initials of the donor and recipient are engraved on the inner surface of the bowl.

*

A feature in winter wraps is their length—to be curtailed is to be behind the age. Long wadded overcloaks of brocaded material are made with double front, the under one buttoned from neck to toe, the over one daintily lined, edged with some handsome fur and hanging loose. Astrachan, that cheap and durable fur, is a perfect *fureure* this season. Light colored furs are general favorites and no more elegant and becoming finish to a rich dark cloth or velvet gown could be imagined than the aforesa'd style of vest, collar, cuffs, and narrow foot border of Krimmer, Thibet or *Mouflon*. As soon as cold weather comes to us we shall see some charming combinations of Persian lamb and seal, the crisp curl of the former showing to great advantage beside the velvety smoothness of the latter, the king of furs, as diamonds are the kings among jewels.

*

The prettiest member of Rhea's company invested in a new gown for her trousseau after her engagement to Sapleats, during her visit to Toronto. It was of mustard yellow, made in a new and taking style, most becoming to a slender form, such as Olga possesses. The bodice was in deep shirrs from neck to pointed waist belt, strapped across with bands of gold passementerie, the skirt was plain, with long wings of drapery falling on each side and cunningly puffed at the top over very evident little *panniers*, the long sleeves were shirred like the bodice and strapped into the arm at intervals with passementerie. The effect was novel and beautiful, and could be reproduced for a reception dress by our married belles who prefer not to wear *decollete* gowns. It was a credit to the taste and work of the clever *modiste* who designed it.

*

Those French skirts with the shawl drapery at the back have been a torment for street wear. But a simple device gives relief to the lady who is tired of walking askew with her drapery gathered up in her hand. This is merely a long loop of passementerie which hangs from the waist belt at the back, and through which the trailing back breadths are gracefully pulled, until they are well up from the ground. Two eyes on the drapery and a mammoth hook on the loop may be placed to ensure proper draping and security in position, and a little twist of the adept hand quickly loosens all when the wearer enters the portals of her friends or the concert room.

*

Suede and glace gloves are in quiet rivalry at present. The latest fancy with full dress opera toilettes is to wear fawn or light gray shades in suede handwear.

*

I came across a delicious new perfume the other day. It is white lilac, of a very sweetly superior scent. One can shut one's eyes and fancy the graceful drooping pyramids of white bloomlets nestling among their dull greenery, and almost feel the balmy air that obtains in lilac time, when the spray of faint and delicate sweetness falls upon mouchoir or opera wrap, manipulated by a smiling little lady who dispenses the imitation summer time from a glass bottle and a rubber sprayer. The good thing about this lilac scent is that it leaves no unpleasant after odor of stale perfume. The breath of the flower comes, pleases and floats away, leaving you wishing, like the immortal Oliver, for "more."

*

Among dainty finishes for handsome opera wraps or *sorties de bal*, I find a pure white Siberian goat hair fringe headed with a rich narrow passementerie of gold and silver. This is light and dainty and very durable, while not so expensive as the easily spoiled feather and down trimmings. Dark fur is worn on white cloaks, and a most ladylike wrap of mouse gray, with a passementerie yoke and *Medici* collar of gray and silver, has been noticed on the pretty shoulders of a Toronto belle just back from a circuit of this world of ours. The edge of the front and collar are finished with either soft gray fur or feathers. I have not looked sharp enough to decide which, but anyway it is a most *distingue* and becoming garment.

LA MODE.

Mrs. O F. (at the Italian opera)—Why, I can't understand a word they say. I should think these actors as can't speak English would have sense enough to play in pantomime, where their ignorance wouldn't be noticed.

PALMS PALMS

The favorite plant for table and parlor decorations. Fine healthy plants from $1.50 up. Palms two feet high for $2 50 Having imported a very large stock of Palms, we are able to sell them at a much cheaper rate than ever before offered in Toronto. Also

Choice Roses, and all other seasonable flowers always on hand. Bridal Bouquets and Wedding Decorations a specialty. Floral Tributes of all kinds made on short notice.

S. TIDY & SON, 164 Yonge Street

Conservatories and Greenhouses—477 and 490 Ontario Street, Toronto.

N. German Lloyd Co.

SHORT ROUTE TO LONDON AND CONTINENT

Fast express steamers bi-weekly.

MEDITERRANEAN LINE

Fast express steamers bi-monthly.

Clyde built ships. Palatial equipment.

WINTER RATES NOW IN FORCE.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent

72 Yonge St., Toronto

We cordially invite the public to inspect, without reference to purchasing, our recent extensive importations, and the goods that have been manufactured for this season's business. There will be found Diamonds and other precious stones, rich Diamond and Gold Jewelry, Sterling Silverware in Tea Services, Spoons, Forks, Toilet Articles, etc., French, Chime, and Travelling Clocks, fine Gold and Silver Watches, etc., etc. Stock the largest, Prices the lowest.

James E. Ellis & Co, 3 King St. E., Toronto.

Armson & Stone.

We have already marked and put out for sale for next week a lot of Ulsters, ranging in price from $7 to $45 and the prices will then be $3 to $20. There are not a great many and anyone wanting a real good, warm cloth Ulster will do well to call at the earliest possible opportunity.

212 YONGE STREET

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING

MISS PATON'S rooms are now open and thoroughly equipped with the fall and winter styles and modes. The latest French, English and American fashions. An early visit and inspection invited.

Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

Canadian Domestic Employment Agency

3 Gerrard Street East

Situations out of the city promptly attended to.

Ladies' work superintun in connection. Orders taken for Preserves, Condimente, Pickles, etc. References: Lady Macpherson, Chestnut Park; Mrs. Boddy, St. Peter's Rectory, Winchester St.; Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahoney. London, England, Agency, 324 Strand.

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

How important in the choice of dress stuffs that you should go where choice of dress stuffs can be found. All the advantage that comes from largeness of trade and a knowing how to buy and what to buy will be found among dress goods at this store's counters.

Boucle Cloths, stripes, double, 45c.
Camel's Hair Effects, double, 40c.
Fancy Camel's Hair, brocades, 60c.
French Jacquard Cloths, 50c.

The shoppers can bank on the quality of dress goods offered by this store—always. Note the fact that we are out of the rut of high prices.

Henriettas, evening shades, 35c., 50c., 70c.
French Brocaded Cloths, 50c.
Handsome Foule Cloth, 46-inch, 45c.

Convenience is served in many cases in buying complete combination suits.

Camel's Hair Combination Robes.
French Brocade Combination Robes.

These handsome goods in nearly 100 designs, and ranging from $8 50 to $30 ach.

Order dress goods by letter. Drop post card for samples and 80-page Shoppers' Handbook and Fashion Catalogue.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

WE have just opened the very latest styles in French, English and American Millinery Novelties.

MISS PAYNTER

Millinery Parlors } 3 Rossin Block King Street West.

FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM

63 King Street West—(up stairs)

Opposite *Mail* Office.

MRS. A. BLACK, Mon.

We are now prepared to show a full and complete assortment of

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY

Ladies will find it an advantage to inspect our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

Miraculous Water

IS USED

FOR

Removing Pimples, Blotches, &c., and for beautifying

THE COMPLEXION

Ask your druggist for it, or send to

P. BRUNET, 31 Adelaide St. West

27TH SESSION

TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE

Cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets

Toronto

Is a Practical Commercial and Shorthand College for Ladies and Gentlemen. Is patronized by the leading families in Canada, and is endorsed by James L. Hughes, Esq., and other well-known educationists.

For Calendar and Annual Prospectus address the Manager—

J. M. CROWLEY,

Toronto, Canada.

LADIES

ASK FOR

BARBOUR'S

LINEN THREADS

The Best for All Purposes

Sold by All Dealers

Do You Want a

Light
High Cut
Low Cut
Glove Fitting
Heavy

RUBBER?

If you do, the place to purchase is the

GOODYEAR RUBBER STORE

12 King Street West

D. GRANT & CO.

WILL SHOW ON MONDAY

400 NEW PATTERN MANTLES

Bought At 25 per cent. Discount

40 PIECES NEW SEALETTES

Extra Value

Magnificent Display of Millinery

D. GRANT & CO., 206 and 208 Yonge Street

ARMAND'S HAIR AND PERFUMERY STORE

441 Yonge St. and 1 Carlton St.
S. E. corner
Telephone 2498

Highest Award at Paris (France) International and National Hair Dressing Competition and Hair Goods Exposition, 1882-83, and New York, 1890.

FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSING for Balls, Soirees, Theaters, Concerts, Photos, Weddings, etc. Stylish Hair Goods, in Puffs, Coils, Curls, Fringes, Separated Hair Branches, etc., for the new Grecian style of hair dressing. Switches, Wigs, Toupees, ready made or made to order. Ladies and Children's Hair Trimming, Singeing and Shampooing. Parties waited upon at their own residence. Reliable Hair Dressers employed only. Appointment made by Telephone 2498. HAIR DYES and DYED in 10 different colors and shades. Ladies, look out for large and select stock of New French Perfumery and Toilet Articles now on the way for Paris. Most suitable, and new, for Christmas Presents.

TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO., Coiffeurs and Perfumers, cor. Yonge St., and 1 Carlton St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

J. C. WALKER & CO.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

147 Yonge Street

Are making the highest grade of photographic work in all departments. A trial will convince you.

See Their Life Size Crayons

The American Corset & Dr. ss Reform Co.

YONGE 316 STREET

FINE ORDERED CORSETS

ABDOMINAL CORSET.

FIT AND SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Send for self measuring blank.

ALL MILLINERY

MISS STEVENS

252 Yonge St.

All the Novelties in

Fashion and Fabric

From France, England and America

Mourning Goods

IN THE

Latest Style

Fans and Perfumes

New Veilings

WE respectfully invite your attention to a new and choice selection of

Paris, London and New York

Pattern Bonnets Hats and Toques

ALSO

Parisian Novelties

IN

Veilings, Trimmings

ETC.

MISS BURNETT

117 Yonge Street - Toronto

MILLINERY

See our complete and well assorted stock for this season. Latest and leading styles, newest designs. Artistically fashioned to meet the requirements of each customer.

Dress and Mantle Making Our Art

Perfect fit, combined with elegant style and fine work. Leave orders early to ensure prompt attention.

DRESS CUTTING

taught daily by our New Tailor System. Send for illustrated circular. Inducements to agents.

Established 1860

J. & A. CARTER, 372 Yonge St. - Toronto

DORENWEND'S

Is the Leading House for Fashionable

HAIR GOODS

The latest and most

ARTISTIC STYLES

In Wigs, Bangs, switches etc.

Largest, Best and Cheapest House in the Dominion.

Finest Hair Dressing Room on the Continent.

Telephone 1551

105 Yonge St.

Send for circular.

"UNEQUALLED"

IS THE VERDICT

OF

All Those Who Have Used the

STANDARD DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best

SOLD BY

All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XVI.

SISTER AGNES.

I have some dim recollection of being carried by slow stages to a house at no great distance, and of falling into a deep slumber. In this state I must have remained for many hours, for when I opened my eyes and felt life stirring again within me, another sun was low down in the western sky. I raised myself on my elbow and looked around me.

I was in a plain, bare bedchamber, with whitewashed walls and scantily furnished. The bed on which I was lying, however, was spotlessly clean, and by my side was a great bowl of sweet-smelling country flowers. At first I was completely puzzled. Then, like a flash, the recollection of the previous night came to me. I remembered the fire, the perilous climbing, and the face of the woman whom they had called Sister Agnes. Was that face a dream, or was it but too real? I must know, and at once.

I tried to jump out of bed and made the discovery that my limbs were still stiff and sore, and that there were positive mutinies in some of my body. I managed, however, to sit upright and remained in that position for a moment, looking around me and listening. Below I could hear the sound of sabots clattering continually on a tiled floor, and occasionally a woman's shrill tongue talking rapidly in a patois which defied my efforts to follow it. I was just about to shout, in the hope of attracting someone's attention, when I heard a door open below, and the sound of an arrival. There was a few moments' conversation between the new comer and the woman to whose movements I had been listening. Then a door opened and shut, and I heard light footsteps ascending the staircase.

I lay down again and closed my eyes. Scarcely had I done so, when the door of the room was carefully opened, and the footsteps crossed the room to my side. There was a little hesitation, then a soft, white hand passed over my forehead with a gentle, caressing touch, lingering there for a moment or two and repeating the action. Presently I heard something which sounded like a stifled sob, and, slowly opening my eyes, I saw the bowed figure of a black-robed sister kneeling by my bedside. Perhaps at the sight I startled a little. At any rate, she raised her head, and I looked into the face of the woman whom I had saved—Sister Agnes; and it was the face of my dreams.

She rose up at once and stood by my bedside. All trace of emotion had vanished as if by magic from her white, passionless face. And yet she looked at me kindly.

"You are better, my son?" she asked.

"If I have been ill, yes," I answered. "I feel a little stiff and sore, that is all. I have slept long."

"All day, and sorely you must have needed it," she said. "My son, there are many helpless women who owe you their lives, I, too, amongst them. But for you many would have perished in the flames, most surely I should have done."

She sighed half regretfully, and there was no sign of relief in her face at the escape.

"You were not very anxious to be saved," I remarked.

"I was ready to die or to live, as was God's will," she answered. "Nay, I think that I am glad to have been spared, for those whom I have loved and watched over need me now in child distress more than ever. Yes, I am glad to be alive, and I thank you, my son."

I raised myself on my elbow, and looked steadily at her.

"Sister Agnes," I said, "your face is one which I have seen before."

"Never," she answered calmly.

"Nay, but I have seen the picture," I continued, my voice shaking notwithstanding my efforts to control it. "You have not always been known as Sister Agnes."

"My other self is dead," she answered.

"Dead it may be in one sense," I answered; "but still it is alive. Sister Agnes, if ever you were known as Cecile D'Augerville tell me so quickly! It is more to me than you can imagine."

"That was my name," she answered quietly. "Then why did you lead my father to suppose you dead, and let him marry again? Can you see the wrong you have done, Sister Agnes? I am the son of Lord Alceston, but I have no right now to his name. The fault is yours, and on your head lies the blame of my infamy," I added, bitterly.

"Ah!" She pressed her hand to her cold temples and the saint-like calm died from her face. She was agitated, but not as I had expected to see her.

"Your father—is he alive?" she asked.

"He is dead," I answered, stabbing my heart against her and vowing to myself that I would not spare her, and then like a flash I remembered how this strange discovery upset every theory of his death. Who now was the woman whom he had gone out to visit secretly? Where was now the motive of his self-imposed exile? Gone! The whole theory was destroyed. Once more everything was in a hopeless maze.

"Dead! Dead! Ah me! Dead!"

The words seemed to glide out of her lips almost unconsciously. She moved away from my bedside, and stood before the diamond-framed window. Far away the red sun was sinking down behind the long line of distant hills, and as she stood there wrapped in thought her clear features seemed to catch the last faint glow and to grow softer and sweeter for the warm coloring which touched them gently and hung about her straight, slim figure almost like a celestial halo. I looked at her, wondering, and my wonder had something of reverence in it. Was this the face of an erring, sinful woman, a woman to scheme and plan for an earthly vengeance? It seemed—nay, I knew that it was impossible, and the harsh words which I would have uttered died away upon my lips.

And watching her closely all my harsh thoughts of her died away, and with them the remains of that passionate resentment, which had nearly betrayed itself only a few minutes ago by fierce angry words. In their place came a sort of awe, largely mingled with pity. I knew that I was looking upon a woman who had fulfilled very nearly, if not altogether, the ideal of her order. Asceticism, stillness, devotion had been the steps of the ladder by which she had attained to a spirituality so marked and evident that it seemed diffused from her very person, and to have a strange sweet influence over her fellow creatures—an influence which I too felt.

Watching her closely I could see that she was nerving herself to some task, and from her upturned face and slowly moving lips I fancied she was praying for strength to aid her in this great resolution. By degrees the slight agitation faded away from her countenance, and a look of deep subdued peace took its place. Then I knew that her prayer was ended, and half-closing my eyes I kept silence and waited.

Soon she came softly to my bedside, and sank down upon her knees. Then, with her face turned at first a little away from me, she commenced to speak in a low, sweet tone, full of deep humility. Before she had uttered many words her hand sought mine, and my fingers had clasped it. If this woman had done me any wrong, she was already forgiven, I was powerless even to feel resentment.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHO WAS THE WOMAN?

"My son," she said softly, "it is a strange fate which has brought you hither to me. I had thought that never in this world should I have to reopen the sealed chapters of my life, and to think and speak of that time when I was one of the outside world, a lover of its pleasures, and alas! a very guilty woman. Year after year the memory of that time has grown fainter and fainter. Earthly love has almost died away from within me, and I can look into your face almost without emotion, though it reminds me so much of his.

"I loved your father, my son, loved him as women still love men, I suppose, in the world from which I have passed for ever. He loved me, too, but I was never worthy of his love. He knew nothing of it, but I was not what he thought me.

"It was at St. Marien near here where we were living, my father, my sister, and I, that I first knew him. He was young and handsome and gallant, and from the first moment when he began to whisper words of love to me he hinted at marriage, and when he spoke openly and told me of his love he asked me boldly to become his wife. He never knew why I hesitated so long. He never knew why I lay awake night after night filled with bitter regrets, wondering whether I dare marry him, knowing of the deed to do so, yet fearful. In the end the temptation was too strong, and I yielded. I kept a hideous secret locked in my heart, and stood by his side at the altar while the priest joined our hands and called us man and wife. Yes, I was married to your father."

She had told me so before, and yet somehow I had clung to some faint hope, which her words destroyed. I felt my heart sink, and I would have withdrawn my hand from hers. But she held my fingers tightly.

"Nay, but listen, my son," she continued. "I say that I was married to him, and yet it was no marriage."

"No marriage!" I gasped for breath, and looked at her wildly.

"What do you mean?" I cried. "My father would never have deceived you. I have even seen a copy of the certificate."

"And so you may again, my son," she said, bowing her head. "And yet it was no marriage, for I was already married."

I felt quite powerless to say anything. That this woman should be talking to me of herself seemed almost impossible when I looked into her sweet, chastened face, full of gentle humility, and more like the calm face of an angel than the face of a sinful woman. She seemed to divine my thoughts.

"You wonder that I can tell you of my shame like this," she said softly. "Ah, my son, for twenty years and more I have done unceasing penance, and the old life, with its sins and guilt, has passed away from me. Our Blessed Mother has heard my prayers, and Sister Agnes can talk calmly of Cecile D'Augerville's sins. Let me go on with my story.

"At least I have one excuse for what I did, I believed my husband dead. We had been married secretly, almost directly I had left the convent; but he was a soldier and had been obliged to leave me immediately after our marriage. I was only a girl, scarcely seventeen years old, when I married him, and the romantic fancy which I had thought love soon passed away. I had never dared tell my father, for he was poor and I knew that his great hope was that Marie and I would marry rich husbands. So I left it until he should return from the war, and he did not return. Instead, there came rumors of his death, and foolishly I accepted them unquestioningly. Then your father came and for the first time I knew what love was. When he asked me to marry him I consented, telling him nothing of my past lest he should give me up, and trusting implicitly to the vague rumors which had reached me of my husband's death. We were married secretly, and the vengeance of Heaven was swift. In less than a week your father killed mine in a duel, and I had received a message from my first husband, who was still alive and desired me to join him.

"I fled from home on that awful night, intending to end my days by my own hand. From such a crime, however, I was most merciful myself. I passed through a sweet country town, and some wild impulse led me to enter the cathedral, through the great open doors of which I could hear the softly low voices prayers of a few devotees. For the first time religion became a real to me. I confessed, and as my penance I was allotted a sister of the convent at the town which I left, alas, no more. Step by step I worked myself up until at the death of the superioress they chose me to take her place. From that moment of my entrance here I determined to write myself down as dead to the world. I sent a certificate of my death to your father, and to my friends. I determined that such human love as was still left in me should die out. I aimed at entire and absolute detachment from every thought and affection of earthly origin. What strange providence has brought you here to make me reopen for the last time my other life, I cannot tell. Yet it has come to pass, and I have told you all. Now I must go. Your face reminds me strangely of the past which lies dead behind me, and I have no wish to dwell upon it. So I shall leave you; but before I go accept my blessing. We shall all pray for you often, for many owe you their lives. Farewell."

She rose up, and would have left me, but I stopped her.

"One word!" I cried. "Sister Agnes—I will forget that you ever had another name—I must ask you a question."

"Ask it then."

"When my father lay dead there was found upon his arm a gold bracelet."

She seemed to think a light swept over her face, but it might have been the glow of the lingering sun, for it was gone in a moment.

"And when I die," she said, there will be found upon my arm. I have told you the story from the very worst point of view, seeking to extenuate nothing. But I had what seemed to me to be some excuse for my wicked deceit. I loved your father with a passionate overwhelming love, and though I never think of that time now, that bracelet will never leave my arm. Some."

She raised her long sleeve, and I saw the dull band of gold. I felt almost dizzy with bewildered pain.

"There has been a fool plot," I cried. "Listen for one minute, Sister Agnes, while I tell you of my father's."

She sat down upon the bed and folded her hands.

"He was a brave, good man, your father," she said softly. "If he is dead, he is happy; even though he was not of our church."

"Let me tell you of his death," I cried with a shudder. "Late one night while he was receiving his guests a note was brought to him. He made some excuse, and hurried away from his house to a lodging place at the east end of London. There we know that he visited a woman who must have had some strong claim upon him. He returned to his guests, fulfil ed all his duties, and on their departure he went to his study. On the morrow he was found there—dead."

"It was very sudden," she said. "Let us pray that he made his peace with God."

"Ay, it was sudden," I continued, "but I have not told you all. He died no natural death."

"No natural death?" she repeated wonderingly.

"He did not destroy himself?"

"Either that or he was murdered," I answered, "and God alone knows which. But listen! On that same morning the woman whom he had visited was found murdered!"

"Holy Mother!" she whispered, shuddering.

"The only clue we had to the mystery was this," I added, leaning towards her. "On the right arm of the murdered woman was found a gold bracelet, and on his was also one like it."

Again she was a woman, her gray eyes full of mingled horror and bewilderment and her cheeks blanched.

"It seemed to me that it was my place to solve this mystery," I continued. "I commenced my task by searching through my father's private papers, and from them I learned of his marriage to you. From Neilson, my father's servant, I learned of the bracelets which you and he wore. Can you wonder what everything seemed to lead to? My mother, Neilson, and myself, at separate times, and by different courses, arrived at the same conclusion. We decided that the woman at whose summons he had left his guests could be no moment's notice in the dead of night to the slums of London, must be his lawful wife come back from the dead. Of her death, after his visit, and of the bracelet we had not one to us dared to think. And yet it has haunted me, has haunted all of us day and night since that awful discovery. My mother is dying of a broken heart, Neilson is almost a madman, and I am a wanderer on the face of the earth, and now either I am dreaming or our agony has been in vain. My God, I think I am going mad. Sister Agnes, if you are the woman whom he thought his wife, who was she who was murdered in London with the bracelet upon her arm, and what was she to my father? If you cannot tell me I shall go mad."

She stood up on the floor with her hands pressed to her temples, and her eyes full of a terrible light, swaying herself gently backwards and forwards. Then with a cry, awful beyond all description, she sank down upon the ground a lifeless heap.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A JOURNEY.

I sprung up from my couch and hastened to her side. At first I feared that she must be dead, for her face, even her lip was ghastly and colorless, and her pulses were beating so faintly that I did not at once discover them. I hurried on my clothes, and then opening the door cried aloud for help. The farmer's wife, who was our temporary hostess, came clattering sabots in her huge sabots, and after her came one of the other sisters.

"Madame has fainted," I explained, as they opened the door. "What can we do for her? Have you brandy?"

They bade me stand by her side, and applied many restoratives, of which I knew nothing, but for a long time without effect.

"I must fetch a doctor," I cried. "Where can I find one?"

The sister took out her watch.

"Dr. Leneuil will be here in a few minutes to see your patient," she remarked. "Better wait for him. Will Monsieur lift her on to the bed?"

I did so, and by and by the signs of life began slowly to reappear. The sister looked at me doubtfully.

"Monsieur will pardon me," she said, "but if our dear sister's sudden illness had anything to do with him, would it not be better for him to retire for a while that she may not see him when she first opens her eyes? If Monsieur does not mind."

I turned away and left the room. Downstairs in the furnace kitchen with its tiled floor and plain deal furniture, there were more of the sisters waiting, but on my entrance they rose up silently and left the room. Left to myself I tried to think quietly over what I had just heard. But it was impossible! Nothing seemed clear. Everything was wrapped in mystery, and though I grasped at a clue from my heart and I felt hope once more flashing like quickilver through my veins, it was all chaotic. I felt that I must know more or go mad.

After a while our hostess came down with the news that Sister Agnes was better, and was sleeping. She made me sit down at a corner of the table and eat some supper which she had been preparing, talking all the time volubly of the fire, of Sister Agnes, modestly ignorant of all the sisters, and apologizing—quite needlessly—for the poorness of the fare. I had not long finished when a message came from upstairs. Sister Agnes had recovered and was asking for me.

I went upstairs at once, and when I stood by her side, I was shocked to see the change which a few hours had made in her appearance. Something had gone from her face—the sweet, contemplative expression—and in its place the bright eyes were shining with anxiety, and her face was haggard and worn. She beckoned me close to her side.

"Ask me no questions," she said hoarsely, grasping my coat sleeve with her thin, nervous fingers. "Ask me no questions, but get ready to go a journey with me to-morrow. You will?"

"I will, Sister Agnes," I answered, softly. "Wherever you choose to take me."

(To be Continued.)

Excursions.

Special excursions to California and Mexico, at lowest rates, via the Great Wabash line, the shortest, best and quickest route to all west and south western points. People who like soft comfort always travel via the Banner route, which runs the finest equipped trains on earth. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets via this line. J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Tormenting Tunes.

To a person possessed of a sensitive musical ear, and, indeed, to most people, whether so gifted or not, few things are more irritating than the constant recurrence in the mind of some popular musical catch. A tune heard by half-unconsciously as a pleasing air, such tunes rapidly become a positive infliction, and sometimes effectually destroy all capacity for close attention to a subject for long periods at a time.

The same peculiarity may be noticed in almost any jingling rhyme, and the well known "Punch, brothers, punch with care" of the American humorist, though, of course, greatly exaggerated, is an excellent example of the way in which such verses occasionally run in a person's head. Only quite recently a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* related how, learning the whole of Pope's Essay on Man, he found himself constantly repeating portions of the poem, sometimes mentally, sometimes aloud.

Most people have had the experience of some such tune or rhyme coming into their head in church, some place where close attention is naturally required, and perhaps one of the most annoying of untimely seasons is when trying to add up a column of figures. Indeed, will the result come out right in such circumstances.

Such songs as Hi, ti, hi and Where Did You Get That Hat, in fact almost any of the popular refrains which are played, whistled and sung by every barrel organ, street boy and comic vocalist, are by no the worst offenders in this respect. Once a person gets a song of this description well settled in his head, he may go about for weeks and months and as he chooses to depart as mysteriously as it came, whistles it unconsciously while thinking of it all the time, and generally wishes he had never heard it.

Most people remember the way in which Mike Winge jumped into popular favor when it was published. It was instantly caught up, and for a long time could be heard everywhere. Comrades is another instance of the same kind, and it that might be endlessly multiplied. Curiously enough, the works of great composers are not often treated in this manner, though many of them contain passages just of this lively nature.

A very common and unpleasant time to think of these tunes is when trying to go to sleep, and then they become positively maddening. Sleeplessness at any time is bad enough, but sleeplessness with the addition of one of these airs is infinitely worse. Sometimes the unfortunate sufferer goes on thinking of the same tune or repeating the same verses for hours, they persist in staying, and no amount of resolution will drive them away, until suddenly they go, and we think of them no more.

Unfortunately it is impossible to avoid them. Every paper is full of such rhymes, and in the streets the tunes are heard on every side; in fact, escape is impossible; it is fate, and you must suffer.

The question of what should be done to the authors and composers of these jingles is a serious one. Possibly they suffer sufficiently in the composing of them. No doubt to many persons they afford intense pleasure, but to others they cause acute misery. Imagine a clergyman preaching a sermon experiencing a visitation of "Hi, ti, hi." It would probably disconnect his thoughts in a rather remarkable manner. A handsome young lady might derive considerable satisfaction from thinking "They're after me," but who shall divine the feelings of the eligible bachelor conscious of the same terrible fact?

THREE POINTS
Pozzoni's
COMPLEXION
POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.
THREE White, Flesh, Brunette. POZZONI'S All Druggists Fancy Stores. TINTS

Still In It.

Bill Guthrie—Say, Mister, what's the name of this yer town?

Mr. Jackson Parke—This is Chicago.

Bill Guthrie—Chicago yet? A man told me two days ago I was in Chicago, and I've been drivin' right along.

Mr. Jackson Parke—That's right.

Looking Out for Tiny's Interests.

Mrs. Monthwed (to hardware clerk)—Will this stove cook cocoanut cake?

Clerk—Yes'm; it will cook anything.

Mrs Monthwed (to poodle)—Be quiet, Tiny! Would it cook Tiny if he happened to jump into the oven?

Clerk—I'm afraid it would, ma'am.

Mrs. Monthwed—Well, I guess you'd better show me some other kind of a stove.

Of Two Evils Choose the Least.

Office Boy—Say; dere's a big slugger downstairs a wants ter lick yer for somet'in' yer said in der paper; an' a little sad-eyed woman wid some poetry.

Editor—Great snakes! Show up the pugilist! —*Wasp.*

New Mexico for Consumptives.

"I think that New Mexico surpasses any locality for consumptives I have yet visited, and I have been all over California, Colorado and the South, Sandwich Islands and much in Europe."

J. F. DANTER, M. D.
M. C. P. and S., Ont.

An Ideal Shattered.

Mugnd—Did you read that poem I marked for you?

Miss Smatter—Yes.

Mr. Mugnd—What did you think of it?

Miss Smatter—Oh, wasn't it long!

A Somewhat Tardy Rescuer.

Voice (from the well)—Help!

Sheehan—Is anny wan down there?

Voice—Oi am!

Sheehan—Phwat's yure name?

Voice—Halloran!

Sheehan—Well, Halloran, yez musty fell a mile t' mek a hole like thot in th' ground phin yez shtruck.

A Badge of Respectability.

Mrs. Cumso (to six-year-old daughter)—But are you sure that this little girl you have been playing with is of a respectable family?

Maud—Oh, yes, indeed. Her papa and mama have only one child.

Murder in His Heart.

Hackett (savagely)—I want to get some ribbon for my wife's dog.

Clerk—Yes, sir. How will this do?

Hackett—Do you think this will bear his weight?

Concealed

Mrs. Ephraim (to her husband, who has just returned from her city cousin's, where a party was held the night of his arrival)—Now, Eph, dew tell. What did the wimmen-folks wear?

Ephraim—I (puff) dunno (puff, puff). I didn't look (puff, puff) under the table.

Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

Der ting dot always hafe a moof on it vas der pooty gwick flea.

Oxidances vas a gift too sacred to fool mit. Der feller dot vas make it squander vas not more worth as last year al sanizes.

Der great Arkidect of derooniferse dond hafe publicity lofe for a fell or who vas a great success in pishness when he forgots who gafe him such luck.

The Best Rule.

Wilkins—Before you strike a man see that he deserves it.

Billkins—Pooh! I have a better rule than that.

Wilkins—What is it, pray?

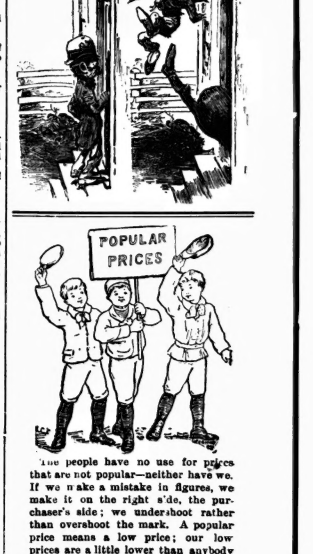
Billkins—See that he is smaller than you.—*Yankee Blade.*

For Dyspepsia

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. Lorenzo Waite, Plattsfield, Mass., says: "From its use for a period of about eight weeks, to the exclusion of all other remedies, I attribute the restoration to health of a patient who was emaciated to the last degree, in consequence of nervous prostration and dyspepsia. This patient's stomach was in such an irritable condition that he could not bear either liquid or solid food. An accomplished physician of many years' experience, whom I called in consultation, pronounced his case an incurable one. At this stage I decided to use Horsford's Acid Phosphate, which resulted as above mentioned."

Return and Second Departure of The Prodigal Son.



The people have no use for prices that are not popular—neither have we. If we make a mistake in figures, we make it on the right side, the purchaser's side; we under-shoot rather than overshoot the mark. A popular price means a low price; our low prices are a little lower than anybody else's.

Now we sell carpets at popular prices. If you want to examine values that are values, just look at our 40c., 50c. and 75c. Tapestries, 95c. Brussels and $1.50 Wiltons. Thousands are buying them, and all say they're the best in town.

Everything for the home.

CASH OR CREDIT ONE PRICE

C. F. Adams Company

HOME FURNISHINGS

177 to 179 Yonge St., through to 6 Queen St. East

C. S. CORYELL, Mgr. Tel. 2233

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

EPP'S COCOA

BREAKFAST

His Secret.

Cholly—Wheah do you got shaved?

Chappie—Will you swear nevah to give me away if I tell you a secwet?

Cholly—I sweah.

Chappie—Well, I don't get shaved at all.

Ah! Where?

"They say Robinson has water on the brain."

"Where did he get it?"

"What—the water?"

"No—the brain."

In the Plural.

"Ah, Mees Hobartone, you climb ze Matterhorn! Zat vas a foot to be proud off.

"Pardon me, count, but you mean feat."

"O o-h! you climb it more zan once!"

A Dangerous Place

"I haven't seen Maunders for a week or two."

"No; he's very sick. He went to a faith-cure meeting and took a severe cold."

Consolation.

"By thunder!" said the unhappy artist, they've skied me."

"Never mind, Henry," said his wife; "all your last week's wash is on the line."

KOFF NO MORE

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS

Are the best in the world for the Throat and Chest and for the Voice. UNEQUALLED. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

HEREWARD SPENCER & CO.

Tea and Coffee Merchants

63½ King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

TELEPHONE 1807

Agency, 291 College Street

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.
TEABERRY.
PRICE 25c.

Three Little Spectres.

If boards could only speak what yarns those old planks of Bosquet's wharf could spin! At other seasons we had various rendezvous—the river itself when there was good skating; the school yard where "one old cat" monopolized our limbs and lungs; and then, when all the earth lay knee-deep in snow we would hie us to the Ramparts for tobogganing. But during these long summer days when sliding, snowshoeing and the like were practical impossibilities, Bosquet's was our bivouac par excellence; and there from early morning until long after sunset, mothers in search of recreant small fry might turn their steps with pretty fair chances of alighting upon the delinquents.

These unexpected maternal visitations were at times fraught with much embarrassment, for our appearance, as a general rule, reminded one of nothing forcibly of that peculiar style of garniture so much affected by our first parents in Eden before the fall, and then if we did happen to be clothed and in our right mind it was ten chances to one that we were puffing away at a piece of cane, provided there was no pipe to be procured.

Apart from the wharf itself, which was such a capital place to dive off, there were other and cogent reasons that made it dear to our small boy hearts. For one thing, the beach was sandy and you could wade out for quite a distance, so that even the very, very little chaps could participate in the fun. Besides that, the great piles of lumber with which the wharf was covered, rendered it the best spot imaginable for a game of kick the wicket; and by abstracting some of the boards from the center of the piles we arranged some first-rate impromptu dressing rooms. Not that our clothes were of such costly material that we feared they might be stolen if left promiscuously about. Dear me, no! There was little enough of them in all sense and that little is much bepatched. But between us and the town French boys—Pea Soups, we used to call them—there existed a feud of such long standing that it almost rivalled that notorious Montague-Capulet controversy, both for its antiquity and for the vigor with which it was carried on; and there were instances upon record where, while we with never a care now an outer garment were disporting ourselves in the river, some of our wily foes had laid hands upon our habiliments, and, not content with knotting them so effectually that at least a quarter of an hour's tussle tooth and nail was for us a foregone conclusion, they had proceeded to even further extremities and, having wrapped them about a stone of good proportions, had consigned the entire bundle to a watery grave from which subsequently, with many vows of vengeance, we rescued them piecemeal.

But after all, the greatest attraction the old wharf held for us was that, from being situated within the town limits, it was a prohibited bathing place and a placard posted conspicuously proclaimed that all who bathed there should be "prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law."

When this edict made its appearance some fine June morning, far from dampening our ardor, it lent an additional piquancy to our ablutions. At all events, save in the most literal sense of the term, it threw no cold water on them; for, having in previous encounters gauged to a nicety the valor and running powers of our town's solitary policeman, there was just enough dare devilry in the matter to preserve us from *ennui*.

But the spectres! Why, I was forgetting all about them. Well, one afternoon we had been down there swimming, as usual, and seated about the wharf in various stages of *dishabille* we were making our toilets prior to returning home, when suddenly a little brother of mine, who was rejoicing in the possession of a new straw hat, I recollect, called our attention to a peculiarly shaped and most ominous looking cloud which was bearing down upon us from the west.

We all examined it critically and not without reason, for as clouds go in our part of the country it was decidedly out of the general run. In one respect it formed a striking contrast to his Satanic Majesty, for, while it is generally admitted that even he is not so black as he occasionally is painted, I have yet to see the picture in which there is exhibited a cloud of as inky a hue as this one. Its shape was also most peculiar and it came sweeping on toward us like some monstrous ball poised in mid-air.

"That chap means business!" one youthful spectator remarked as he tied his shoestrings with an additional degree of haste. It was evident to all of us that it was going to rain cats and dogs, and had it not been for Shadrach in all probability we should have speedily made tracks for home. But Shadrach was unfortunately possessed of a bump of adventure of unusual development, and when he suggested that it would be no end of a lark to stay in the water during the storm, just to see how it felt, you know, Meshach and I, Abednego, volunteered to bear him company. Some of the bigger fellows warned us that it was sheer madness to attempt it; but we were not to be turned from our intention by any advice of theirs; so, seeing that there was no use in arguing the matter further, they retired to one of the lumber piles where, rabbit-like, we had burrowed an opening large enough to accommodate our entire party, and from this secure and dry colony of vantage they expectantly awaited developments. And after all, what is there more delightful than watching another's discomfiture when one's self is well out of harm's way? One only needs to be able to add truthfully an "I told you so" to the discomfited's already overflowing cup to make the ecstasy complete.

To tell the truth, it was not without grim forebodings that, sitting on the edge of the wharf, we regarded affairs ourselves. But in an evil hour we had volunteered to make the experiment, and we were not going to back down for anything short of a tornado, notwithstanding the fact that, as the newspapers say of affairs in Europe, "the outlook was very dark."

A great hush fell upon us; nobody spoke for a moment or two, and the river lay there without a ripple. The cloud was now directly overhead, and the air was hot and sultry. Suddenly it grew dark and then, heralded by a gleam of lightning and a tremendous peal of thunder, broke upon our heads.

And then the wind! Whew! how it did blow during the next five minutes. The very first gust made off with my small brother's hat, and though from the lumber pile he called on me with tears to save it from such an untimely end, under the circumstances I felt obliged to decline. Why, within half a minute the whole river was churned into fury, the wa er boiled, and seething as though it were boiling hot, and presently not less than three upturned rowboats were driven past us down the stream. Old Bosquet lost a small fortune that day, for the planks composing the lumber piles were blown away like so many feathers. But we ever succeeded being struck by some of them seems a marvel to me; and how we ours lives were not blown off the wharf seem even more miraculous. We had strong arms, thank fortune, and bracing our elves as best we could, we clung to it like grim death. I have a dim recollection of seeing the other boys scramble out of the lumber pile as it began to fall, but where they found shelter and how they reached home we did not know until afterward. Indeed, it was as much as we could do to keep track of ourselves. And then to cap the climax it began to hail! Some of the stones were the size of a "pee wee" marb'e, and they cut into our skins like so many thousand needles. Talk about ducks dancing on a red hot floor—why, that couldn't hold a candle to the can-can we three executed. At length it became unbearable, and a particularly well developed stone having hit Shadrach with telling effect, he then and there gave voice to his intention of starting for home instanter.

"Home?" we echoed, casting a significant glance at our lack of garniture.

"Yes, home," he cried, "and you fellows had better come too!" And, suiting the action to the word, off the three of us started at a speed which would have done credit to a mustang which chanced to have a band of cowboys in full cry.

Luckily our way lay across some meadows, and there were no houses to be passed, for Shadrach's father was a Government official and had his quarters in the barracks, which were situated near the river, some three hundred yards from the wharf. In the old days they had been as fine a pile of buildings as were to be found anywhere in Canada, but now that no regiment was stationed there they were falling into ruin and decay. Some of the town's poor occupied the men's quarters; but a woman's hand had metamorphosed the old mess rooms and had robbed them of their old-time gaunness and military precision. This was Shadrach's home, and toward it we scampered at breakneck speed.

Now, in the rooms directly about Shadrach's lived an old seamstress with a bevy of her orphan grandchildren. She was a worthy old creature and most devout, but none the less superstitious for all that. Since the storm broke she had been allaying the fears of her young brood as best she could, being greatly alarmed herself. And at just about the same time that we set out from Bosquet's one of the windows at the head of the staircase burst open and began to slam. If that window were to remain open the old dame knew that there would be no end of damage done, so, as none of her grandchildren would stir hand or foot, she pluckily set out to close it herself. It was just at this very moment that, panting and dripping wet, we burst into the house and tore breathlessly along the lower corridor. We were only visible to her for an instant as we rushed past, but the slight glimpse she caught of us was quite sufficient. With a muttered: "*Mon Dieu!*" she dropped upon her knees and clutched instinctively at her rosarie for preservation.

Doubtless she tells the tale to this day of how, when that awful storm was at its height, three spectres, clammy and ghastly, appeared to her in the long corridor. She regaled her grandchildren with all the details of it that night and her neighbors upon the first opportunity. Her story, with a propensity common to all yarns, lost nothing, and by this time I have no doubt it has became an accepted fact that, when there is a storm raging and the corridors grow dark, by the flashes of lightning the three spectres may be seen dancing, with the thunder-claps for an accompaniment.

As for us, once Shadrach's door closed behind us, with all due speed we jumped into bed and then called lustily for—clothes. Presently when the ladies came to our aid, they found us laughing so that the bed fairly shook beneath us.

But there were others—three women at all events—to whom our escapade had proved no laughing matter. And when at length the storm had spent itself, and clad in extemporaneous costumes, Meshach and I set out for home, in two houses there were mothers waiting, from whose hearts as they first caught sight of us there went up a glad "Thank God!"

Other youngsters disport themselves at Bosquet's now, and we, the whilom small fry, have grown quite dignified and staid. Nowadays our aquatic exercises are largely confined to the bathtub, but it does not follow that we are one whit less foolhardy than of yore, though our manner of evincing the fact has changed considerably; while as for being happier—well, however it may have fared with the other "spectres," for one of them there is no face to watch at the window now nor kiss to welcome home.

ACTON DAVIES.

CONGRATULATIONS.—The large number of letters of thanks and congratulations received from every part of the Dominion is a sufficient proof of the efficacy of the new Hair Restorer "Capilline." Try it and you will never use any other.

Fair Fare.

The Talkative Passenger—What kind of a fare are you going to have in ninety-three, any way?

The Chicago Restaurateur—Oh, much the same as usual, I guess. Hash beef, pork, ham, bacon, eggs, beef-steak, fried liver.

Never.

"Do you believe Ward MacAllister is disgusted with the returns from his book?"

"No, indeed. Mac would never quarrel with royalties."

A Chilling Reception.

"What did you do on earth?" asked Saint Peter of the latest arrival.

"I owned several flat houses, and lived off the income from them."

"Then I'm afraid you wouldn't be happy in Heaven. You see, we take children here. Please step into the elevator. It is about to go down."

She Wondered.

Maud—Do you play chess, Mr. Lingard?

Mr. Lingard—No; what made you think I did?

Maud—Nothing; only it seems to take you forever to make a move.

The Inside Facts.

Tom Bigbee—I can't see, my boy, what you can find to do with a valet.

Howell Gibbon—Well, I don't, old man, doncherknow. But he knows what to do with me!

Veritable Antique.

His Mamma—I suppose this young lady you are in love with is of some good old family?

Van Rentay—Oh, yes, mamma! One of the oldest in Chicago.

A Decided Slur.

"I am no particular friend of the Italians; but I do draw the line at one thing."

"And what is that?"

"Why, this report of the railroad accident. It says: 'Three Men Killed! and Twenty-seven Italians.'"

To Avoid Errors.

Never judge a maiden by the beauty of her hair;
Never judge a chappie by his ever-vacant stare;
Never judge a lawyer by the jingle of his change;
Never judge a cook-maid by the blacking on the range;
Never judge a landlord by the smallness of his rents;
In fact, in all things keep your judgment ever in suspense.

He Knew.

"Dinguss is a man of expensive habits, is he not, Shadrich?"

"Yes. Dinguss' habits since I have been acquainted with him have cost me one hundred and fifty-six dollars, without counting a cent for interest."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Vice-Versa.

Visitor (to inhabitant of very small village)—But surely you must find it very dull here, never getting any newspapers. How d'you know what's going on in London for instance!

Inhabitant—Eh, mon! but dinna ye ken that th' folk in Lunnon are just as ignorant o' what's gaun on wi' us!

Kicking Cows.

"Look here," said an excited man to a druggist, "you gave me morphine for quinine th's morning!"

"Is that so," replied the druggist. "Then you owe me twenty-five cents. That's the difference in the price."—*Brooklyn Life.*

A Give-Away.

Judge—Officer, you say this woman, when locked up, was dressed in men's attire?

Officer—Yes, sir; but I didn't suspect her sex until this morning, when she was buttoning her shoes.

Judge—How did you detect it then?

Officer—She asked me for a hairpin!

Sweet Revenge.

Howell Gibbon—The Upper-Uppe's haven't invited me to their ball, but I shall get square with them.

Hoffman Howes—How?

Howell Gibbon—I sha'n't go.

Personal Experience.

Edward Hanlan, champion oarsman, says: "For muscular pains in the limbs, I have found St. Jacobs Oil a reliable remedy. Its results are the most beneficial, and I have pleasure in recommending it from personal experience."

An Important Point.

"It is rumored in Chicago that the Emperor William is coming over to the World's Fair."

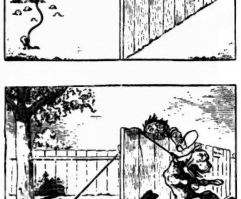
"Um—ah—as an exhibit or as a visitor?"

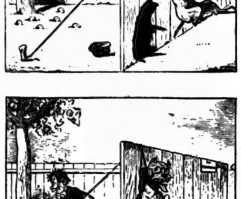
Sohmer Pianos.

The popularity of these delightful instruments is instanced by the fact that there are now a very large number of them in the houses of leading musicians of Toronto. A great many are Parlor, Baby and Bijou Grands, for which the Sohmer Company is so justly celebrated. To hear the tone is to be charmed. Messrs. A. T. Hutton & Co., 107 Yonge street, are the sole representatives and are also agents for the renowned New York Weber and the popular Uxbridge Pianos.

Look Before You Leap;

OR, HOW A DOG OVERREACHED HIMSELF.





The Conversation in a Jewel Case.

The Turquoise Ring—She is asleep, is she not?

The Wedding Ring—Yes—by the way, Turq, why are we all taken off to-night? I don't understand it.

The Turquoise Ring (meekly)—She has not worn me for a long, long time. (Meditatively) Ah, I remember the first time she put me on. She was a happy, laughing-eyed girl, then. How delighted she was. Her father bought me for her. It was on her birthday. She wore me for six years, and then one day a young man took me to Tiffany's, and when I came back she put me away and——

The Diamond Ring—And put me on instead I remember the evening. She ran to the light to see me sparkle on her hand. She has never been as happy since that day as she was then.

The Wedding Ring—Bah! She was thrice as happy the day she put me on for the first time. I remember it very well: the church, the flowers, the music, and her white dress. She was lovely. That was eight years ago. In truth she has never been as happy since as she was then. But what has she taken us off for to-night? It is the first time since I was put on her finger, and I did her a good service once. It was when that tall fellow with the black eyes——

The Diamond Ring—Yes, I remember.

The Wedding Ring—She got to the door with her things all on, and the carriage waiting, and the tall man standing by it, when she suddenly held up her hand and looked at me. Then she burst into tears and ran back into the house.

The Diamond Ring—Pshaw! You are sentimental. I wanted her to go on. They were going to travel in Europe and settle down finally in Italy. It would have been lots of fun for me.

The Turquoise Ring—But I was to have been left behind and I would never have seen her again. Now it is my turn once more. This afternoon she came to me and kissed me, and cried over me, and told me that to-morrow she would begin wearing me again, and that you two were to be taken off forever. It is a thing that they call divorce that has done it. I'm sure I don't know what it is, but I'm very thankful for it.

DO you want a FOOD AND TONIC in a combined form?

PEPTONIZED

ALE AND BEEF

is just such an article, and hundreds are receiving benefit from it daily.

Price 25c. per bottle

For sale by all druggists.

Las Vegas Hot Springs

These springs are easily accessible by the Santa Fe railroad, in about forty hours from Chicago in a luxurious coach and over a smooth roadbed.

The springs are numerous and the water is in one respect without a rival, for it is cool, and has a great reputation for the cure of rheumatism, gout, gravel, skin diseases, catarrh, lithiasis, etc.

There is no malaria there, and the location is delightful at any time of the year. The climate of that high altitude, is invigorating, rendering the baths doubly medicinal. Accommodations ample and reasonable.

References—Profs. W. S. Haines, W. H. Byford, A. Reeves Jackson, R. Ludlam, E. Andrews, D. R. Brower, T. S. Hoyne, Drs. J. J. Ransom, Chas. Gilman Smith, E. J. Doening J. F. Todd, T. E. Nelson, T. C. Duncan, J. F. Dacre and others.

Write for book and see analysis of the water, and the many testimonials.

For particulars as to routes, trains, rates, etc., to any of the above points mentioned, address any Santa Fe R. R. ticket office, or

212 CLARK STREET CHICAGO.
261 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
332 WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON.
J. N. BASTEDO, 40 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

WHY DO YOU WEAR CORSETS

Which? Make you look as though you had Been Cut out of a Wooden Block with a Jack-knife

CORSET.

FEATHERBONE

CORSETS give to the Figure that Symmetrica Beauty which is a Lady's Greatest Charm

9 CORDS IN 10 HOURS.

BY ONE MAN

Send for free illustrated catalogue, showing testimonials from thousands who have sawed from 5 to 9 cords daily. It saws down trees, falls like a pocket knife, weight only 41 lbs. easily carried on shoulder. One man can saw more timber with it than two men with a cross-cut saw. 10,000 in use. We also make larger-sized machine to carry 7 foot cut. Reduce price, we prepay freight. Agents wanted. Mention this paper. Address, THE ADAMS SAWING MACHINE CO. 305 to 311 So. Canal St. Chicago, Ill.

Antiseptics, Surgical Dressings

Sanitary Towels, Rubber Bandages, Abdominal Belts and Fresh Vaccine

Always in stock at

FLETT'S DRUG STORE

482 Queen Street West

Telephone 664.

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

"What on earth is Jimmie crying about now?" asked papa.

"He wants to give his gold fish a bath," returned mamma.

THE MOST SEVERE ATTACK OF

RHEUMATISM

Instantly relieved and permanently cured by

NINE O'CLOCK OIL

Prepared by DR. H. P. WILKINS, Toronto, Ont. 25 cents per bottle. All Druggists.

J. PICOT, PARIS, SOLE PROPRIETOR.

LESSIVE PHENIX

For all purpsoes for which Soap is used

CHEAPER BETTER EASIER than any known article for Washing & Cleaning.

For sale by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere.

FACTORY IN MONTREAL.

EVANS AND SONS, SOLE AGENTS.

Can You Believe It?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R'-S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R'-S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

GAS ELECTRIC & COMBINATION FIXTURES

BENNETT & WRIGHT

72 QUEEN ST. EAST

TORONTO.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. IV] TORONTO, NOV. 21, 1891. [No. 52

Our Christmas Number.

The Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT, now almost completed, will be issued about December 1. It contains a greater number of more beautiful illustrations than any previous edition. The stories are of unusual interest and have been handsomely illustrated by the best Canadian artists. The poetical portion of the number will certainly be considered a credit to Canadian literature. Altogether there will be forty-four pages of reading matter and pictures, and the pictorial supplement is admitted by everyone who has seen it to be the most magnificent thing ever issued with a newspaper. The English and Parisian papers have never had, and have not this year, anything of such artistic merit or of richness and softness of color. The price of the number will be as last year, 50c. Those desiring it can receive it by mail, carefully packed in a tube, postage free, by sending a half a dollar to the Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited.

The Drama.

DURING the first half of this week the nearest approach to a dramatic performance in Toronto was the tank drama at Jacobs & Sparrow's. This dreary tale of crime, diluted with luke warm water, has been presented by a thin and watery company. At the Grand during the first half of the week the Duff Opera Company with the pretty girls presented operas which, though they were funny, one needed to take one's common sense off with one's overcoat to thoroughly enjoy. During the last half of the week, however, we have had at the Grand a truly fine legitimate comedy, The Last Word, translated from the German by Augustin Daly. Ada Rehan is now winning great applause in this comedy in London, Eng., but the leading lady of the company playing this afternoon and to-night is not far behind Rehan in this play. The brilliant work of Miss Ffolliott Paget as Aunt Jack last season is well remembered and she is a comedienne of high order. Her performance will be more fully spoken of next week. Another variety farce has been at the Academy during the last three nights of this week, and the long-suffering, weary theatergoer cries out "How long?" Frank Daniels and Miss Sanson are painstaking, funny people in kind, but Little Puck with its noise and crude colors gives one a headache. For this afternoon, however, something new and well promising is announced, a double bill of Buckstone's comedy, The Dead Shot and The Attorney. These comedies are a distinct advance on Little Puck and should be interesting.

*

The air is full of the cries of reformers of the drama. The latest production to fall under the busy pen of the female nation purifier is the time-honored melodrama, Punch and Judy. I think that this well mixture of comedy and crime might have been spared, but a lady writer in *Babyhood* denounces it in scathing terms. It is said to pollute the pure minds of babes and sucklings with loose views on the subject of crime, and to render craven blithe young souls by implanting fears in them with its spectacle of the murder haunted by wooden-headed ghosts. To be sure, the creator of Punch had evidently no more intention of drawing a moral portrait than Shakespeare when he created Falstaff. But surely the moral is patent. Does not the drama plainly teach that the way of the transgressor is hard, and does not the alligator ultimately eat the miserable, remorseful, spectre-haunted Punch? And of late the horror thing has been mitigated. Punch does not kill the baby at all, and his other victims are slaughtered in a less horrible way The last time I saw the show, which is elastic as to changes in form as a variety farce, his victims were a nigger, a Chinaman and a policeman, and they were each killed by being thrust into a sausage machine, and the sausages they made were respectively black, tawny, with a pig-tail at the end of the string, and blue with garnishings of brass buttons. I guess the scenes of Punch and Judy are no more fearful than some in Uncle Tom's Cabin, but women have got to have their little kick. It is rumored that Tom, Tom the Piper's Son and The Cow Jumped Over the Moon are to be expurgated from the volumes of juvenile poetry, on account of the pig-stealing episode and the immorality of the cat who ran away with the spoon.

*

The Ben Hur company has by this time got the rouge and powder washed off its collective face. It is with regret I believe that many of the members parted with their complexions. They lost with the paint the *distingue* air which it gave them where'er they went. As you walked on King street you would notice in the distance some derby-coated young man or fashionably attired young lady walking with an air of *hauteur* and elation, and you would mentally remark, "Here comes a stage-struck Ben Hurrist," and when the person came closer the be-daubed face would confirm your surmise. Hamilton is all agog over the same affair, and some of the good people of that righteous town are objecting to one of the tableaux as irreverent. But this is not surprising. I know people who think it irreverent to bring the devil on in Faust. Perhaps it is a relic of the savage religion which conciliates gods who work evil, which makes respectable citizens so jealous for the devil's dignity. But, speaking of the Ben Hur performers, what a good thing it was that the cold snap didn't come last week. The horrible results here depicted might have come to pass and the dignity of our fine young men who needed no "symmetricals" to act as Roman Soldiers been spoiled. TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Those who compose strange tales about Sarah Bernhardt say that when things go wrong on the stage she waits until the curtain goes down, and then adopts one of three ways to relieve her feelings. She strikes the stage carpenter with the heaviest thing that she can lift, has fainting fits, accompanied by most dangerous symptoms, or calls her managers in and discharges them.

It is probable that she did all those things in New York the other night, for the performance was a peculiarly trying one. Theodora was the piece, and everything went wrong. The actor who played Andreas made frantic signals for some one to shut off the draught that was pouring on him from the wings. The Frenchman's wise dread of what he calls the current of air was not a sufficient excuse. This actor was talking to the woman who had ruined his prospects, and at the same time had about him numerous stab wounds, and contained in his midst deadly poison administered by her. To worry about a draught under those circumstances was death to realism.

But there was something much more bitter than that in Mme. Bernhardt's cup. Her fine actor, Duquesne, who was to play the part of her husband, the Emperor Justinian, and who played Scarpia in Toronto, had been discharged by her that day in a fit of tantrums.

Far from being crushed, M. Duquesne went home and put on an *Evening Sun* hat and a dress coat without any tails, one of the sort commonly known as Tuxedo. Then he came placidly back and took up his stand before the footlights.

Whoever is not an artist can never know how Bernhardt felt. In fact, she is so much more of an artist that anybody else that only the shade of the late Rachel could appreciate her feelings as she saw the man who had been playing Lahire to her Joan of Arc and Scarpia to her Tosca, clothed in a tail-less dress coat, and critically gazing at her from beneath the rim of his *Evening Sun* hat.

After a while M. Duquesne left the theater by Mme. Bernhard't special request, but everything had been spoiled for the evening by that time.

An asylum for the orphans of actors is one of the possibilities in New York. It is said to have the actors' fund behind it. Miss Mabel Eaton, an Omaha girl, who has been studying at the Chicago conservatory for two years, has been engaged by Augustin Daly. She has gone to New York to enter Mr. Daly's company. Augustus Thomas and Sidney Rosenfeld are to colaborate in a play for Nat Goodwin.

John D. Gilbert, the funny man of The High Roller, has left that ill-fated scow, which went on to the rocks as was predicted in these columns. He joined Corinne at Toronto last week. By the way, Mrs. Kimball has begun suit in the Chicago courts for a divorce from her husband on the grounds of desertion. The title of the case is Rosylpha J. Flaherty vs. Thomas Flaherty. But then Corrinne Flaherty is just as pretty as Little Corrinne.

The critic of the Chicago *Daily Press*, speaking of the habit of grand opera singers of resting four nights out of seven, says: "There is a great deal of fuss and bother over the amount of labor an operatic *artiste* performs in the singing of an important *role*.

"All of which is the most arrant nonsense that the dear public was ever asked to believe in.

"The cold, bald truth is that there is not on the lyric stage a star who does one-fifth the work of an ordinary dramatic star. Look at Bernhardt. Did Patti under any circumstances, anywhere, at any time, do the work that the French actress accomplished here during her last engagement, when she gave ten performances in one week? Will any musical crank—the rankest of all rank cranks permitted to dwell upon this earth—pretend for a moment that Patti's performances are more exhausting and fatiguing to the *artiste* than Bernhardt's?

"The pretensions and the airs that operatic *artistes* give themselves are among the most tiresome things of this world. And this refers to concert singers as well. I do not now recall that I ever heard one of our great sopranos in concert—with the possible exception of Patti—sing as simple a ballad as the Suanee River without holding the music in front of her. The great ones do this, and their weaker sisters follow their foolish example.

"It is a silly custom and should be reformed.

"Perhaps the gone but not forgotten Emma Abbott could not sing, but she made millions think she could, and many of these signorinas would do well, financially and artistically, by dropping their silly ideas and following the example of the plucky little American woman who often sang eight times a week without a murmur."

Minna Gale, formerly of the Booth and Barrett Company, who has just begun auspiciously her career as a star, is forever fighting that enemy of the actress—an overplus of flesh. In the past she resorted to the most strenuous measures to "keep herself down," and worried and brooded over the subject until, except for the natural perversity of such things, she ought to have grown beautifully less in size. Now she apparently has no cause to grieve, but that dreadful spectre, a fat "Juliet," still haunts her as an awful possibility. Can we wonder at it? A couple of weeks ago Clara Morris produced broad smiles on the faces of her audience here in the last act of Camille by turning back the sleeves of her peignoir from a pair of noticeably robust arms that looked as if they could fell an ordinary man to earth, and murmuring in tremulous, consumptive tones of surprise as she regarded them pathetically: "Why, how thin they are!"

Lillian Russell's latest pose is that of the fond mamma. Her photographs taken with her little daughter hanging over her shoulder, and a devoted mother smile lingering about the lips of the cantatrice, are touching in the extreme, and she babbles artlessly to the interviewer and the casual acquaintance of little Lillian *ad nauseam*. She is evidently going to be maternal this winter with a vengeance, and I feel sure that by spring we shall no longer need Mrs. Kendal as an example and pattern of all the domestic virtues bound up with the dramatic art in the personality of a charming actress.

The fantastic pranks of typos are truly unaccountable. Last week in Detroit a programme printer made the name of actor Errol Dunbar appear Dun Leyer, and now comes along another of the same sort who transforms dramatic author De Mille to Doc Miller. That Detroit proof reader who made singing contingent (speaking of a recent performance of a Wagner opera) *surging* contingent, possibly builded better than the writer whose copy he manipulated.

Mr. Stuart Robson's profits from the present season promise to be larger than they have ever been. Wonder if May Waldron will continue to draw a salary, now that she is Mrs. Robson!

Camille D'Arville has come to America again. She is recalled as the tall English woman who once made Lillian Russell jealous when the pair were together in The Queen's Mate. D'Arville came back with her husband, who is one of the Wilson brothers, variety acrobats. She is to sing Maid Marian in Robin Hood with the Bostonians.

Shirley France in his younger days barnstormed the country like many another "poor player" who later came to riches and renown. During one of these old-time tours the company got into a little town where the theater adjoined the cemetery. The first day there was a rehearsal, and after that was over Shirley strolled outside and sat himself down to think over some new business for his part. Workmen were mending the cemetery fence and a number of grave stones had been taken up and ranged in a row against the theater. As the actor was taking note of the gruesome array a gentleman who had some business with the company came along and addressed him:

"Beg pardon, sir, but can you direct me to the stage door?"

"Fourth tombstone to the right," replied the comedian with a gloomy, stranger-like wave of the hand.

Mr. Daniel Frohman, speaking of the health of actors the other day, said: "I remember once about eight years ago, when Mme. Modjeska was playing under my management. We were billed to open in Baltimore in As You Like It. On the morning of the opening night Mme. Modjeska sent word to me that she was so ill that she could not leave her bed. Later in the day she rallied and sent word that she would play. She was driven to the stage in a close carriage, and her husband and a doctor stood at the wings to receive her as she came off after the first act. She fell into her husband's arms in a dead faint, and was carried to her dressing-room. Fortunately she had taken the precaution of putting on her buskins and hose under the gown which she wore in the first act. While the doctor was giving her restoratives her dresser had whisked the dress off, and she was practically all ready for the second act. The waits were a little longer than usual that night, but the next day all the newspapers announced that Mme. Modjeska had played the part of Rosalind with all her usual charm.

Robin Hood in Opera.

A COMIC opera—Robin Hood—of unusual freshness and sweetness, is now being successfully presented at the Standard Theater, New York city, by the Bostonians.

It was first produced in London under the title of Maid Marian, and was there received with applause. The authors, Messrs. Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith, were wise in the selection of a period which is at once interesting from a historic standpoint and picturesque from a theatric one. The romantic tale of bold Robin Hood and his hardy band of merry men will always prove interesting in spite of all the liberties our later day romancists may take with it. Some of the love of our childhood for the poetic stories of our nursery days clings to us still. Sherwood Forest once more spreads its sheltering boughs over the huntsman lost in the sylvan glade. We listen for the sound of his winding horn. And the gloom still conceals the poacher who lies in wait for the king's fat deer. How those suits of Lincoln green rise before us—just as green and crude as the illustration was in that thumb-marked, dog-eared volume. We do not forget our affection for bold Robin Hood, who never robbed the poor, just as though the rich were not fatter game. Or for Little John, or Friar Tuck, or Allan-a-Dale.

FRIAR TUCK.

These memories come back to us as we sit in our comfortable orchestra-chairs and watch the efforts of the Sheriff of Nottingham to capture the bold outlaw. But we anticipate.

Although there is much lacking in music and text which it would afford us pleasure to record, there is still enough to entitle this latest comic opera to a place in the list of creditable efforts. The music is light, sweet, and refined. At times we fancy Mr. de Koven has been influenced by his musical memories, and that it would not be difficult to trace his musical ideas back to the great writers of grand opera. If this is a fault, it is such a good fault that we are more inclined to praise than cavil. The airs of the piece are not likely to become the property of the street arab, and will undoubtedly become popular in the drawing-room.

Mr. Smith has worked well, but not brilliantly. He has told his story simply and furnished some neatly turned lines in his ballads; but his humor is not of the broad, coarse order of the popular libretto-writer, nor is it in the dainty, delicate vein of Mr. Gilbert. Every line bears the impress of honest labor, and not one the flash of genius. Still, it is so accept able, so clean, so honest, and so meritorious that it is a pleasure to hear the dialogue—which is saying much for a comic opera.

The version of the story of Robin Hood as told by the authors runs in these lines: Maid Marian (Caroline Hamilton) is betrothed to Robert of Huntington. But as the course of true love never runs smooth, we are not surprised to find the Sheriff of Nottingham (H. C. Barnabee) plotting for the wealth of the lovers. He declares that Robert (Tom Karl) was changed at his birth, and that the true Earl of Huntington is one who has hitherto been considered a mere country bumpkin. The king has ordered the marriage of Maid Marian to the earl. He who has always been looked upon as the rightful Robert of Huntington flies to Sherwood Forest, and joins the merry foresters who defy the king's pleasure and hunt the king's deer. He becomes chief of the outlaws, and takes the name of Robin Hood. Little John is chief lieutenant, Allan-a-Dale, his second, and Friar Tuck, his chaplain.

Maid Marian, true to her love, rejects her new suitor and flies to Sherwood Forest in search of her wandering lover. News of the prowess and daring deeds of Robin Hood are brought to Nottingham, and the sheriff with a posse disguised as strolling tinkers sets out to capture him. Marian joins her lover. Allan-a-Dale (Jessie Bartlett Davis) believing Robin has made love to his sweetheart, determines to betray him to the sheriff. He does so, and Robin Hood is captured. Allan-a-Dale discovers his mistake, summons the band, and frees the outlaw chief. The king's soldiers arrive, and Robin is carried off to Nottingham.

In the third act, Robin Hood escapes from jail, flies to the forest, and rejoins the band. He returns with his followers, and fills the church in which the wedding is to be celebrated between Marian and the wrongful Earl of Huntington. They overcome the sheriff, and the bold outlaw having seized his bride is about to seek the shelter of the forest shade. A soldier arrives with the king's pardon to Robin Hood. In a very few moments we find him restored to his title and estates and the curtain falls upon a happy condition of affairs.

The humor of the piece is afforded by the Sheriff of Nottingham. This role, in the trusty hands of Mr. Barnabee, is made picturesque, effective, and highly amusing.

The sheriff and chorus sing this song:

Sheriff: I am the Sheriff of Nottingham,
My eye is like an eagle's;
So sly and clever—in fact I am
One of the law's best beagles.
I'm a genius quite.
Guy: He's a wonderful wight.
Sheriff: I'm considered remarkably bright.
If any one fractures the slightest law,
With a glance I can fill him with panic awe.
All: Bow low!
Guy: Bow lowly as you can.

A drinking song, extolling the virtues of brown October ale, is as follows:

Little John: And it's will ye quaff with me, my lads,
And it's will ye quaff with me?
It is a draught of nut-brown ale
I offer unto ye.

All humming in the tankard, lads,
It cheers the heart forlorn;
Oh, here's a friend to ev'ryone—
'Tis stout John Barleycorn.

Chorus: So laugh, lads, and quaff, lads;
'Twill make you stout and hale;
Through all my days, I'll sing the praise
Of brown October ale.
Now, tapster, if in me you'd win
A friend who will not fail,
Fill up once more the canakin
With brown October ale.

One of the happiest was made by the chorus of tinkers:

'Tis merry journeymen we are,
All in the tinkering line, sirs;
We tramp the roadways near and far,
If weather it be fine, sirs.
And if so be some stubborn lout
Should make us surly answers,
We straightway drown his utterance out
By tapping on our pans, sirs.
Then we rap, rap, rap,
And we tap, tap, tap,
From the dawn till the dark of sight, sirs;
We are men of mettle,
And the can or kettle
Doesn't live that we can't set right, sirs.
Tink tank, clink clank—
Hear our hammers ring;
When trade is brisk
We frolic and we frisk
As happy and gay as a king.

Taking one consideration with another, the author's selection of a theme was quite a happy one; and if the applause of many audiences is a guarantee of success, Messrs. de Koven and Smith have hit the comic opera nail squarely on the head.

The Dying Leaf.

For Saturday Night.

Oh, mother, has this lovely summer flown,
And must my life be thus so early stol'n?
Have you no power to hold me longer here,
Where I have been so useful half a year?

See you the bluish of color in my cheek?
And day by day I grow more deeply flushed and weak.
Paint first as tinted early dawn of day,
But deeper, darker, under winter's cruel sway.

You, who have given me life, dear mother, speak:
Have you no bribe to stay the tyrant bleak?
How can your heart be fresh and green and gay,
When you see me thus go surely, swiftly to decay.

Mother, mother, is dread winter indeed so near,
And still you keep your wonted youthful cheer?
Last night I heard a whisper thro' the trees,
"Leaves, leaves, you've drunk your pleasure to the lees,

And will you look from lofty height with scorn
At me, laid low, who from thee was born?
Lowly I shall lie, trampled by the unheeding throng,
Whom I have served for shelter all the summer long.

Dying, dead, speeding rapidly to decay,
Not one, midst all the selfish mass to say,
"Here lies a leaf that sheltered me from heat
As I lay resting on that dear old seat."

And you, dear mother, amongst all the rest,
Are you prepared to say: "Go child, 'tis for the best."
"Yes, for the best," that I should bleeding lie
Torn from thy breast, left withered, crushed to die.

"Foolish sprite, ye must not grieve me so.
Mortals love thee better in thy autumn glow.
Ye do not die. Ye only fade away,
To render back the life that keeps me from decay."

I have no strength with which to answer thee,
Surely, quickly, goes my life from me.
In my rich dress of green, red-brown and gold
I flutter away, and my sad story's told.

Down, down to the cold damp earth I go.
I forgive thee, dear mother, for treating me so.
Freely, gladly, now would I to end the strife
Give back to thee, my beauty, strength and life.

Uxbridge, '91. CARRIE ADELE PETERS.

O Summer Day!

For Saturday Night.

O summer day! O summer night!
Return with all thy gone delight;
And thou, dear one, in memory's rays,
Art shining brightest there to-night.
Each moaning wind that sweeps the plain,
Like spirits sighing breathes thy name;
Each long-loved moment with thee spent
Returns, with a sad witchery blent
Over my weary heart—ah me!
That only thought is left of thee!

Yet in thy name there lives a spell
Which thrills me still—no tongue can tell
What thou hast been, what still thou art,
Soul of my soul, heart of my heart
How canst thou know that sad to-night
The thought steals o'er me as I write?
The past is living light returns.
A sadness in my bosom burns,
A wild, wild longing to live it o'er
The happy days that come no more.

Toronto, Ont. M. D.

Early November.

For Saturday Night.

What a day!
The willows' bare and yellow branches gleam,
Where with its covering of thin ice the stream
Doth flow away.
The green of pines, the purple of bare boughs
Are on the shadowy hills; and grazes the cows
On meadows gray.
Shining o'er all the sunlight soft and fair
Is glinting in my maiden's beech-brown hair.
A glorious day!

What a night!
Bare trees, dead clinging leaves and meadows gray
Are bathed in glory of the moon's array;
Each star's alight.
The sky's deep blue with cloud-sheds here and there
Is dotted; rare and cold doth come the air
And makes cheeks bright.
Silent the poplars stand across the way
And stretch black, clear-cut shadows on the gray.
A glorious night!

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

Love.

Love came at dawn when all the world was fair,
When crimson glories, bloom and song were rife;
Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air,
And murmured: "I am life."

Love came at even when the day was done,
When heart and brain were tired, and slumber pressed;
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,
And whispered: "I am rest."

WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

Music.

Oh, take the lute this brooding hour for me—
The golden lute, the hollow crying lute—
Nor call me even with thine eyes; be mute,
And touch the strings; yes, touch them tenderly;
Touch them and dream, till all thine heart is thee
Grow great and passionate and sad and wild.
Then on me, too, as on thy heart, O child,
The marvelous light, the stress divine shall be,
And I shall see, as with enchanted eyes,
The unveiled vision of this world time by,
Battles and griefs, and storms and phantasies,
The gleaming joy, the ever seething fire,
The hero's triumph and the martyr's cry,
The pain, the madness, the unsearched desire.

A. LAMPMAN.

The Coming Drama.

The coming drama—what will it be?
A tale of love with a bit of the sea,
Thrown in for a background, as it were,
A sort of nautical *mal de mer*?
With a proud ship sailing on canvas wave—
The usual storm which the lover braves
To rescue his love from a villain's wiles,
To bask forever in fortune's smiles?
And yet this smacks of the dreary past—
This kind of drama will not last.

The coming drama—it may be
A jamble of nothing—absurdity;
A skirt dance here and a ballet there,
Real running water and a county fair;
With nothing of plot to relieve the strain,
A song and dance, then the ballet again;
Acting of nonsense from beginning to end—
(The stage is in need of an earnest friend).
The coming drama will be to the dregs
A panorama of tights and legs! G. W. HARRIS.

Chancing It.

"What shall I write to-night, prose or poetry?" asked Lozair as he flipped up his last penny. "Tales it is," he added, as he clapped the cent on his thigh.

Between You and Me.

LETTER came to this column a day or two since, full of wails and helplessness. The writer was a dejected, pessimistic, sorrowful specimen of humanity, who had tried to be what nature never fitted her for, and had failed; and she wrote for sympathy, and advice, and encouragement, and lots of other things which Lady Gay keeps in stock. And after reading her letter I turned over the envelope and caught sight of a crest and a motto, and the motto was "*Nil desperandum*," which is being interpreted, never despair. And the contrast between the woman's letter and her gallant motto made me laugh first, and then, as is often the way, set me thinking. I wonder which of us carry out those mottoes we have inherited, or gained by matrimony? Look at the *blase* man we all know, who believes in nothing, who has sounded all the depths and shoals of honor and dishonor, who has pages in his life he or we dare not lightly read, but who has carried, all these years, on his stationery, on his signet ring, on his family plate the motto: "*Fide et amore*"—by faith and love, while those two bulwarks have been wrecked by him ages ago.

Or there is the mean man, who stoops to petty trickery, or small scandals and whose vote is for sale to whichever side can pay the highest for it; the man whom other men fear and watch, the man whom women dare not trust, the man whom children shrink from, when he tries to be facetious and friendly with them. What it that short scroll on his plain gold seal, "*Noblesse oblige!*" as sure as can be! And there is the corporation built of grabbers and heelers and schemers, and on their official stamp is the sublime avowal, "In God we trust!" Some days when I have my warpaint and feathers on, I feel as if I should like to engrave these mottoes over again, and wrest from their renegade owners the grand reproachful words that lie in their sight as pearls before swine. I would give to the *roue* that humble confession "*Peccavi*," and to the little human worm, "*Parvum parva decent*," which means, roughly, "small things to mean men." And to the many who shelter themselves behind each other and steal and lie and oppress, that old terrible "handwriting on the wall," which doomed such as they long since.

*

A good motto, like an honorable ancestry, helps one along if one only tries to live up to it, and each individual should have one. Never mind if you haven't got the insane little picture that sometimes goes with it as a patent of respectability. Batter a good head on your own shoulders than a crazy little empty helmet on your crest; better a generous, nervy, capable, ready right hand of good firm flesh and bone and pulsing red blood and trusty sinew than ever such a cuts little gauntlet with ever such a natty little sword in it, on your best silver or your envelope flap; better the man of to day than the myth of bygone ages, but, of course, better both if you can have them. I never feel like jeering at those good souls who, when they find themselves rich, either gradually or suddenly, make it their care to design a lofty crest and motto, and take innocent pride in the display of its newness and strangeness. All success go with them, and their reaching after the higher and better thoughts that ought to wait upon every sight of the noble words or lofty sentiments which nearly all such decorations express.

*

From cresta to corsets is a big jump, but the latter subject just popped into my mind in a second, as I finished that last paragraph, and I remembered something I promised a lady correspondent to do a long time ago, and which I did yesterday. This lady writes me to find out, if possible, by actual experience, whether it is among the attainables to wear a Delsarte waist with an evening dress and not look baggy and oulgy and unbraced (the adjectives are my correspondent's). At the Grenadiers' ball last night, dear lady, there were several pretty figures, as trim and taut as could be, who confided to me that they were comfortably attired in the new garment. My own wife, it but themselves, and I attributed an added ease and lissomness and grace that, I fancied I noticed in their dancing to the gentle influence of the latest fad. I am going to ask La Mode to investigate these affairs for next week, and if my correspondent will look up the fashion column she will find all her questions fully answered.

*

Last Thanksgiving morning I came down with nine small boys in a belt-line car. They were charged to the handle with the electricity of small-boyism, and carried each a large wallet and a small one. It seemed a good deal o' lunch even for the interior vacuum of a small boy, and I asked one of them if they were going to eat all those wallets full themselves. A sputter of laughter bubbled from several open little mouths, and in spite of sour looks from some of the more mistrustful the small boys enlightened me. The small wallets contained lunch, the larger ones cut paper, and they were the accompaniments to a paper hunt which was to come off away out east somewhere. Just as we turned King street corner the Queen's Own marched past the car and the small boys' comments were edifying. "Tell you they *are* soldiers!" said a wee little fellow with big eyes and a bulging forehead. "They're not very tall!" slightingly remarked another. "Well, that's nothing, little man fight best," said a big boy knowingly. "My father says so, and he knows." "There's a big one, anyway," cried the bulging brow, as one long, lanky soldier strode by, among a number of shorter ones. And the nine commenced to guy him, with an ingenuity and wit that had not accused them of. In the midst of the fun a Lee avenue car came past, and the paper chasers tumbled out shouting a "a transfer." The air seemed quite dead and dull after they left us, with their bounding vitality and their impetuous ways, and their raised voices and sparkling eyes. And I knew they would scramble and shout and quarrel and argue and eat the long muggy day, and come home at dusk apparently as full of energy and devilment as they set out—for that is boy nature!

*

I heard such a killing quarrel between two small girls who took part in Ben Hur that I cannot forget it. The subject was a bouquet which both claimed and one appropriated. "I would just like to pull one hair in your head and pull it all day long before it came out," said the bereaved mite, in a most emphatic tone. And after the first amazement at her refinement of cruelty overcame me, and I had duly whispered the orthodox remonstrance and seen peace temporarily restored, I knew that her feeling and her wish were intensely feminine. For of all the dangerous, wicked, unmerciful things which grow on the earth the jealous and slighted woman is the most cruel. "One hair pulled all day before it came out," showed a knowledge of torture and a will to inflict it that one meets in society every day. Women who should be above such petty meanness pull the one hair of their enemy and pull it all day. And though the tortured one bears up and gives no sign at the time, from the rent root of that one hair often springs a retribution wild and merciless. I have seen and heard it and not so long ago either.

*

They have been making a to-do at Portsmouth something similar to our rifle range grievance in consequence of the shooting of a fisherman by a ball from a gunboat, whose crew were testing or practicing with a new gun. The editor of London *Truth* hits out from the shoulder, as he always does, at the verdict of the coroner's jury, and rails against the lack of caution exercised by the gunboat authorities. I always read "Labby's" most fiery periods with a certain mistrust, having noted that he usually takes back about one-third of his ravings in the next issue of *Truth*.

*

A correspondent writes asking me for some suggestions as to Christmas presents, made by herself, of course. Perhaps some of the ladies who are so nice in their expressions on paper to Lady Gay, will send some ideas, and also a scheme for the entertainment of forty young people, of both sexes, at a birthday party next month. The best idea for this latter affair will be forwarded to the enquirer or printed in this paper, and will receive a hearty welcome from

LADY GAY.

Noted People.

Mr. Ruskin, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is better in health than he has been for some time. He is staying at Brantwood, that pleasant house by the side of Coniston Water, which has been his favorite home for many years now.

Dr. Hamilton Griffin, Mary Anderson's stepfather, has, while in New York recently, said that Mrs. Navarro was living quietly at Tunbridge Wells and was "perfectly happy." The Baltimore *American* very justly remarks that if Mary Anderson's private happiness is talked of much more, somebody will be getting it dramatized.

Mrs. Harrison and the Princess Louise are the only two women who have been permitted to set foot within the cloisters of the monastery of Santa Barbara, in California. And even after their visit the ground trodden by them was at once reconsecrated with solemn ceremonies and much fasting and prayer. The monastery is the oldest but one of the twenty-four missions established in California by the Franciscans at the close of the last century, and is the only one now occupied by the friars of the order.

There will shortly be published an *edition de luxe* of the Latin commentary on Dante's Divina Commedia, together with the Latin version of the poem made in the fifteenth century by Friar Giovanni de Serravalle, and a fifteenth century Italian version of the commentary, by Bonce Bartolommeo da Calle. The edition, which will be limited to two thousand copies, is under the supervision of Fathers Marcellius and Domenichelli, and Pope Leo has set apart twenty thousand francs to cover the cost of publication. A copy will be presented to each of the principal libraries of the world. The Papal munificence reads curiously in the light of the fact that Dante places popes in hell, and was ever an upholder of the imperial against the pontifical claim. But, nevertheless, Dante's devotion to the ideal of his age is indisputable, as Pope Leo recognizes.

At Lecco, on the Lake of Como, has just been inaugurated a monument to Alessandro Manzoni, in memory of the fact that the scene of his famous novel "I Promessi Sposi" was laid in that spot. The unveiling of the statue drew a great crowd to the little town, and an admirable discourse was held, treating of the writer and his works, by the ex-Syndic of Milan, Gaetano Negri, whose name has lately become familiar to Englishmen, thanks to his admirable Life of George Eliot, recently published in Italy. Manzoni is represented in the monument as seated. On three sides of the pedestal—which is made of red Baveno granite—there are seen in bas-relief the three principal events of his Promessi Sposi; the abduction of Lucia; Padre Cristoforo, who conducts Renzo to see Don Rodrigo dying in the lazaretto; and Renzo and Lucia as they issue from the church where they have just been married, followed by Agnese and Don Abbondio. On the fourth side of the pedestal are seen the arms of Lecco and of Italy, and underneath is a touching inscription.

The widow of the late Crown Prince of Austria, Princess Stephanie, has returned to Vienna, where she is now engaged in supervising the ninth issue of the great work entitled, Austria in Word and Picture, which was commenced under the auspices of the late archduke. Her popularity, however, does not appear in any way to increase, and it is noticeable that as soon as ever she returns to Vienna her mother-in-law, the empress, makes a point of leaving the capital. Indeed, the two women have met but very little since the tragedy at Mayerling. Her majesty is of the opinion that much of the domestic unhappiness of her son was due to the crown princess's execrable temper, to her tendency to sulk on every possible occasion, and to her entire absence of tact. The crown prince had no wish to wed, and was bound up in affections that were by no means of a conjugal character. While it is notorious that the crown princess was enamored of a young American resident at Brussels. Husband and wife soon became absolutely intolerable to one another.

The Country Club.

THE winds have a nipping edge, the waters of the bay are churned up and frilled with foam, the skies are deep blue, and the trees flaring with reds and yellows, and now the world puts on its new felt hat, its new overcoat or fur-trimmed jacket, its white veil, and its dogskin gloves, and makes for the open country.

These are the days that we spend out of doors—the finest in the year. There is frost in the breeze, but it just puts a tint of pink in pale cheeks and a flash in faded eyes. There is electricity in the air. It makes the most languid step grow brisk and charges the most *blase* manner with a current of vivacity. No one can sit at home while the partridge calls from the wood, the crack of the sport-man's gun breaks the stillness of country coverts, the thud of the hunter's hoofs resound down leaf-strewn roads, and the rattle of milady's harness chains is heard in sheltered by-ways, silent all summer as the Sleeping Palace.

Everybody is in the country. When they can not ride, they drive; when they can not drive, they walk. New York women are getting to have large feet and a manly stride from the way they go in for athletic exercises. They are fine whips; they are fine horsewomen. They go to the "meets" with the men; they ride across country. They get "the brush;" they talk wisely about the matters of the hunting-field. Not to know these things is not to be one of that large community which rules the suburbs and has a strong influence on all metropolitan society.

A short time since, at a jumping contest of one of the suburban country clubs, a fine example was given of the gamey tendencies that of late have distinguished the eternal feminine. All the world had turned out to see the sport. The slope of the hill about the course—a browned, autumnal slope, backed by masses of crimsoning foliage, with here and there a glimpse of some stately country home—was crowded with open carriages. There was every sort of carriage—the big family phaeton, with paps and mamma in the front and a bursting out of innumerable children in the back. The popular buckboard in yellow and natural wood, with a corduroy cushion and a neat nag, very brief as to tail and erect as to head. This was generally occupied by two young men in tan coats, coffee-colored derbys and orange gloves, who bet loudly on their favorite horses and would not have had a glance for Venus had she "happened by."

Then came the trim, taut, swing-dog-cart, with a high driver's seat and dark-green cushions. Its owner drives in a confident manner. He is a tall, good looking, well dressed man, of some means and standing—"a catch," that is what they call him. On his left sits a dainty lady to whom he makes his *devoir*. In nine cases out of ten she will wear a loose coat of fawn-colored cloth, with big buttons, a toreador's turban, worn to one side, with a great bunch of black pompons sticking out from the crown, a thick veil of white lace, with the two ends hanging down in a little flounce in the back. Behind sits the groom, with a clean-shaven face and his arms folded.

Beyond this there will be a good sprinkling of village carts occupied by girls, a great many victorias, and a quantity of T-carts. These, perhaps, are the most really stylish of equipages. The two horses, with their absurdly short tails, are driven by the owner, who, in loose driving-coat and dogskin gloves, is a personable man of somewhere between thirty and forty. There is always a lady to his left and a groom behind. The former, being the wife or *fiancee* of a man of standing, allows herself some gaiety of dress upon this sporting occasion, and, slenderly graceful, looks as freshly fine as a June rose, under the shadow of a broad hat full of violets, with a huge boa of cocks' leathers standing up above her ears, and some sort of brilliant, Parisian creation doing justice to her wonderfully laced in figure.

Then come the equestrians. They have the best of it, for they can urge their bob-tailed steeds into the small passages left between the carriages and press up to the rope that marks the course; then for a space to gaze upon the entertaining spectacle of a balking and terrified horse stubbornly refusing a four-foot jump, and, at intervals, standing erect on his hind-legs, with his rider clinging despairingly about his neck. The equestrians are mostly men, done up in true sporting style in light colored kerseymere trowsers, which, above the knee, look more like divided shirts than anything else, and below the knee contract to a sudden and terrible tightness, calculated to stop the circulation in any member unaccustomed to their iron pressure.

The women riders look very natty. It is said that a woman never looks so well anywhere as on horseback. And so she does, if she has the style of figure that elicits the comment, "a site high," which, being translated, means she is long-waisted, broad in the hips, short-legged, and straight backed. Very tall, slender, lithe women look horrible on horseback. This is the one place their broad and chunky sisters have the advantage of them. A riding-habit is, also, a trying costume. It requires an extremely marked figure to stand the rigid lines of the riding dress—especially as they now make it.

One girl in particular you could not help noticing. She was a small and delicate creature—a real New Yorker, thin, spare, infantile-looking, with her little child's figure and her little girl's face, in age somewhere between twenty-five and thirty, in appearance, perhaps fifteen. She rode a splendid horse and wore a riding-dress which is just now the tip of the fashion—a black serge skirt and jacket, the latter opening over a bright scarlet waistcoat, fastened with smooth brass buttons. There was a standing collar and a man's white necktie, a billy cock hat, and her hair done up in a tiny, tight knot. When seated in the saddle she looked almost as if she had trowsers on, so wonderfully did her black skirt cling to her. Over her hips and over the knee that goes over the upper pommel, it set as smooth as if it had been pasted on.

Two or three other women caught your eye in the crowd, their high beaver hats bowed down as they spoke to some man who stood at their horse's head. Most of them rode well, and their horses, without an exception, were so docked as to tail that only a few inches of stump was left, and even from this meagre remnant of their once lengthy caudal appendage the hair was snipped to the merest fringe. It seems a cruel mutilation. Some of the horses on the field, entered to compete for the prizes, looked absolutely hideous with a tiny and rigid inch or two of tail whisking about as the flies teased the poor beasts. Still we must follow fashion, even though it ordain the chopping off of a few inches of an equine's vertebræ.

But to arrive at the point of my letter—the wisdom of the modern "debbie" on all matters relative to riding. Two or three of these pretty creatures were sitting aloft in a yellow village cart, surveying the course and the leaping hunters as they cleared the hurdles, not infrequently removing the topmost bar with their hind hoofs. The girls were as pretty, as fresh, and fine, and fair as ever girls could be. They were not a whit less delicately dainty than the girls that our grandmothers once were, in their short waists, and side curls, and dimity gowns, and monstrous muffs. The modern maidens were wrapped up well against the tooth of the autumn wind, in high-collared covert coats. They wore the fashionable white veils, with their lace sprigs and dangling ends, the wide hats trimmed with a mixture of sable and mink-tails and artificial flowers, the big feather boats that stand up nearly to the back of the wearer's head. The driver alone was severe in her attire. She was buttoned up to the chin in a dark serge coat; a round turban, with something like an undersized black rocket stuck in one side, crowned her tight braids, and her hands were incased in a pair of big, dark-red, dogskin driving-gloves, with castor-beaver let into the palms.

There were quite a lot of young men circulating about this attractive cart, but the occupants paid but little attention to these satellites. They watched the course with intent eyes beneath frowning brows. When one of the hunters, after clearing every fence on the course, stopped dead at the last and sent his rider flying like a bird over his head, these stony-hearted fair ones groaned together—a groan of bitter derision. There was no sympathy expressed on their faces for the fallen rider. Men rushed out from various corners, picked him up, dusted him off, set him on his legs again, and he retired rubbing his bruises. But the watchers in the village cart looked solemnly disgusted. The thought that the unfortunate competitor for glory might be hurt seemed not to disturb their minds. They said gloomily:

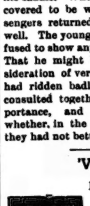
"How awfully Freddy does ride," and looked at each other dubiously, shaking their heads over the delinquencies of the fallen Frederick. Presently, when a second competitor went crashing over a fence, and horse and man came rolling to the ground in a dusty tangle, these heartless creatures cried in an indignant chorus:

"Well, did you ever see such abominable awkwardness!" and sank back with dejected sighs. Their cavaliers sped away to assist in extricating the unfortunate from his steed and his saddle. When he was pulled out and discovered to be whole and unbroken, the messengers returned and reported that all was well. The young ladies, with gloomy brows, refused to show any interest in the intelligence. That he might be hurt was a secondary consideration of very small importance. That he had ridden badly was the sore point. They consulted together with an air of somber importance, and the by-standers wondered whether, in the future, they were debating if they had not better cut him.

Fin de Siecle Repartee.

Miss N.—Do you think Miss Esther beautiful?
Derbycoat—Well, you know, her face isn't exactly pretty, but its very catching.
Miss N.—Like fly paper!!!

'Varsity Chat.



HE inaugural address of Prof. Hume on Saturday afternoon last was an able presentation of the lines he proposes to follow in his lectures on ethics and the history of philosophy. It would be folly on my part to attempt to state his views, but as his reference to the late Prof. Young will interest hundreds of graduates who read this chat, I give a portion of it as follows: "What was the secret of his wonderful power and influence as a teacher? Many would answer 'his remarkable personality;' and this would be a fitting reply if we remember that the personality is not one element in the character. The personality is the man himself, the whole character. Prof. Young had a mighty influence because he was a great man. Throughout his whole life he concentrated all his energies upon one aim, the development of the highest personality, the truest, purest character in himself and in others. Few have had so clear a conception of the ethical ideal, few have striven so earnestly to attain it, few have been so successful in realizing the moral ideal, few, indeed, have succeeded to such an extent in influencing the lives of others for good. Though Prof. Young left so little in the way of publication, his work and influence can never be lost. Each pupil who sat under him, and came in contact with him, will carry throughout his life deep influence for good, won from the inspiration of his beloved teacher. In my own case it would be impossible for me to estimate how much I owe, not only in the way of direct guidance and teaching in the lecture-room, but also in the way of counsel and encouragement beyond it. Love is cheap that can be told. In endeavoring to fulfil the responsible duties that devolve upon me as a teacher in the University, I shall aim to emulate the example of a noble predecessor."

*

Mr. H. H. Langton, B.A., for the past number of years registrar, has been appointed librarian to the University. He brings to his new position a knowledge of several languages and a business training acquired in his former office, and in a down-town law office.

*

The following are the officers of the Philosophical Societies of respectively '93 and '94: Prof. J. M. Baldwin, hon. president; Prof. J. G. Hume, president; Mr. F. Tracy, B.A., first vice president; Miss M. Garratt, second vice-president; Mr. Lane, secretary; Miss Young and Messrs. McClellan and Williamson, councillors; and Prof. Baldwin, president; Mr Muldrew, first vice-president; Miss De Beaurgard, second vice president; Mr. Dickie, secretary; Miss Ballora and Messrs. Araold and Wright, councillors.

*

Mr. John Walker Macmillan, B.A., is preaching in the North-West.

*

"What is a fellow?" This is the question that our philologists, scientists, economists and philosophers are trying to answer. The economists seem to have had the matter almost all in their own way of thinking, but a change is being agitated on their *tabula rasa*.

*

After speeches by Mr. J. A. Burgess, B. A., Mr. W. Ross, B. A., Mr. W. Gauld, B. A., Mr. W. G. W. Fortune, B. A., Mr. W. H. Grant, B. A., Mr. D. Caswell, B. A., Mr. Alex. McNabb, B. A., and Mr. N. MacKinnon, music by Mr. A. E. Hannahson and Mr. E. W. MacKay, and a reading by Mr. A. Jamieson, it has been decided in the Knox College Literary and Metaphysical Society that co-education in theology is detrimental to the best interests of the church.

*

The meeting of the Literary Society on Friday of last week was conducted in parliamentary form, and President H. E. Irwin, B. A., acted as speaker. Mr. J. H. Lamont was the premier and president of the council, and the following were his ministers: Mr. O. E. Culbert, Marine and Fisheries; Mr. G. E. McCraney, Justice; Mr. R. S. Straith, Public Works; Mr. F. E. Perrin, Finance; Mr. W. P. Reeve, Agriculture; Mr. F. B. Hellems, Railways and Canals; Mr. H. H. Knox, Trade and Commerce; Mr. W. A. Parks, Militia and Defence; Mr. C. H. Mitchell, Interior; Mr. R. Robertson, Secretary of State; Mr. S. J. McLean, Postmaster-General; Mr. W. P. Bull, Solicitor-General. The address in reply to the speech from the Throne was moved by Mr. J. H. Fraser and seconded by Mr. John Ross Mr. J. A. Cooper acted as leader of the opposition.

*

What we may expect to occur:

Brown of '93, (meeting Jones of '92)—Who was your chief chum during your four years at college?

Jones—Smith.

Brown—Did you work hard?

Jones—Well I argued that classics were better than moderns, and he argued that moderns were better than classics.

*

The last meeting of the Wycliffe College Mission Society was addressed by Rev. Archdeacon Reeve of the diocese of Mackenzie River, and Messrs N. C. Perry, B.A., I. O. Stringer, B.A., and G. A. Rix.

*

The cross country run was won in forty-three minutes by Mr. G. W. Orton. He was followed by the other runners in the following order: Mr. H. G. Kingston, Mr. Joseph Clark, Mr. B. A. Sinclair, Mr. D. G. Revell, Mr. A. L. McAllister.

JUNIOR.

THE DRAMA OF A LIFE.

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM,

Author of "John Winthrop's Defeat," "The Stain on the Glass," "Under Oath," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHICH SHALL CONQUER?

Yet team to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and overthrown
Are mourned by man and not by man alone.
—*Wordsworth.*

"How horrible!" said Walker Paling, pacing the floor of his study with his hands clasped behind him and his head bent in deep thought. His brows were meeting blackly and his eyes were shot with red as though he were enduring some extreme mental and physical suffering. "How horrible! Treat this matter as lightly as I may, there remains that terrible conviction that she was dictating to me what I should do and not the hero of this romance! She uttered not one word of it, and yet I know that it is her determination to force me to accomplish the evil she has in view. She hates her brother. He stands also in the way of her inheriting an immense fortune. She would revenge herself upon him because his nobler nature conquered the devilish side of character running through the family. She would have me end his life in some silent manner, as the heroine does in this manuscript, or she would have me shield her with my life if her hand should do the deed!"

To and fro he paced more and more slowly, and finally paused at his desk, where the manuscript lay ready for copying, revised and edited.

He had done his best with it and worked faithfully to make it perfect, to tone down the crimson stain upon it and to brighten the sadder pages. He gave his time for days after the woman left him, impressed only by the belief that she still knew of his movements and still colored his will with brown, but gave his constant time and thought to its perfecting. He had worked himself pale and thin, but could not resist the invisible, incomprehensible power that forced him on.

Pausing at the desk, he lifted the manuscript and ran over the pages, fluttering them, as he read here and there a particularly strong line or paragraph. As he did so he became absorbed in it; he could not lay it down; it was as though, as an actor in a drama, he must thoroughly learn his part. He smiled bitterly as this thought came to him. He felt that it was true; and, like the actor, when the drama was played, he must accept his part.

"It is a horrible thing!" he said to himself, still struggling to conquer the power that would conquer his will. "Yet she has ruled my intellect since first we met, and only heaven knows but she always will! I fight against it and yield at last! I am powerless to withstand such a range machinations!"

Once more he ran over pages after page before him, this thought in his mind, and realized that it was indeed a drama for his impersonation, wherein the hero, for love, shielded the woman who held his heart against the law and the world when she had stained her hands with her fellow-blood in order to wreak the vengeance of Heaven upon him for his lack of spirituality, believing in the fancy of a mad woman, that she was sent by the Heaven to perpetrate the act.

Her lover suffered much, endured insults and even imprisonment through his love, claiming that it was his duty to shield the brother's life, and would have suffered death, but at the last pardon was granted both, and they went away together to new scenes and new friends far from the old.

Walker Paling knew that the plot was unique, that many scenes were dramatic, that it was written powerfully and well. The style as a romance was unexceptionable; as an inspiration to like action it was the work of a demon of mind and brain.

He laid the manuscript down again and seated himself in the softly upholstered revolving-chair before the desk. With one elbow upon it he rested his head upon his hand and pondered over and over his course of action. Should he, or should he not publish the novel? Upon that, to him, depended the weight of the whole affair. If he should do this, and then the actual deed follow upon it, would not the world cry out upon him as a murderer, like a pack of wolves? Would it not accuse him of the deed? Would it not have clear ground for its charges? And might there not be reason to accuse him?

How could he know what he would do under the power of the woman whose mad blood colored her intellect, and her will held his? And knowing that his brain fashioned the romance, such a counterpart to the deed—would not the world point to him as the one who was guilty?

With his head upon his hand, sitting at his desk, Walker Paling fought a difficult fight with fate, and knew not for many days whether he were victor or vanquished. And always in his mind ran the woman's words, that should this book fail to spur others to like action, it would have been written in vain.

For several days this struggle continued, though he resumed his usual habits, having left the city with the early summer and being among many friends at Newport, and that to some extent softened the intensity of this mental suffering.

For it was acute, actual suffering to him. He was changed even to his friends, who believed that this was due to over-social habits, and gave him most sincere sympathy. They seldom questioned him regarding his wife, for manner and the whisper adrift that their lives were not happy together, and society is discreet if not over-sensitive as to inflicting wounds upon painfully strung sensibilities.

Therefore his many friends, the many invitations extended to him, the crowd of duties daily devolving upon him, somewhat dulled the first wild revolt at the fate that placed him as the principal actor in a drama laid before him as a romance, but impressed upon his inner convictions as his life to be.

And one day a new novel was issued from the press in paper covers of gray and red; and the world was startled by its daring plot. Startled, somewhat horrified at first, perhaps, then better pleased; and then the novel was an accepted fact, talked about and read, and criticized with alternate severity and commendation, but accepted as the novel of the day, and not to have read it augured an inappreciative taste.

So The Drama of a Life, with streaks of red across the covers, became a powerful factor in many lives, and struck real life's horizon, with the same red hue tinging the curtain hung before the future, that parted as days passed by. The novelist's friends congratulated him upon the success of his marvelous last work, predicting for him many pleasant possibilities; but it seemed to him always at such times that they were urging him on to like action, that they would could praise a fictitious hero for such an act, should it not also praise such a hero in real life, a man, at the instigation of a woman, and under her strange mesmeric power, wrecking her wish was his, her will his own, accomplishing a fiendish act from revenge, spurred on by spiritual forces!

Daily he grew more and more impressed with this belief, until he became at times alarmed, thinking himself mad. He brooded for hours, when alone, over the horrible fatality that so governed his promising life. He had worked hard to attain the height upon which fate seemed ready and was to be cast down in humiliation through the subtle power of a half-mad woman! He was often tempted to go to Dr. Oldham, lay the matter before him, ask his advice, but was always hindered from doing this from the knowledge that the woman was sought by Oldham before she gave him her love. He could not go to her old lover and make known her wish. Besides, he knew from past experience that the man would uphold her.

He grew gloomy and morose. A cigar and solitude were his companions sometimes for days together. Little by little he allowed his social duties to die away. Even the pretty young artist, whose friendship was more to him than she knew, could not rouse him from this despondency.

Kittie Fitzgerald was a charming little woman, and gave him the sincere admiration and sympathy that his genius demanded of such a fine nature as her own.

He admired her. Perhaps had he met her before this she her woman gained influence over him, she might have been more to him than merely a womanly friend. If this thought intruded upon him at times, he crushed it faithfully; and as this mental struggle grew upon him, all other thoughts dropped away, until even this earnest woman faded from his thought.

All life seemed a blank save the future—a curtain woven with crimson in its woof. And, one day, he went quietly away from his friends, leaving no hint of the place of his departure, of his destination, in the courteous yet rather stiff notes of farewell which he sent to those most true among these friends.

Pretty Miss Fitzgerald was one of these, and if she was more quiet than usual for a few days after this, no one mentioned the cause or remarked upon the change.

"I never knew a writer yet who wasn't queer in the head," said one of Paling's friends in a group on the piazza of Mrs. Fitzgerald's cottage, as they discussed the novelist's strange manner of going away. "It looks as though this last work has taken hold of his mind and imagination must be at work continually. He will turn to a skeleton if he continues at this pace!"

"I never saw any one look as he did when he finished this book!" added another of the group. "By Jove! He looked as though he had been living comfortably under here a month; he ought not to work so hard. One such novel is enough for a lifetime, I should think!"

"No doubt it was worse to write it!" retorted the first speaker. "You are not like Paling, you know, Townsend. He works like a Trojan to accomplish any plan he has in view, and he is must tell upon him to plot and plan such strong romances as he gives us."

"Perhaps his wife assists him," suggested Miss Fitzgerald, with a smile. "There is something in her face that leads one to believe her capable of some great work, if she would attempt it. I was boldest best friend, but the first time her beauty impressed itself upon me."

"With a woman's peculiar perception," said the gentleman beside her. "For my part, I was repelled rather than attracted by Paling's wife. I have heard that many admire her, but as she is a sort of a recluse anyway it is difficult to say to actively. She goes out so seldom, one has mighty little opportunity to study upon her character."

"When I finished reading this novel," said Mr. Townsend, more seriously than the others had spoken, "it left with me a feeling that would not be set aside. I felt as if I feel as though there were something uncanny about it, or as though it were not at all imaginary. No wonder that Paling had a ghostly look when he finished it!"

"I heard one of the most peculiar criticisms upon the book last night," said another lady, fanning her fan lazily to and fro, as the soft breeze from the water lifted the fluffy hair about her piquant face. "You know that Dr. Oldham himself is quite in the same view. He conceived a letter from a friend last night, and in it she wrote that Dr. Oldham was greatly impressed by this new book, and that none of us could imagine what he said regarding it!"

She laughed in a slow, pretty fashion, very captivating to the man leaning behind her chair.

"Why, he said in the most matter-of-fact manner, that he is assured that the work was done for a purpose more than merely to amuse the readers, and that it is his firm belief that the writer was inspired!"

CHAPTER XX.

THROUGH THE DARKNESS.

Tale is the night
That either makes me or foredoes me quite.
—*Othello.*

Mrs. Carmichael stood motionless for a few minutes after the sound of the wheels died away over the meadow road. Fear had left her, but swift comprehension of what had passed came in its place. The night was black with midnight, and she was standing against the light from the room, but she felt nothing save strange certainty of who this visitor was, for what she had come.

Very still the night was; the cry of a sleepy bird among the branches on the lawn sounded startlingly distinct, and the break of waves over the pebbly beach was a soft "slur" through the darkness like the quiet breathing of the sea. The air was faintly salt and mingled with the garden odors drifting up to the dark balcony, faintly stirring the lace drapery at the windows.

Mrs. Carmichael nodded to herself, a gleam in her eyes that the darkness hid.

"A beautiful night,' she murmured, calmly. "A very beautiful, madam—and discreet."

And then she drew the curtains carefully back in their places she returned to her seat beside the lamp stand, seeing that her patient was still sleeping, and resumed her work, as though nothing had happened. But although outwardly calm she was greatly excited. The pages of her novel blurred before her, faded and grew blank as her thoughts intensified.

She was shrewd, this gentle nurse. She was there for a purpose, and she was the woman to accomplish any purpose she undertook.

Perfect silence reigned through the house. No one was stirring save herself, so far as she knew, but she believed that she was not the only wakeful one there that night. She had seen and heard enough to guess much more. Not for fully an hour could she concentrate her thoughts for reading, but she had much self-control and a strong will, and finally brought her mind in unison with the novel.

Strange how the novel mingled with her thoughts. How the plot met with counterplot in her mind. But nothing more happened that night. The house was dark, and the house was perfectly still; nothing occurred to disturb the silent nurse sitting beside the tiny stand with the new novel before her.

When Dr. Graham called upon his patient on the following day he gave him no encouragement, warning him to be careful, to obey orders and not to over-exert himself; and when he allowed him to have his guests about him through the day, that Mrs. Carmichael should not, be forbade their exciting or fatiguing him, adding that it was most essential for him to have quiet and rest.

Mrs. Carmichael was discreet as well as shrewd. She decided that it might be well to keep the occurrence of the previous night to her-elf for a time. Perfect silence upon the subject might lead to positive disbelief of the purpose for which she was placed there.

"Mr. Price slept well all night," she said simply, when Dr. Graham questioned her, before leaving the house. "Do you not think that he is improved, doctor?"

The doctor's eyes were warning in their quiet glance, and he soon bade her good-bye where she was lying, drawing on his gloves.

"It is best not to speak too soon," he replied gravely. "Time may accomplish much, Mrs. Carmichael."

She smiled softly up to him, her eyes very bright, her white hair waved evenly about her delicate face.

Dr. Graham answered the smile as though she had spoken.

"Time requires patience, you think, Mrs. Carmichael. That is true. Nevertheless, patience works much sometimes."

"Always," said the nurse, with gentle conviction. "Always, Dr. Graham. My life has proved that to me; years will prove it to you."

The strange flash and brilliance of her eyes struck the physician, and his eyes grew keen looking down upon her. For a moment this perfect confidence in her was shaken. Her eyes often puzzled him, but just now they startled him with their brilliant expression. He grew more cautious in his speech. He began to think that perhaps he had been wrong to trust her so implicitly.

"Doubtless you should know," he said quietly. "In any case care will not be misplaced, Mrs. Carmichael. Has Mrs. Estabrook been with her nephew to day?"

"Only for a few moments," replied the nurse with equal self-possession. "Mrs. Estabrook is extremely kind, Dr. Graham."

"Certainly. I presume that she brings him fruit, does she not, or flowers occasionally, Mrs. Carmichael? It would be like Mrs. Estabrook's thoughtfulness to do so," added the physician, still with his keen eyes upon hers.

"One expects such attentions especially from one's relatives or guests," said the nurse, smiling, quite unmoved by his steady glance. "Mrs. Estabrook brought me a charming peaches yesterday and a charming bouquet of roses this morning, doctor. But I thought it wise to withhold the fruit and the flowers are in my room."

With a slight gesture of one hand she indicated where the flowers were; and the physician, crossing the room to the small stand at the other side near the window, bent above the exqu site huge puffs of deep crimson, inhaling their fragrance. Then with his ungloved hand he removed the roses from the vase, turning to the nurse:

"The odor of flowers is almost too strong for a sick room, especially for Price, Mrs. Carmichael," he said coolly. "And it is as well to give him only such fruit as I send him. One sometimes does most harm with the very best intentions."

"Yes," said the nurse to herself when the doctor was gone, as she tucked a corner of the coverlet more comfortably under her feet, thinking wisely as she did so. "And sometimes one misjudges another with the very best intention, Dr. Graham."

Then she fell asleep and dreamed of many things, but especially of novels and a patient with blue eyes and a pleasant face, murmuring with pathetic frankness of the care that was like that of a mother.

But Mrs. Carmichael did not accept the position of a nurse as the importunity to dream dreams or spend her time over novels. She laughed at hers if when she wakened, to think that she, with her white hair, should fashion fancies fit only for the pretty hair of youth.

"This will never do," she said, gravely, shaking her head at the reflection in the mirror, as she carefully brushed the soft white hair smooth under the dainty lace cap she wore. "I cannot have this, Mrs. Carmichael, my dear!"

And that night, as darkness deepened through the rooms and the night-lamp, softly shaded, was set in its place beyond the range of the bed, Mrs. Carmichael remained in her room, reclining upon her couch, with the one unlocked door in full view. She was no longer dreaming dreams. She was alert and watchful. Nothing should happen that night without her knowledge. The darkness of her room and the glare of light from the adjoining room clearly outlined. The least movement there would be known to her from the stirring of the patient to any presence other than her own.

"No novel shall claim my attention tonight" she said, firmly.

It seemed very long to the watching woman before the house was quiet, before the murmur of voices died from the piazza and cigar scent no longer drifted to her with the fragrance from the garden. Time dragged. There was nothing for her to do but to sit silently in the darkness and wait and think, and sometimes her thoughts were far from patient thoughts and her face grew stern as could any one have seen it.

She was very quiet; she scarcely stirred, lest she be heard. Price was restless during the earlier part of the night, but sank into undisturbed slumbers as the hours wore on.

"He must sleep," said Mrs. Carmichael, closing her lips firmly. And the quieting drink she gave him sleepy him at once.

"Nothing shall stand in my way to-night," murmured the nurse, as she resumed her watchful position in the inner room. "I feel that much will occur that will decide this case before morning, and I shall be prepared."

But the hours passed one by one, and nothing happened. Still the nurse did not tire or fail in watchfulness of that thin line of light beyond the bed to the unlocked door. And by and by her faithfulness was rewarded.

The clock struck one—two—half past two. Perfect silence; and had it not been for the nurse's certainty of the need for wakefulness, she would have slept as quietly as her patient. But the soft-toned utterance of the clock had not died away along the silence, when the patient was clear was rewarded.

Not a sound betrayed that there had come evil in the night. Softly, unheard, scarcely to be seen, that unlocked door leading from the hall cautiously opened, and the slight thread of lamp-light struck dimly upon the stealthy figure just beyond the threshold.

A hushed sort of figure, pausing to make certain that no one was within to be observed by him, one hand holding the door ajar, the other shielding his eyes from the light, the better to ascertain if all were well within.

Mrs. Carmichael, from the darkness of her room, dared not move, lest some sound should betray her presence and wakefulness. She started, however, in uncontrollable surprise when she first saw the intruder. Conyers' figure, Conyers' stealthy movements, Conyers' strong, firm hand upon the door! Then, listening more intently still at that thread of telltale light through the darkness, Mrs. Carmichael's eyes were brilliant with dawning conviction. Motionless she sat and waited, watching.

The silent figure crossed the threshold, drawing the door close after him, and moved stealthily along that line of light to the bedside. The master was sleeping deeply. Not a sound betrayed that any one in the house was awake save this daring intruder. Being assured of this, the man crossed to the stand where the water pitcher and glasses were set on a tray, and first pausing once more to make certain of no prying eyes, he removed the cover from the pitcher, and drawing a small vial from an inner pocket of his coat, turned toward the lamp-light to read the inscription upon it, and then poured the contents into the pitcher.

Replacing the cover, assuring himself nothing was disturbed upon the tray to betray him by a change of color in the water, he turned, and, without another glance toward the bed, stole out more in the shadow, save where the threshold crossed the light.

That was all. No word; no violence; perfect silence.

Perfect silence through the house, save the sonorous footsteps along the corridor. Perfect silence in the room, save the quiet breathing of the sleeper. Perfect silence in the room beyond, save the beating heart of the woman leaning forward, motionless, with her brilliant eyes still fixed upon the door that closed so harmlessly behind the silent man.

For full ten minutes the nurse remained upon the couch, scarcely daring to breathe, for fear some one should be watching as well as herself, and her plans be fruitless. Then, as silently as possible, she arose and crossed to the outer room. Instinctively she glanced keenly toward the windows opening upon the balcony, but nothing was there. She was certain that nothing was there, for her nerves were so finely strung at that moment that she must have felt any strange presence. Every thing in the room was as she left it, with the exception of that harmless-looking pitcher upon the tray.

Mrs. Carmichael, in her soft gray dress, with her beautiful white hair drawn smoothly back from her face, looked like a guarding spirit of good, as she crossed to the stand and lifted the pitcher, carrying it over to the light. Her eyes were brilliant, in spite of her snowy hair, and she needed no spectacles to examine the contents.

Colorless, odorless, harmless to all appearances. She poured out a little into one of the glasses and held it against the light, her brilliant eyes concentrating and contracting with the keenness of her gaze. Still colorless, odorless, unhurtingly. But Mrs. Carmichael seemed perfectly satisfied. She poured the water from the glass back into the pitcher, and replaced that upon the tray, covering it carefully. She made no sound during all this time, for the rugs were soft and thick and her slipper noiseless, and the soft folds of her gray cashmere fell with scarcely a stir about her.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Carmichael's thoughts were in a tumult, and Mrs. Carmichael's quiet lips shut sternly over a bitter cry for justice delayed.

CHAPTER XXI.

HARMLESS?

I believe in you, but that's not enough:
Give my conviction a chance!
—*Robert Browning.*

"By George!" exclaimed Mayhew rehemently, with an exaggerated gesture of desperation, "if this thing goes on much longer, Bloomingdale will be the place for me! I tell you, boys, unless Jack fetches Price out of this cloud of mystery in double quick time, I shall be a walking skeleton fit for his secret closet."

"How much we should regret that," murmured Newton, wickedly. "Poor nose of us would be spoiled for you, Dick. A sort of centaur skeleton, now, would not be so far out of the way, but a walking spook is quite another thing."

"Do for you," said Burnside, laughing.

"I don't know about that," interrupted Burnside, laughing. "Mr. Richard walked pretty well yesterday with Miss Kittie Fitzgerald, and his appearances he had no thought of fatigue. He's a sly one, that Mr. Richard Mayhew!"

"Especially when he is trying to cut some other fellow out with one of our charming young ladies," added Tom Hastings lazily, blowing aside the dark gray curl of smoke from about his face, that he might better criticize his friend's appearance.

"Oh, come! Quit your fooling," said Morgan irritably. Morgan was reading the latest novel, and was frowning over the pages at his garrulous companions. His boots were level with the piazza railing, and he looked the picture of ease. "Unless a fellow buries himself in his room or fairly runs away on the water, there is no peace or quiet to be had for love or fooling. How do you expect me to have the least knowledge of this book in the midst of such chinning?"

"Why don't you come out to read, my dearest Herb," replied Burnside calmly, puffing at his cigar in undisturbed comfort, his eyes looking through the trailing vines upon the distant sails of Rye. "What is any novel compared to that? I have had my eyes open. I am no kitten. And every day it grows upon my mind that we are living idly in the very midst of a romance as startling as the one you are reading, Morgan."

"Paling's latest has unsettled your reason, Burnside," Newton interposed, with a gleam of laughter in his eyes. "But if your romance is anything af er the fashion of Paling's, I beg to be excused. Actors generally are considered as to the part that they will accept in a drama, and in yours I decline. Blue lights and slow music and tragedy don't become my complexion."

"You haven't any complexion," retorted Burnside coolly, eying Newton, in his large, calm way. "Don't lay claim to that, Neddie. Even Miss Dunbar would pronounce you white in the sunlight."

"We will not draw Miss Dunbar into this conversation," said Newton quietly, but with a flush in his eyes. "We began by speaking of Price's illness, and, as usual, there is no holding to one thread of thought."

"It's like the Roman Catacombs or the Labyrinth," added Mayhew. "There is no getting out of its tangle, and we are sure to meet with some monster that will devour us in wrath. How is Price, Hastings? Of course you have seen him this morning!"

"As any of you can, if you choose," replied Hastings, with a quiet smile. "Things were going on well in the sick room, and Tom patted himself in mental approval for his part in the affair. "I don't see why you fellows are not more often in with Price anyway. If you were shut up in a sick room during this exasperatingly charming weather, I rather think you would be glad to see some fellow coming. Jack gave us full leave to sit up with him whenever Mrs. Carmichael will allow."

"It is just the difficulty," Newton said, laughingly shortly.

"Mrs. Carmichael uses her authority with a mighty high hand, I think. She refused to let me see Price this very morning, and I was sadly she preferred waiting until the doctor comes. Price is no worse, so far as she can say—those were words, however, that felt that it was best not to disturb him until this afternoon. Why do you think of that for nursely authority, if you please, Mr. Hastings, and what have you to say?"

Burnside whistled low and long, opening his black eyes wide in astonishment. Morgan looked his reproach at Newton suggestively. Even Hastings looked surprised.

"I went up early," he said; "perhaps that is the reason, Ned. He was all right then. I saw him myself, and he said that he slept well the latter part of the night; it was very warm during the early part of the evening, you know, and he was restless. I don't understand why Mrs. Carmichael wouldn't let you in."

"Neither do I," said Newton sarcastically. "I thought perhaps you might, my dear boy. As it is, I suppose you will be satisfied to be such. Madam Carmichael is variable in temper it may be—nurses are sometimes. It doesn't specially bother me only that I should be pleased to have some explanation regarding Price."

"Which you will not have until the authorities allow," said Morgan, with supreme unction. "Possess your soul in patience, my dear Ned. "All things come to him who waits."

"And sometimes to him who demands it without patience," added Newton, in considerable heat. His temper was out of sorts because of the refusal received at his friend's door, and he had rankled in his mind until he was undoubtedly in a bad humor, which was not improved by hearing that Hastings had been admitted when he was denied.

"But you don't seem to take into consideration that Dr. Jack Graham has given madam, the nurse, supreme authority, Ned," suggested Mayhew evenly. "If you are shut out, so are the rest of us, excepting Mr. Hastings, the doctor's chum and nurse's assistant. You had best not mind it. I don's mind."

"Well, I do!" retorted Newton, unappeased, although he smoked in furious silence for a few moments afterward and regained an outward show of calmness, though the flash in his eyes showed that he was still inwardly angry.

But had he known what passed in Price's room that afternoon when Dr. Graham made his customary call upon his patient, his anger would have been utterly forgotten in extremity of wonder; for Mrs. Carmichael believed that the time had come for her to inform the physician what she had seen and heard during the past two nights.

Graham had talked with Price, assuring him that he was fast recovering perfect health, although he must request him to remain in his room and under the care of the nurse; and after a half-hour's light conversation he passed into Mrs. Carmichael's room, before he left, as was his habit, to learn from her if there were any change or any new development.

To his surprise, he did not find her resting upon the couch. Usually she remained upon the couch during the day, excepting when she waited upon her patient or served his meals. Now she was evidently waiting the physician's coming. There was a warm flush of color on her cheeks and a fire in her dark eyes that made her beautiful and almost young, in spite of her snowy hair.

Don't Forget
YOUR CAKE OF
SURPRISE SOAP
FOR THE NEXT WASH, NOR TO READ the directions on the wrapper.

THE "DAYLIGHT"
FRANK S. TAGGART & Co., 89 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, have flashed "The Daylight" on the value and prices of Watches, Clocks, Diamonds, Jewellery, Silver Table Ware, Art Goods, Guns, Arms, Ammunition and Sportsmen's Supplies. All goods are marked in plain figures on the cheapest basis for cash. The public are respectfully invited to visit our show rooms and inspect stock of new goods recently purchased in the best markets.
FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.
89 KING ST. WEST, - - TORONTO

USE Dr. Sey's Remedy
THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY for NERVOUS DEBILITIES, AFFECTIONS, CONSTIPATION, and all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Price: $1.00

D. ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH
30 YEARS IN USE

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.
(Limited) MONTREAL
Offer for sale all grades of refined
SUGARS AND SYRUPS
Of the well-known brand of
Redpath
Certificate of Strength and Purity:
CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
MEDICAL FACULTY, McGILL UNIVERSITY.
To the Canada Sugar Refining Company:
GENTLEMEN,—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.88 per cent. of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.
Yours truly,
C. F. GIRDWOOD

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

Blake's Widow.

Antonio Gueldo had shot Jem Blake dead in his own doorway, and the trial was to come off directly.

The extraordinary interest in the affair was less due to the murder and its peculiar circumstances than to the fact that this was the first case tried at San Saba in any more formal court than the time-honored institution of Judge Lynch.

As there was no place specially arranged for the trial, Judge Pitblado hospitably offered the use of his shed. Here a rough table and chair were placed for the Judge, the other necessary furniture, intended to represent the dock, the stand, etc., being dealt out with boxes from Silas Baggett's store.

Jake Smith looked at these preparations for a time with frowning discontent, and then strolled down the road, turning into the lane that led to Blake's. When he reached the door of the shanty he leaned against the jamb and poked his head a bit aside, fanning him off in an embarrassed way with his greasy, fragrant hat. He had come there with the intention of saying something, but the sight within made him forget it.

Blake's widow sat there, as she had set pretty much all the time since the murder, staring straight before her, with her chin in her palm. The sunlight struck through the foliage of the red oak trees that grew before the door, and checkered with flickering brightness the floor and cradle in which Jem's baby was sleeping.

There it was, just as it had been three days ago (could it be only three days?)—just as it had been when she went out that morning to look after the drying clothes and left him standing in the door by the cradle (how fond he was of the baby!) when the shot rang and heard the crack of the pistol and ran in with an awful sense of suffocating fright—just the same as when she found him lying upon the cradle, dabbling its white linen with his blood and the baby playing with his hair. She screamed once, the first and last complaint any one had heard her make; then she was quiet and helpful through it all—when men came and lifted him up; when they laid him on the rough bed in the other room; when they carried him to the grave, she following with the baby in her arms.

Jake Smith was trying to find the link missing in his thoughts; he sniffed with perplexity—or something—and Blake's widow looked up without speaking. Jake nodded pleasantly four or five times.

"Pooty chipper!" asked he.

Blake's widow smiled sadly, bent over the sleeping child and smoothed the clothes with a tender touch.

"They're agoin' ter try him in a court," Jake went on, "an' I don't believe—"

"Try who—Antonio?" she turned toward the burly figure in the door with a flash of interest in her black eyes.

"Yes. The Judge is making a court out of his shed. I hope it'll turn out all right, but it seems like givin' that Mexican devil a chance he oughtn't ter have."

"He can't get clear, can he?" she asked, rocking the cradle gently and patting the coverlet.

"I don't see how, but he's got some kind of a law cuss to speak for him—a feller that stopped here a day or two ago on his way to Galveston—kind o' dandified kind o' feller. The widow did not appear to notice the last remark, for the child, disturbed by the talking, had awakened and sat up in his cradle with a wonderling look.

"Pooty ain't he?" said Jake, regarding the small figure with interest. "Looks just likeem b—jesus!" the child smiled, remembered, and treated his hat like a mortal enemy. "Of course he'd had—you've got—there's nothing I could do for you, Mrs. Blake?" she arose with a grateful look, but it was accompanied by a shake of the head.

Jake bent down and with his big forefinger softly rumpled the hair of the baby's head; then he went out and left them, Blake's widow sitting as he found her, and the baby staring down the pal ter him.

He walked on until he reached the top of the little hill, where he could look down upon the roof which covered the piteous scene he had just left. Here he seemed to have half a mind to turn back, for he hesitated and stopped; but he changed his partial intention after lingering a moment, and walked medium lively onward, with the exclamation: "Wal, some women do beat the d——l amazin'."

. . . . . .

Of course everybody came to the trial. The arrangements were so soon found to be altogether too meager. Pitblado's shed was filled to overflowing, and Baggett made a clean sweep of every empty box in the store.

Antonio's lawyer, a sharp-eyed, sharp-featured fellow from Galveston, had bustled about with surprising agility on the day previous, holding mysterious conferences with ill conditioned fellows of Gueldo's kidney.

The court was assembled, the jury had been chosen, and the witnesses were all present save one—Blake's widow.

Pre ty soon there was a stir at the door, and a murmur of surprise ran through the crowded room.

"May I be d—d," said Jake Smith, audibly, "if she hasn't brought the baby!"

What reason she may have had for not having left the little thing in charge of some sympathizing woman—and there were plenty who would have been glad of the trust—was not apparent; however that might be, there it was, clasped firmly in her arms, its bright red cheeks contrasting with her whiteness, and its father's sunny hair mingling with her dark locks.

With some difficulty way was made through the throng for her to reach her seat, which had been placed on one side of the Judge, directly opposite the candle-box on the other where Antonio sat. She took her place and never moved during the whole of the trial, excepting as she was required to testify, and once when the baby tugged at some glistening thing that lay hidden in the folds of her dress, at which she took pains to distract its attention with a chip from the floor. As for the baby, it sat there with its big blue eyes open to their fullest extent, entirely absorbed in the novel scene, save at the moment when that irresistible glitter caught its eye.

Every one being now present, the trial went on in good earnest. A number of witnesses were examined, whose testimony showed that Jem Blake had had no trouble with Blake, and more than once threatened his life; that Gueldo's pistol was one charge empty on the evening of the day of the murder, whereas in the morning it had been full; that he was seen that morning around Blake's house, and more than that Blake's widow had heard Gueldo's voice just before the fatal shot, and had seen his retreating form as she ran out.

At this last point the Galveston lawyer asked the witness a few questions regarding how she knew it was Gueldo's, and how she had recognized the voice for his. She didn't know how exactly, but was sure she knew it was he.

There had been a rumor about that some one had heard Antonio make a boast of having "done for Blake this time," but if there were a witness for this he could not be found now.

And so the prosecution closed.

The Galveston lawyer began by involving in a whirlpool of hopeless contradiction the witness who had sworn to having seen Gueldo near Blake's house. Then he expatiated on the ease with which one person may be mistaken for another, and brought a witness to show how Gueldo had already been said to resemble some one in the village. Finally he produced three of the ill-conditioned fellows before referred to, who swore that Antonio was with them on a hunting expedition during the whole of the day on which the murder was committed.

It was a clear case of alibi. Jake Smith's astonishment at the ease with which the thing had been accomplished was unbounded. He threw a disgusted look towards Pitblado, but the judge was nonplussed and didn't seem to be interested with things in Jake's vicinity.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "things has took a turn I didn't altogether expect. I don't know as there's much to be said. Leastways you've got to go by the evidence, an' that don't need any explainin'. If you kin make out, accordin' ter that, that Antonio Gueldo shot Jem Blake, why, just recollect that's what yer here fur."

Jake Smith ridgeted about on his box and cast anxious glances through the open door toward the clump of nopals where the jury were deliberating.

Antonio talked and laughed in an undertone with his counsel, and Blake's widow sat staring at them with compressed lips and a strong expression of determination coming into her face.

It wasn't long before the jury filed in again, all seating themselves but the spokesman, and Judge Pitblado rose, wiping his forehead with his shirt-sleeves.

"Straightened it out, have yer?" asked he, nodding to the spokesman.

The man nodded slowly in return.

"Yer see," said the spokesman, with a hesitating and disappointed air, "ef yer hadn't accused us we'll allow ter the evidence we might 'a' done better, but accordin' to that Antonio wasn't thar when the murder was done, an' he hasn't done nothin' ter git pale, an' ef he didn't do it, why—then—of course he's—not guilty."

Pitblado didn't dare to look at anybody; he stared up at the rafters, down at the table, nowhere in particular, and then turned halfway toward the prisoner.

"You kin go," said he at last, and with great deliberation, "but don't stay around here too long."

There was a dead pause during which nobody moved.

Jake Smith exploded a single cuss word, which he had held in for some time past, and Blake's widow stood up.

"Have you got through, judge?" she asked.

"Wal—I—s pose so."

"And there is nothing else to be done?"

"I'm afraid there ain't."

"And he's free to go?"

"Y-a-s."

Antonio Gueldo rose with an insolent grin and picked up his hat.

The baby crowed, for it saw the glittering thing again.

There was a sharp report—Antonio pitched forward in a heap upon the floor and Blake's widow stood with the pistol pressed to her breast.

A line of thin blue smoke curled from the muzzle of the weapon and formed a halo around the dishevelled head. The glittering thing was quite near the little hands now, and they took it from the yielding grasp of the mother.

Blake's widow looked steadily at the figure on the floor—it was quite motionless; then she turned and went through the wide passage opened for her by the silent crowd, holding the baby very tenderly and the baby carrying the pistol.

The child laughed with delight; it had got its shining plaything again.

. . . . . .

"I have traveled over the entire United States in my official capacity as commissioner of Territorial Medicals of Paris, in search of the best locality for a sanitarium for consumptives, and after long deliberation reported upon this country (New Mexico) in the vicinity of Las Cruces." A. PETIN, M. D., L. C. P., France.

Advice to Publishers.

"It is only a take-off on the dear girls," said the publisher's clerk to a New York *World* reporter, as he read the little item. Then he paused and read it again. This is what met his gaze:

"Publishers would make a good thing of it if they would print novels for young ladies, with the last chapter following immediately upon the preface."

"Still," he added slowly, "there is some sense in the item after all. Only I fear it is too bold an innovation on established methods, and might weet with a groan from the Authors' club."

"Don't have you ever seen a girl read a novel?"

"The man who wrote that paragraph was a keen observer. This is about the way it goes: A girl gets hold of a new book. All her friends have read it and now she wants to enjoy it, too. She gets the paper-cutter, curls up gracefully on the sofa and proceeds to cut ten or twenty leaves. She plunges heading into the work. If it is a love matchless, she opens to see whether you don't have married the highest. After three or four pages she comes to a ticklish place where the hero is wildly declaring his love to some other. Here her sympathetic nature completely overcomes her—and she plunges straightway to the back of the book, to the last chapter, to the last page, to the last line, and there she reads:

"'And so they were married, and Maude and Gerald lived happily ever afterward.' With a little sigh of relief she closes the book aside, having delved into the first and last chapters only.

"Well," said the clerk wearily, "the scheme you suggest is a great one. It would save printers' bills and might increase our salaries a mile. I wish you would advocate it."

Girls, what do you say?

Excursion to Washington, D C., on Nov. 23 via Erie & Lehigh Valley Railways.

Save ten silver dollars and have the finest holiday trip of the season. Just imagine, only costing ten dollars for the round trip from Suspension Bridge to Washington, and don't miss visiting the grand old cities in close proximity to Washington, tickets good for return up to December 3, inclusive. Tickets will be on sale at Suspension Bridge. Train will leave at 4.40 p.m. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

His Heart Right, Anyway.

Master of ceremonies—You can't bring those apples in here. There's a funeral going on

Suburban friend of family—I know there is; but couldn'n they said 'Please send flowers,' an' knowin' how fond th' deceased always was of fruit, I thought I'd chip in a few winter pippins t' kinder decorate with.

Etiquette.

Washington Jones—Ware yo goin', Claud?

Claud—I fo'got mah razzer. Do you tink I would go to a pahty widout complyin' wid the conventionalities of sassiety?

Tragedy.

He—Why are you so sad, darling?

She—I was just thinking, dearest, that this was the last evening we could be together till to-morrow.

Enterprising.

Col. Hooks (entering meeting of real estate agents)—I am a trifle late. Met a highwayman about a mile out of town.

Chorus of agents—Did he rob you?

Col. Hooks—No; but it took me some little time to convince him of the certainty of the boom in this city, and sell him a corner lot.

Conjectural History.

Teacher—What was the title that the Indians bestowed upon William Penn?

Bright Pupil—Dunno. His Nibs, I guess.

The day after a debauch, or any intemperate indulgence, a single teaspoonful of the Father Mathew Remedy will remove all mental and physical depression.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, stamp or postal cards are not studied. 4 Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

HEPATIA.—1. Gossip, wench, awful, knave, villian! Thank you! 2. Your writing shows a mixture of which has changed or deteriorated. 2 Your writing shows gentleman, sympathy, some practical judgment and pluck, enthusiasm, ambition, carefulness. 2. Take these, with intuition slightly developed and judge for yourself.

W. Y. C.—Truly beautiful! Your handwriting seems familiar to me. But perhaps it is not through these columns that I know it. It shows faithfulness to duty, adaptability, love of beauty, and a good share of self-esteem. Self-esteem, writing in spite of that drawback, generous and sweet-tempered, hopeful, bright and at the same time trustworthy and discreet.

HOOD.—If you don't get on in life your writing will have to be changed. You are full of decision, energy and love of life. All your thoughts and tendencies are upward. You have ready wit, quick sympathy, soaring ambition, persistence and tenacity. Your methods are bolder than rather than reason. You should be able to boom a town lot or kick a football with equal success. I feel like setting your cap out by itself to give it room.

QUILL-DRIVER.—1. It is too bad you have to walk so long, but I have a conscience somewhere, and I have to put you in your turn. What made you think I was likely to disapprove of card playing? I enjoy some other game more than euchre, whist, for instance. It takes more time and thought, but generally speaking, I enjoy any game 2 You don't tell me what kind of a voice you have, also or sometimes, therefore I am afraid to select you a song.

HAZEL KIRKE.—You are honest and sincere, not much of a practical manager, have rather an idealistic turn of mind and desire the ideal. Your will is strong and asserting, assert itself without reserve, and you are extremely determined and apt to act and judge in a manner, are rather mind and demonstrative, and have largely generous ideas. A writing and character which needs pruning and disciplining, and to learn that little things and little actions are important.

C. L. S. C. No. 9.—Writing shows wit, good temper, kindness, carefulness, a disposition to think and think the best of your friends and surroundings which is as rare as it is charming. You kindly give away plenty of capital, but they lack the signification of tact and sense of harmony and beauty, as your writing generally lacks independence and firmness of will You are rather gifted with imagination, which is controlled by good judgment and though companionable are suffi ciently discreet.

DIAGNOSIS.—I do not find anything in your writing to go against your success as an elocutionist, but your orthography is rather defective, for instance, you have only one "r" in putting and only one "r" in correctly. These are very careless mistakes, and would show a lack of culture or a lack of care, either of which would be disastrous to a successful elocutionist. You have great sympathy and imagination, which would enable you to throw yourself into your vocalization, and you have some good share of magnetism. I don't see the energy, quickness of perception and high optimism that should be, but you may succeed without them.

DOR FARRANT.—Your writing shows strength and independence. You are independent, self-reliant, with rather big ideas and good self-esteem, tenacious and not apt to relinquish an idea, even when it costs you some trouble to carry it out You are not always in the same humor, having moods of taciturnity and loquacity. You are reasonably careful, but not over-particular, and can be pretty savage when you are put out, otherwise your temper is good and your disposition pleasant. You like a fair amount of argument, and are fond of an argument, a little or about your own way, and altogether a breezy, stirring, get a-move-on sort of a fellow Don't be a hard taskmaster, be easy on others, and isn't a bit likely to do as you suggest, though I think your idea is correct as well as flattering.

CANADA.—I do not believe that men marry Indian women they are good housekeepers. I should hate to think that was the best or most general reason. When girls are married to Indians, wonderful tales are told of their cruelty, wifery, as you describe, they generally have a pretty good opinion of themselves and are spoiled. A young girl should not marry, and not over anxious to marry anyone For that reason they are oftener bridemaids than brides. I was once bridemaid to an ancient colonel who was so old and too spry to find never get a husband. The helpless one certainly do seem to manage to get married, writing shows indecision, good sense, lack of imagination, carefulness, self-esteem, very peculiar temper and a rather kind disposition. Certainly the affectionate and kind, but shaky and tremulous that it is not a very satisfactory study.

TIFFANY.—1 Yes, but it needs practice and is rather studied. 2 Do not use it or anything else It is dangerous to shaken little eyes with such a thing. Consult an oculist. Cases of two cases where lotion put ointment on their eyelashes to make them grow, and inflammation of the eyes was the result. 3 Thanks for your kind words. Let me know how your are getting on with the shorthand. 4 Certainly the writing shows ambition, modesty, rather a hopeful disposition, some imagination and tact. You would never offend by an awkward remark, but would perhaps be rather too much of a hobbyist to have hand locks decision and self-assertion, and will improve with years, for the main merits of chirography are in it.

ELSIE.—Dear child, I have been there myself and have learned the foolishness of it. Only time and common sense and less exacting notions will cure you—as it has mine. I don't think she is actually dishonest and I would do it in open and above board you need never bother about it Just as soon as you think of it (this is irt-ly) think of something else. Don't worry about it. Don't fret about it, for you know,

"To be wrath with one we love
Doth work like madness on the brain."

Your writing shows a little longing for praise and love of it, such as some temper, candor, kindness and honor. You are not buoyant nor hopeful and lack intuition and tact, but your character is worthy of admiration. Your writing is plain, honest and sensible. Keep it up.

IRY.—Depends on taste entirely. Some men and woman admire a very slender woman; some enjoy the sight of a plump woman and admire the latter. Some women said the plump one are equally graceful, I rather incline to a swelling contour, than a fairy waist and slim shoulders The slender one has perhaps the advantage in street costume, and the plump one in full dress, so you see it is a matter of taste. I think she looked very good and I would dress to her first ball. A lovely frock would be a pure white embroidered *chiffon* with a bouquet of white and pink, or white and blue, according to taste and gloves should be white, I think for a young girl's first appearance. 3 Again, it depends on the letter. A young girl knowing she should show a letter to her mother without danger of reproof. If she feels she could not, her own self-respect would prevent her step into her future. No letter I feels satisfied that there is nothing objectionable in her letters, I don't think she is actually dishonest to her mother, but should not give the freedom of my correspondence if I were their mother. Be cautious, be rather proud for a girl to be so independent 4 You are hopeful, clever, witty, adaptable, rather idealistic and not so determined as you might be. You have sympathy, intuitive perception, cheerfulness and a good idea of right. A very pleasing character, with excellent points, but will be still better if carefully watched and trained to maturity.

Misses E. & H. Johnston of 122 King street west beg to announce that they have a large stock of the latest novelties in dress goods, French trimmings, etc. Ladies who admire a stylish and perfect-fitting gown should inspect our stock.

Mankind Who Shave

Another service rendered by

ALASKA CREAM

is to those who shave themselves. It is far and away, superior to any of the preparations now in use for

AFTER SHAVING

It is not greasy or sticky; it dries in quickly; it prevents smarting or chapping of the skin on exposure to cold.

Says our leading consorial artist:

"I have tested your Alaska Cream, and after an experience of thirty years in manipulating the epidermis have not found its equal.

(Sg'd) PROF. NELSON"

TO BE HAD OF ALL DRUGGISTS

PRICE 25 CENTS

MADE ONLY BY

STUART W. JOHNSTON

TORONTO

AMERICAN

FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto

Webster's great dictionary, 250 of them for $1.84 each—no student should miss the chance. A great purchase of Agate Ironware. One dollar buys as much as two dollars as heretofore sold. Hinged and well guarded Lanterns 39c., worth 75c. Mrs. Potts' Irons 84c.; extra handles 23c. Ebony Stove Polish, finest ever made, 6 oz bottles 10c., usually 15c. Acme Shoe Dressing 19c.; Negro Shoe Dressing 10c.; "Tip Top," best for ladies' fine shoes, 19c. Pearl Buttons for 5c. doz worth 15. Closing some beautiful oil splashes, worth 25c. The best display of Lamps we ever had, $1.1, usually 40; 69c., cheap for $1.25; 98c., cheap for $2; a dozen other values. Coal Scuttles—nickel and japanned—medium size, 19c.; large, 24c.; large, funneled, 35c.; extra heavy galvanized, 25c. each up. A complete show of Doll Carriages at most popular prices. Beautiful Dolls in High Chairs, Large Chairs and Rockers for dolls, 21c., worth 40c. Do not neglect our closing-up sale of 3,000 Albums, much less than half you ever saw them before. Open evenings. Come and see.

W. H. BENTLEY

CAIN

ONE POUND

A Day.

Max 6 - 110
Max 8 - 112
Max 10 - 114
Max 12 - 116

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

SCOTT'S

EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH

Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN REPEATED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPER. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50C. AND $1.00

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

LEADING STORES IN TORONTO

Led in Prices Gain Trade Retain Customers

WE RECOMMEND

P. N.

CORSETS

ASK FOR THEM. FOR SALE AT ALL

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure; I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give express and post-office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

ST JACOBS OIL

MADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN.

DIAMOND VERA CURA

CURES DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION

If you cannot get Diamond Vera Cura from your Druggist, send 25c. for sample box to

CANADIAN DEPOT

44 and 46 Lombard St.

TORONTO. - - ONT.

DUNN'S

DELICIOUS CUSTARD

CUSTARD

IN FIVE MINUTES

POWDER

SUPPLIES A DAILY LUXURY.

A Patient Mother.

Did you ever see a small boy—or girl, either, for that matter—who didn't ask questions?

Of course you didn't unless you were born blind.

It was a boy in this instance and he was with his mother in the waiting-room of the Bush street station half an hour before train time. He had exhausted all the subjects suggested by his surroundings and came down to himself.

"Mamma," he said, "why wasn't I a little girl?"

"Really, Freddie, I can't tell you," she answered good-naturedly.

"If I'd been a little girl I wouldn't have been a little boy, would I?"

"No, Freddie."

"I couldn't be both unless I was twins, could I?"

"Scarce'y."

"If I'd been a little girl, mamma, I wouldn't have been a man when I grew up, would I?"

"No; you would have been a woman."

"Is a woman a growed up little girl?"

"Yes."

"Do all little girls grow up and be women?"

"Unless they die."

"Do little boys die, too?"

"Some of them."

"Do them that don't grow up to be men?"

"Yes, Freddie."

"Will I be a man some day, mamma?"

"Yes, Freddie, I hope so."

"If I growed up to be a woman I wouldn't have whiskers and wear pants, would I?"

"No."

"Why, mamma?"

"Because women wouldn't do those things, Freddie."

"Why don't they?"

"Because they can't."

"Why not, mamma?"

"O, just because."

"What's because, mamma?"

What the patient mother would have answered will never be known, for the train was announced and she hurried out with the kid.

Music.

HEINTZMAN & Co.'s warerooms on Wednesday evening of last week the Germans of the city were assembled on the occasion of a concert given in aid of the German Lutheran church. Some vexatious delay was occasioned by an accident which happened to Mr. Robert Mahr's violin, after which a short but enjoyable programme was carried out and warmly applauded. A Beethoven trio in C major was played by Miss Woolryche, Mr. Mahr and Mr. Dinelli with great care and taste, although Mr. Mahr was obliged to use an inferior violin, which prevented the finer beauties of the composition from being shown. From the same cause he was unable to play his solo. Miss Jardine Thomson sang two songs with great expression and in fine voice. This young lady should be heard oftener at our concerts. She is painstaking and earnest and has a very sweet voice. Miss Kleiser, though suffering from a cold, gave an excellent performance of Mattei's Dear Heart, which showed her fine, sympathetic voice to great advantage. Mr. E. W. Schuch sang Schumann's Two Grenadiers in the original to the great pleasure of his listeners, and was warmly encored. Miss Woolryche gave a very acceptable rendering of a Scherzo by Jadassohn and of Schumann's Grillen. The accompaniments were excellen ly played by Miss Lillie, Miss Clara Kleiser and Mr. Dinelli.

•

On Thanksgiving evening two church concerts drew immense audiences. At the Broadway Tabernacle some fifteen hundred people enjoyed a good programme presented by Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Agnes Knox, Mr. Fred Warrington and Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli. Mrs. Caldwell was still suffering from the cold which caused her a rare experience a few days ago, that of being compelled to cancel an engagement. Her art, however, stood her in such good stead that she was able to completely hide any deficiencies caused by her illness. She gave a very graceful rendition of With Verdure Clad, and sang Pease's Oh! Hush Thee My Baby with tenderness and feeling. Needless to say, both efforts were encored, a fate that befell the performances of all the artists engaged. Miss Agnes Knox, charming as always in appearance, was as refined and artistic as ever in her readings, which were received with great warmth by the audience. Mr. Warrington was in fine voice and gave excellent renderings of The Sailor's Grave and The Day is Done. Mr. Dinelli played a brilliant festival march of his own composition, as well as the accompaniments of the singers. Altogether a most enjoyable evening was spent.

•

Elm street Methodist church drew the other large audience, the building being completely filled. The platform was one of the most beautiful sights ever seen at a concert in Toronto, floral decorations being profuse and in the best taste. A large and efficient choir took part and sang some choruses with splendid attack and precision. The high tone was a trifle shrill in the trebles, and there might have been more shading. Still the general excellence of the choir work was most creditable to Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight, who have charge of the music in th's church. Mrs. Fenwick, so popularly known as Miss Maggie Barr, sang The Angel at the Window as sweetly as ever and with great feeling, giving One Sweetly Solemn Thought as an encore. Her second song, O Happy Day, was followed by an encore, The Land of the Leal is always welcome when sung by her. Miss Jessie Alexander gave three readings, all of which were encored, and was in her best vein. Mr. Harold Jarvis gave a noble rendering of Dudley Buck's Fear Not Ye, O Israel, with O Safe to the Rock and Saved by a Child as his other numbers. He, too, was obliged to sing encore pieces in each instance. Some trios were well rendered, Mrs. Woodcock, Mr. Spicer and Mr. Doherty, members of the choir, taking part in these. Mr. Blight was prevented by a severe cold from singing the number allotted to him on the programme. The organ solos and accompaniments by Mrs. Blight were excellently played.

•

On Monday evening one of the most fashionable audiences ever gathered in Toronto assembled in the new public hall of the Education Department, when Mr. Frederic Boscovitz, who is now a permanent resident among us, gave the first of his three recita's. In it Mr. Boscovitz read an interesting account of the evolution of the modern pianoforte from its modest ancestors, and illustrated his text with quaint and curious selections from old composers. He invested these relics of the past in music with an interest and brightness that met with great applause. In the second part of the programme he played a selection of modern music which was more of the character that we are accustomed to hear at our concerts. Works by Liszt, Handel, Chopin, Field, Teroff, Thorne, and Boscovitz himself were rendered with a fire and warmth of interpretation that is peculiarly his own. Though his readings are full of freedom and individuality, he never places art and artistic effect in the background. His contrasts of tone and color are extreme in their boldness, yet refreshing in their very breadth of compass. His technique is never failing, and his legato and cadenza playing is a delight to the listener. Miss Morgan gave charming renderings of Cherry Ripe and of a new song of great beauty by Boscovitz, By the Golden River.

•

On Monday evening the Duff Opera Company opened a short season of comic opera, playing The Queen's Mate and Paola. The latter has been seen here before, and as my time was limited I confined my attention to The Queen's Mate, which I found a very bright and pretty opera, full of good music and, strongest of all, with a good and really funny plot. The mistakes which lead to the funny situations are natural ones, and the fun is both exuberant and spontaneous. The lady principals are good if not pre-eminent. Miss Helen Bertram, who sang the part of Anita, is a bright little actress and sings very acceptably, though her voice is not large or full. Miss Bettina Gerard as Inez was a performer of similar calibre, while Miss Minnie De Rue is very painstaking and efficient and made quite a success as Anita at the Wednesday matinee. Mr. "Hutchy" Clark as General Bombardos sang splendidly. His voice is richer than ever and he sings in extremely good style. The funny rustics, Pedrillo and Inigo, were admirably presented by Messrs Rafael and Carroll. The chorus sang well, and the costumes and scenery were all refreshingly new and clean. The armor worn in the march in the last act is one of the finest effects in costuming ever seen in Toronto. The orchestra was poor, with the sickly piano all too prominent. Mr. Joseph Fay acted as stage manager.

•

Pietro Mascagni, who was fairly hurled into public notice by his opera, Cavalleria Rusticana, is to-day the most noted—or certainly the most talked of—musician in the world. His new opera L'Ami Fritz was performed at Rome two weeks ago this evening, and seems to have been as great a success as his first work. It is a three act comic opera, the libretto by Tuccioni on Erckmann-Chatrian's well known story, with four principal characters. It is said to be superior to Cavalleria musically, while its dramatic effects are not so striking. The young composer was called before the curtain thirty three times, so great was the *furore* occasioned.

•

The opera companies are falling on hard lines. The Juch company has struck trouble very early in the season, and Miss Landes, Mr. Montegriffio, and Signor Bevelgnani have left, on the alleged ground that their sa'aries have not been paid. Those who remember the delay on the company's first appearance here may be interested to know that it was said to be caused by the fact that the company had no funds to pay passage from Buffalo to Toronto.

•

A few days ago Miss Mary Howe, the most beautiful woman on the concert stage in America, was married to Mr. William J. Lavin, one of the most popular tenors, who is well known in Toronto. I congratulate the happy couple and wish them health, wealth and prosperity.

•

I have received a copy of the Nautch Girl, or the Rajah of Chutneypore, an opera with words by George Dance and music by Edward Solomon, which has been running at the Savoy in London, Eng., since June 30, this year, with great success. Mr. Solomon has written some very tuneful music, with plenty of local color, and has attempted some very ambitious flights in *ensemble* pieces and more especially in his accompaniments, which are extremely beautiful. Some of the numbers of the opera are well adapted for both drawing-room and concert use.

•

I have also received a waltz, Anticipation, from the pen of Miss Maud Snarr, a young student and singer of this city. It is a very pretty and tuneful waltz, not too difficult, and should become a drawing room favorite.

•

Next Thursday brings us the annual concert of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, an event which is always of musical value, and which is usually one of the best of the season. This year the performers are Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Leadlay, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight, Miss Jessie Alexander and Mr. W. E. Ramsay. The same evening brings Mr. Buck's lecture recital on behalf of the Children's Aid Society. On Friday evening there will be a Service of Song at the Church of the Redeemer at which Mr. Harold Jarvis will sing.

METRONOME.

A Humorous Tramp.

He was a Nankin township farmer, selling a load of potatoes on the market, and he was telling the story this way:

"I was out to the barn, when a tramp came along and struck me for dinner. I've seen thousands of tramps, but none just like this feller. He called himself a humorous tramp; said he went about the country makin' folks laugh. I was a feelin' purty serious that forenoon, for the old woman was havin' a chi l, but that tramp began to smile and sing and act up, and in ten minutes I was tickled half to death. I've read lots of comic things in the papers, and I a lus go to the circus to hear the clown, but I never had anything tickle me like this feller. Purty soon I happened to think o' sumthin', and I says:

"There's a feller as has been botherin' the life out o' me to buy a sewin' machine. He'll be along here in about an hour, and I wonder if you hain't funny 'nuff to sort o' scare him off?"

"Old man," says he, "you just leave him to me and he won't bother you no more. I'll come the humorous on him and make him laff himself to death."

"Wall, bimeby we saw the feller comin' down the road, and I hid in the granary and the humorous cuse went out to the gate to be ready for the agent. In about half an hour he came in and stood up agin the fannin' mill and laffed; then he sot down on the floor and laffed; and then he rolled over and screeched, and I got so all-fired tickled I couldn't have moved if the barn was on fire."

"He'd got rid of the agent, had he?"

"He had, and to hear him tell how he jumped him about and slammed him around and skeered the life out o' him was so funny that I couldn't do a stroke o' work that afternoon. I jest wanted to adopt that humorous tramp for my son, and have him allus with me but along towards night he says:

"Old man, I'd love to be your son and keep you tickled all the rest of your born days, but I can't stay, I've got to tickle other folks. My mission is to travel around and make folks forget their sorrow, and I must say good-bye."

"Then he acted up and got me to laffin' so that I couldn't stop for the next two hours."

"And didn't the sewing-machine agent ever return?"

"Not exactly," replied the farmer as his face assumed a very solemn expression; "he didn't have to."

"How do you mean?"

"He sent a lawyer and I gave him $30 to settle the case! I don't want no more humorous tramps around me. It's too blamed funny for folks, even if crops turn out big."—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Every-Day Divorce Question.

In South Dakota. Hostess—Mrs. Desturmis, allow me to present Mrs. Probasco.

Mrs. Desturmis—I am delighted to meet Mrs. Probasco. Desertion?

Mrs. Probasco—Charmed to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Desturmis. No, my dear; habitual drunkenness.

Those Rapid Transit Elevators.

Old Aunty Hillots (in the Canada Life building)—Fi-i-lr-re! Police!

Janitor—Stop that screeching. What's the trouble?

Aunty Hillots—'Xplosion down cellar. More 'n ten men jest blowed up that chimbley! I seen 'm go! Fir-re!

A Good Scheme.

Mrs. Cumso (newspaper in hand)—A movement is on foot to make drugs cheaper.

Cumso—Good enough! That will bring sickness within reach of all.

Incorporated 1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN President.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC FIFTH YEAR

FALL TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER 1

Artists and Teachers graduating courses in ALL BRANCHES of Music. UNIVERSITY AFFILIATION. Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals, &c.

School of Elocution and Oratory

Comprising one and two year courses, under the direction of Mr. S. H. CLARK, a special feature. (Special Calendar issued for this department.)

New 120 Page Conservatory Calendar sent free to any address. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director, Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.

Mention this paper.

MR. W. EDGAR BUCK, Bass Soloist
Formerly pupil of Manuel Garcia, London, Eng.
Musical Director Toronto Vocal Society
Pupils received in Singing, Voice Development and Elocution in the Italian Lyric and Dramatic School.
Engagements accepted for Concerts, Oratorio, Church Choirs, &c. Residence, 555 Church Street.

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH
Fellow of the College of Organists, London, Eng., and Organist and Choirmaster of All Saints' Church, Toronto, is prepared to give lessons in Organ and Piano playing, Singing, Harmony, &c.
Mr. Fairclough undertakes to prepare candidates for musical examinations. Address—
TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

W. O. FORSYTH (Piano Specialist)
Studied in Germany with the famous teachers—Dr. Krause, Dr. S. Jadassohn, Ruthardt, Papperitz and Hofmann. Special care regarding tone production, finger action, wrist and arm movement, rhythm phrasing, etc., and a perfect artistic style. Teacher in the highest grades of piano playing and harmony at the Toronto College of Music, Moulton Ladies' College and Miss Veals' School for Young Ladies. 112 College Street

HERBERT L. CLARKE, Cornet Soloist
Bandmaster of Heintzman's Band, teacher Cornet and Slide Trombone. Music copied and arranged for orchestras and Military band. Open for engagements as concert soloist, or will furnish any number of artists for evening entertainments. 681 Spadina Avenue.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
ARTISTS and TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES DIPLOMAS (LIMITED)
Send for calendar. F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Director.

HAMILTON
COLLEGE OF MUSIC
Cor. Main and Charles Streets
Full staff of thoroughly qualified and eminent teachers in all branches of music. CERTIFICATES and DIPLOMAS GRANTED.
The grade system similar to that adopted in the Schools is in use, with Quarterly Reports to Parents and Guardians.
The College is particularly well adapted for RESIDENT STUDENTS, where they are not only surrounded with homelike comforts and influences, but are under the constant supervision of the Director and resident Teachers, thereby making their stay in the College a daily lesson.
Send for our Catalogue 1891-92. For any further information apply to—
D. J. O'BRIEN, Director.

MR. A. S. VOGT
Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church
Teacher in the advanced grades of the Pianoforte at the Toronto College of Music, Moulton Ladies' College and Dufferin House.
Residence 605 Church Street.

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS
SOPRANO SOLOIST
Pupil of W. Elliott Haslam. Concert, Oratorio, Church. Engagements at private house accepted. Pupils received. Place of absent members of church choirs filled. The Canadian Musical Bureau, 172 Yonge St.; also Toronto College of Music and 86 Major St.

THE MISSES ROWLAND, Violinists
(Graduates of the Boston Conservatory) have resumed teaching at their residence, 133 Ontario Street, cor. Howard, Toronto. Open for concert engagements.

MR. F. WARRINGTON,
BARITONE
Choirmaster of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, will receive pupils in Voice Culture, at his residence, 12 Sexton Street, Toronto.
Open for concert engagements.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Organ, Piano and Harmony
94 Gloucester Street

MISS MARIE C. STRONG PRIMO-CONTRALTO
OPEN FOR
CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS
Also receives pupils in Voice Culture. Teacher of vocal culture at Branford Ladies' College. For terms address—
22 Wellington Place

WALTER DONVILLE
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.
8 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

MR. ROBERT MAHR, Violinist
Graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, Berlin, and pupil of Prof. Joachim, will receive pupils at his residence, 93 Maitland St. Open for concert engagements.

LLOYD N. WATKINS
308 Church Street
Thorough instruction on Banjo Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portraits a Specialty
ARTIST
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST

Thou Art My Queen
BY EMMA FRASER BLACKSTOCK
AS SUNG BY
Mr. BARRINGTON FOOTE
In Bb and Db.
Price 50 Cents
Can be had of all Music Dealers or of the Publishers.
Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association
68 King St. West, Toronto

DR. McLAUGHLIN
DENTIST
Corner College and Yonge Streets
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth

NEW DENTAL OFFICE
Lately opened by M. F. SMITH
(Late over Molsons Bank) is superior to anything of the kind in this country in the perfectness of its fittings, etc., as well as comfortable accommodation.
Canada Life Assurance Building, King St. West
Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

I WILL ADMINISTER THE "VITALIZED AIR" OR "Nitrous Oxide Gas," free during the months of May and June. This offer holds good only for a short time, and applies only to those getting in plates. Remember, "Air or Gas," and extracting absolutely free. Best teeth on rubber, $8; on celluloid, $10.
C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge
TELEPHONE 1476

C. A. RISK
DENTIST
Graduate and Medalist of Royal College of Dental Surgeons
86 Yonge Street, near King Street.
First-class patronage solicited.

MISS MCCARROLL, Teacher of Harmony
AT THE
TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
(Formerly principal resident piano teacher at the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto.)
Will be prepared to receive pupils in Harmony and Piano Playing on and after September 2 at her residence
6 St. Joseph Street, Toronto.
Pupils of Ladies' Colleges taught at reduction in terms.

Ontario School of Elocution and Oratory
Each teacher a specialist in his department. Specialties—Voice Culture, Physical Culture and Delsarte Gesture.
For Calendar address the Secretary,
A. C. MOUNTEER, B.E.
New Arcade Building, cor. Yonge & Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, B.E.
Graduate of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia.
Teacher of Elocution and Voice Culture
Open for concert engagements and evenings of reading.
569 Wilton Avenue

S. H. CLARK
DIRECTOR
Conservatory School of Elocution
(Open for Concert engagements and evenings of Readings.)
532 Church Street

ADELAIDE SECORD
Dramatic Reciter and Elocutionist
(Graduate of the Chicago School of Oratory)
Is now open for engagements. Church and Society concerts attended and evenings of Recitals given on reasonable terms. Address— 31 Denison Ave., Toronto.

COTHERSTONE HOUSE
189 Bloor Street East
BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES.
NEW TERM COMMENCES NOV. 18
For circular apply to the MISSES JOPLING.

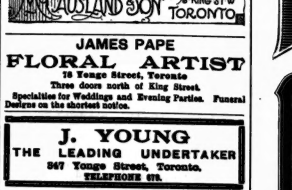
HAMILTON MacCARTHY, R.C.A.,
SCULPTOR.
Sculptor of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments. Ladies' and Children's Portraits. Studio 12 Lombard Street, Toronto.

STAMMERING
CHURCH'S AUTO-VOCE SCHOOL. NO FEES IN ADVANCE. 249 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont.

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE
PHOTOGRAPHER
40 Jarvis St. and at S. W. Cor. Temperance, 2 doors from Yonge St.
Awarded three prizes at Toronto Industrial Exhibition, 1891
Specialty—Fine Crayon Portraits
Order before the Christmas Holidays so as to be ready when the stockings are hung up.

SUNBEAMS
ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West
Photographs of all sizes
Sunbeams $1 per doz.

CANADA LIFE BUILDING
French, German
Italian
Spanish
THE INGRES-COUTELLIER SCHOOL OF MODERN LANGUAGES
Natural Method
Native Teachers
Special Classes for Children



JAMES PAPE
FLORAL ARTIST
18 Yonge Street, Toronto
Three doors north of King Street.
Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the shortest notice.

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 679.

The Home Savings & Loan Co. Ltd
OFFICE: 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO
$500,000 to loan on Mortgages—small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged.
HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
6 and 8 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

NEWCOMBE -:-
PIANOS
Endorsed by the highest musical authority.
THE FINEST MADE IN CANADA
OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS
TORONTO MONTREAL OTTAWA
Head Office—107-9 Church Street

New Music Just Issued (for Piano)
Little Tycoon Lancers Pr ce..... 50c.
" " Polka ..... 35c.
Two splendid arrangements, by Chas. Bohner, from the Little Tycoon Comic Opera, which are unquestionably the best editions on the market. Ask for Chas. Bohner's arrangements.
The Classest City Polka By Mamie Trow..... 40c.
A very pretty Polka, and bound to be a favorite.
Olive Lancers By Chas. Bohner ..... 50c.
One of the finest sets of Lancers ever published.
Sounds of Toronto Waltzes By Chas. Bohner ..... 60c.
The most popular set of waltzes ever produced in Canada, and selling by the thousand.
WHALLEY, ROYCE & CO.
158 Yonge Street - Toronto

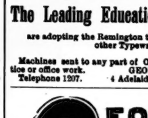
WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP
Boro-Lano Cream
For the Skin
Floriline
For the Teeth
FOR SALE BY
Neil C. Love & Co.
CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS
166 Yonge Street
Telephone 1558.

HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY
394 Yonge Street, Toronto
Keeps in stock Pure Homœopathic Medicines, in Tinctures, Dilutions, and Pellets. Pure Sugar of Milk Globules. Books and Family Medicine Cases from $1 to $12. Orders for Medicines and Books promptly attended to. Send for Pamphlet. D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist.

H & C. BLACHFORD
: FINE :
SHOES
New goods just arrived. Greater variety than ever. Come early and make your choice.
83-89 King St. East

GOOD NEWS FOR THE LADIES
PICKLES, 328 YONGE ST.
Has received another large shipment of those fine American made
CLOTH TOP DRESS BOOTS
Made in all the different styles and measurement for each size, thus preventing middle. They are stylish, durable and perfect in fit. What more could you ask?

THOMAS MOFFATT
Fine Ordered Boots and Shoes
A good fit guaranteed. Prices moderate. Strictly first-class.
145 Yonge Street, Toronto



REMINGTON
STANDARD
TYPEWRITER
The Leading Educational Institutions
are adopting the Remington to the exclusion of all other Typewriters.
Machines sent to any part of Ontario on rental for practice or office work. GEORGE BENGOUGH.
Telephone 1207. 4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

PEOPLES POPULAR ONE WAY PARTIES TO THE PACIFIC BY THE COMING WEDNESDAYS
Dec. 2-16-30
1891
HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF
Polite Attendants
Progress Rapid
Price Low
Plenty of Room
PARTICULARS FROM ANY AGENT OF THE COMPANY

GRAND NATIONAL
Hack and Cargo Stables, 109 Mutual St.
Handsome turnouts with careful drivers any time day or night.
Telephone 2104
Arthur M. Bowman
Proprietor

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

their friends. They left on the evening train for Montreal, their future home, amidst showers of rice and slippers. Amongst the guests I noticed the Honorable A. W. and Mrs. Ogilvie of Montreal, Mr. Shirley Ogilvie of Winnipeg, Mrs. J. A. Gemmill of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Playfair of Sturgeon Bay, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram and the Misses Bertram of Toronto, Mr. G. H. and Mrs. Bertram and Miss Florence Bertram, Mrs. Wm. Bonnell and Mr. Bertie Bonnell of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. McMurtry of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle of Woodstock (parents of the groom), Miss Maud Carlyle, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hastings of Detroit, Dr. and Mrs. Carlyle of Toronto, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston of Lindsay, Mr. Dickson Davidson, Mrs. Munroe, Mr. Dickson Hall of Peterboro'.

•

On Saturday last was opened the Deer Park Sanitorium for victims of inebriety. This fine institution is one of the philanthropic ideas mooted by the late Mr. George E. Gillespie. A large number of prominent people became interested in it, so that the formal opening last Saturday was largely attended by both ladies and gentlemen. Rev. Dr. Thomas opened the proceedings with prayer, and speeches followed by the superintendent, Dr. C. Schomberg Elliot, and other well known philanthropists.

•

Mrs. Armstrong of Huron street gave a large euchre party on Monday evening.

•

Miss Marjorie Campbell was At Home to the citizens on Wednesday last from five to six o'clock. A number of callers paid their respects to the hostess of Government House. I noticed among others the Misses Beatty, in elegant costumes of light fawn and electric blue; Mrs. James Crowther, in a modish little gown of camel's hair cloth with *coque* feather boa; Mrs. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, the Misses Seymour.

•

Miss Strange has returned from a delightful deer-shooting expedition.

•

Mrs. Mumford of Hamilton has arrived on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, at Cotfield, Grove avenue.

•

Several of the Bank of Montreal Nimrods have gone up the Georgian Bay after antlered spoil.

•

Mrs. Geo. Barrett with her daughter Addie left on Tuesday to visit her sister, Mrs. H. M. Perry, at Riverside, Southern California.

•

Miss Cosgrave and little Beatrice Cosgrave are making a six weeks' visit to Mrs. M. J. MacMahon, Strathallin Park.

•

Mrs. Henry Duggan was At Home to her lady friends on Wednesday. Mrs. Duggan wore a charming costume of black and white lace and silk, and a yellow corselet. A large number of society people attended this reception.

•

The hunters are returning. On Friday last Messrs. Featherstonhaugh arrived home, and report ducks being plentiful. Mr. A. Denison and party reached home on Saturday, having had a delightful and most successful trip, eight fine deer having fallen victims to their prowess.

•

On Friday last Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Donaldson were At Home to a few young friends, amongst whom were the Misses Mackenzie, Gibson, Featherstonhaugh, Fowler, Way and Donaldson, and Messrs. Gibson, G. Denison, jr., Church, H. and E. Reid and Mackenzie.

•

Miss Dennistoun of Peterboro' is at present the guest of Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Rusholme road.

•

On Wednesday Mr., Mrs. and Miss L. Wey of Harrison street left Toronto for Victoria, B.C., carrying with them the heartfelt regrets and good wishes of their many West End friends.

•

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the ladies of St. Mary Magdalene's church, under the auspices of Rev. Charles Darling and the executive committee, held a very successful sale of work in the schoolhouse of St. Stephen's church. There was a promenade concert, and the phonograph managed by Mr. H. Strickland was a decided attraction. The tea table and the art gallery also proved great additions in their different ways.

•

A throng of Toronto's *elite* responded to Mr. E. Wyley Grier's cards of invitation to an At Home at his rooms in the Canada Life Building on Thursday afternoon. The object of interest to all was an excellent portrait of Mr. Grier, father of the artist, which is known in artistic circles as "Portrait of a physician." A charming, though unfinished painting of Mrs. Edward Blake and numerous sketches of well known beauty spots in Lower Canada, were grouped on the studio walls. The gold medal, bestowed on Mr. Grier last season by the Paris *Salon*, was on exhibition, and provoked many expressions of interest. Five o'clock tea was dispensed and a most delightful hour spent by a very select group of fashionable folk. I noticed Mrs. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Eddis, Miss Cawthra, Miss Boultbee, Miss Hyman, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. H. O Brien, Mrs. Denison, the Misses Beatty, and a host of others.

•

Mr. Phillip D. Ross and Miss Mary Littlejohn were married in All Saints' church on Thursday morning last by Rev. Arthur Baldwin, rector of the church. The ceremony was intended to be entirely private, but the interest ladies always feel in a wedding made numbers of the fair sex assemble in good time, and when the very pretty bridal party arrived the pews were filled with waiting friends. Miss Littlejohn was gowned in a plainly made white silk *en train*, with a border of flowers round bodice and wrists. The effect of her bridal costume was extremely beautiful, and many a feminine verdict of admiration was heard. She wore her veil thrown back and held by orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of roses. Her bridesmaid was Miss Beasley of Baltimore, who was charmingly gowned in pink and carried a cluster of pink roses. Mr. A. D. Ross of Montreal acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Ross took the afternoon train for Chicago, and after the honeymoon will make their home in Ottawa.

•

St. Mark's church was the scene of a quiet wedding on Tuesday, November 17, at 4 p.m., the happy couple being Mr. Adolphe J. La Venture, secretary-treasurer of the Brandon Manufacturing Co., and Miss Minnie Persse, daughter of Mr. R. M. Persse of Parkdale. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Charles L. Ingles, the rector. The bride looked winsome in a traveling suit of navy blue and was attended by Miss Darby and Miss Elsie Persse as bridesmaids, while the groom was attended by Mr. F. J. R. Seaver and Mr. R. M. Persse, jr. The newly wedded pair left for an extended tour of the Eastern States.

The School of Elocution Lectures.

On Saturday last Mr. Wm. Houston, M. A., delivered at Association Hall the second of a series of lectures, free to students of the school and their friends. Mr. Houston's subject was the Æsthetic Study of English Literature. The lecturer accepted Prof. Seeley's definition of art as being "the natural language of joy," and proved by copious quotation from the poets that such was their conception of their particular art. In speaking of the study of literature he depreciated the reading of selections and advised the students to give the author a fair chance by reading his poem, or drama or novel in its entirety. Analysis of a man's work should be carried on in a spirit of reverence, holding the "critical" faculty in abeyance. This morning at ten a.m. Mr. Hamilton McCarthy lectures on Sculpture as Related to Expression.

Coming Theatrical Attractions.

Commencing next Monday evening and running all week, with Wednesday and Saturday matinee, will witness the first presentation in this city, at the Academy of Music, of the great New York success, the sterling melodrama, Kidnapped. The play is of striking merit, and has been praised by the most exacting critics, and has proven an immense success, playing in all the leading cities of the country to a succession of crowded houses. Kidnapped is from the pen of Mr. S. K. Higgins, author of The Plunger and The Vendetta, and who also plays a leading part in the production. The plot deals with a beautiful young society heiress, who is abducted from her home by several noted kidnappers, and the thrilling adventures arising therefrom. The leading juvenile *role* is taken by Mr. W. J. Romaine-Walsh, a former Torontonian. A number of novel realistic efforts are introduced, notably, a coupe, horse and driver, and a police patrol wagon such as is used in the cities of Chicago and Boston by the police department, drawn by a span of blooded horses and containing a number of police.

Sir Edwin Arnold's Lecture.

It was announced in our last issue that Sir Edwin Arnold, author of The Light of Asia, had arrived in America. He will lecture in the Auditorium on November 26.

How He Got It.

Famished Finnegan (politely)—Young lady, wou'd yer please ax yer mother if she can't give a poor man a bite o' cold luncheon?

Miss Witherupp (aged thirty-eight)—Sit right down here, poor fellow! I'll get you some myself.

There Ought to be More of Them.

There is something that is getting to be awfully scarce in this world. Shall I tell you what it is? It is girls. That is what is missing out of the sentient, breathing, living world just now. We have lots of young ladies and lots of society misses, but the sweet, old fashioned girls of ever so long ago are vanished with the poke bonnets and the cinnamon cookies. Let me enumerate a few of the kind of girls that are wanted. In the first place we want home girls—girls who are mother's right hand; girls who can cuddle the little ones next best to mamma, and smooth out the tangles in the domestic skein when things get twisted; girls whom father takes comfort in for something better than beauty, and the big brothers are proud of, for something that outranks the ability to dance or shine in society. Next, we want girls of sense—girls who have a standard of their own, regardless of conventionalities, and are independent enough to live up to it; girls who simply won't wear a trailing dress on the street to gather up microbes and all sorts of sanitiement; girls who won't wear a high hat to the theater, or lacerate their feet and endanger their health with high heels and pointed; girls who will wear what is pretty and becoming and snap their fingers at the dictates of fashion when fashion is horrid and silly. And we want good girls—girls who are sweet, right straight out from the heart to the lips; innocent and pure and simple girls, with less knowledge of sin and duplicity and evil doing at twenty than the pert little school girl of ten has all to often; girls who say their prayers and read their Bibles and love God and keep his commanddments. (We want those girls "awful bad!") And we want careful girls and prudent girls, who think enough of the generous father who toils to maintain them in comfort, and the gentle mother who denies herself much that they may have so many pretty things, to count the cost and draw the line between the essentials; girls who strive to save and not to spend; girls who are unselfish and eager to be a joy and comfort in the home rather than an expensive and a useless burden. We want girls with hearts—girls who are full of tenderness and sympathy, with tears that flow for other people's ills, and smiles that light outwardly their own beautiful thoughts. We have lots of clever girls, and brilliant girls, and witty girls. Give us a consignment of jolly girls, warm-hearted and impulsive girls; kind and entertaining to their own folks, and with little desire to shine in the garish world. With a few such girls scattered around, life would freshen up for all of us, as the weather does under the spell of summer weather. Spread the day when this sort of girl fills the world once more, over-running the spaces where God puts them as climbing roses do when they break through the trellis to glimmer and glint above the common highway, a blessing and a boon to all who pass them by.—*Chicago Herald.*

Five Miles From a Saloon.

Farmer Whitfletry—Hi, there! What are you doin' here?

Tommy Towran—Ah, sir; I'm spoiling a most beautiful thirst!

Anticipation Waltz—by M. Snarr. Whaley, Royce & Co.

CHRISTMAS NOW!

It seems a little premature, perhaps, to commence talking Christmas and Christmas boxes, but already the little ones are asking "how many days" and "how many Sundays till Christmas," and the elder ones are beginning make known their Christmas wants. For this we are now prepared ---in fact have already set to one side a few very choice thinge selected by some of our patrons. We show a stock never before equalled in this city for its variety and appropriateness.

RYRIE BROS.

JEWELERS

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts.

Sir Edwin Arnold

POET AUTHOR EDITOR

Auditorium, Nov. 26

Subscription lists open at Messrs. Nordheimer's, Suckling's and Auditorium office. Prices, 75c., $1 and $1.50. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Academy of Music

FRANK KERCHIMER, Manager.

THE LATEST NEW YORK SUCCESS

ANDERSON'S UNIQUE COMPANY

Presenting the Sensational Drama

KIDNAPPED

Strong Cast. Special Scenery. We are Living in an Era of Realism

See the Great Kidnapping Scene Realistic Fire Scene Police Patrol Wagon

Drawn by a Span of Blooded Horses

A SWISS COSTUME FETE

Will be held in OSSINGTON HALL, 220 Dundas Street, in aid of the Victoria Home for the Aged, on TUESDAY, SEPT. 24, from 4 to 10 p.m. Entrance 25c. Recitations by Mr. Bromley Davenport, 'cello solo by Miss Maggie, Mrs. CALDWELL, Mrs. Garratt, the Dufferin Glee Club and numerous well known amateurs will sing.

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Toronto District Agency, 12 King St. East

PHONOGRAPHS FOR SALE OR LEASE

THE PHONOGRAPH SOIREE is the latest novelty in London, Paris and New York drawing-rooms. We rent instruments, in charge of polite attendants, for this purpose and for church and society entertainments.

LADIES should visit our PHONOGRAPH PARLOR connected with the Agency. Handsomely and comfortably furnished. Only 5c to hear any one of 200 choicest musical and spoken records.

BANQUET LAMPS

Onxy, Gold, Brass, Bright and Old Silver.

SILK SHADES

We have all colors and can furnish a shade to match any surroundings.

WIRE FRAMES

Any size or style 50c. Directions how to cover free.

THE PANTECHNETHECA

116 Yonge Street

SEND FOR ESTIMATES FOR ANY CLASS OF

CATERING AND CONFECTIONERY

DINNERS BANQUETS

WEBB'S

WEDDING SUPPLIES

ESTABLISHMENT 447 YONGE ST. TORONTO ONT.

ENTERTAINMENTS

WEDDING CAKES

Of the best quality and finish SHIPPED with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.

Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND SQUARE UPRIGHT

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Warerooms: - - 89 King Street West, Toronto

112 YONGE STREET

MISS HOLLAND

Desires to intimate to her customers and ladies generally that, having associated herself in business with MISS DUFFY, long and favorably known in the Mantle trade, they will together open a showroom for MANTLE and DRESSMAKING in connection with MILLINERY, where ladies may see a large selection of MANTLES, JACKETS and ULSTERS in the newest makes and all sizes, which, together with reasonable prices, will place them in the forefront of the trade. Miss Duffy, being celebrated for her CUT, FIT and FINISH, ladies will find it to their advantage to inspect their stock before purchasing, all the goods being entirely new. The latest designs shown in Paris, London and New York will be found to meet the taste of those desiring fashionable garments for Fall and Winter wear.

Newest styles in Millinery now on view.

I have often given my friends advice how to dress correctly. The advice was always to go to some tailor in whom they had perfect confidence, and then let the tailor use his judgment in regard to the cloth, the color and the style of the garment. The result invariably is that the person is not only well dressed, but is dressed becomingly. I was forcibly reminded of this the other day as I stepped into Mr. H. A. Taylor's tailoring establishment on King street west. "Did you notice the gentleman who just left me," said he. "He has selected cloth for a suit of clothes which is among the oldest I have in stock. I advised him against the selection, showing him the new patterns I have just received. But to no purpose. He came here with preconceived notions of selecting cloth he had worn for years, and he wanted something very similar. The consequence is he will wear this winter what he wore last winter and the winter before. It is pretty cloth, but the pattern is old. He should have taken some of these new patterns. They are odd and exceedingly pretty. In suitings this coming winter the prevailing color will be all the shades of brown with small figures. In rough goods Scotch cheviots for business suits will be much worn. These cloths are all dark colors, and as you can see for yourself are much prettier than we have had for years. For evening wear dark diagonals with fancy vests and light trousers are the correct thing. In trousering pronounced plaids will be in greater favor than last year. In fact, all the cloths this season have more life and the patterns are more pronounced than for years past. Dull colors and patterns undoubtedly have seen their day." Call and inspect at the old stand, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

WHEN wanting a carriage of any description don't fail to call at our repository and see the LARGEST and FINEST display of all kinds of vehicles in the Dominion.

McKENDRY'S

OCTOBER, 31.

NOVELTIES FOR EVENING WEAR

We have just received from Paris two cases of evening wear novelties, and cordially invite the lady readers of SATURDAY NIGHT to inspect the same, assuring them of this fact, that no firm in Toronto, either on King St. or Yonge St., can show more elegant goods. Another feature of our business is that we never charge exhorbitant prices for these exclusive goods. On Tuesdays ladies will find an excellent opportunity to examine our Millinery stock as the rush of Bargain Day is over and our saleswomen have more time to serve you properly.

Elegant Marabout hair ornaments in Cream, Sky, Pink, Black, White, &c., sold to-day on King St. for $1 and $1.25. We ask 50c. on pretty Marabout Neck Ruffles, worth $1.75 for 75c. each. French Lisse Silk Embroidered Laces, worth $1.25, for 39c. per yard. These are the greatest Bargains in Canada. Ostrich Feather Crowns in 20 shades for opera wear, sold everywhere at $2.50 to $4. We have marked them $1.50 each. French Beaver Hats in Fawn, Black, Cream, Navy and all new shades, worth $2.50 for $1.50 each. Chiffon Lace and piece goods from 15c. per yard up. Black Jet Ornaments in Sprays, Bands and Butterflies, also Gold and Silver, from 25c. to $1—can't be bought less than double these prices. Brocaded Fur Lined Cloaks in Cardinal, Navy, Black, Peacock, &c., worth $30 for $20. Elegant Evening Fans at half the usual prices. A visit to our showrooms will prove interesting and profitable.

McKENDRY'S

202 Yonge St., 6 doors north of Queen

NEW MUSIC - NEW DANCE

Have you heard it? Have you seen it?
Do you know it?—the latest craze—
I mean the MUSIC—and the DANCE—
Called the POLKA POLONAISE—
Do you dance it? Would you learn it?
All who dance it speak in praise
Of the MUSIC and the DANCE,
Called the POLKA POLONAISE.
Across the line, in the States,
Dancing teachers money raise,
And they write Prof. Davis:
Send the POLKA POLONAISE.

New dance, new music, perfectly charming, easy to learn. Price 40c. Fully explained. To any address on receipt of price. PROF. J. F. DAVIS, International College of Dancing and Music, 102 Wilton Ave., Toronto.

Mark Twain's Boyhood.

"Many stories have been published concerning Mark Twain's life prior to the time he attained fame and fortune. All of these recitals, however, do Mr. Clemens a great injustice, picturing him as an adventurer, unused to good living and good society." It was Clayton Edwards of Kennard, Neb., who thus spoke. He had arrived at the Grand Pacific hotel one evening last week, when the rain was pouring down. He had eaten his supper and was enjoyed beside a grate fire when a representative of *The Daily Press* called. The remark referred to above was made upon an incidental reference to the author of Innocents Abroad.

"I have known Sam Clemens from his earliest boyhood," continued Mr. Edwards, "and this much I will say for him: He was always, as a boy, bright, and in fact, a leader a[illegible] the boys. He was born in Fredonia, N. [illegible] village that I have failed to see equal[illegible] picturesque beauty and refinement. Se[illegible] a resident but is wealthy. With a popu[illegible] of 3,000 souls there among the Chauta[illegible] hills, it contains ten times the wealth of a larger town. "Way back in the fer" was, as now, noted for its schools. Fredonia academy has, I think, graduated noted men of the three decades previous last than any other school in the cou[illegible] Bayard Taylor, the cosmopolitan Bliss, Se[illegible] and Governor Fenton Driscoll. It is a [illegible] of beautiful walks and drives, beautifu[illegible] dences and no manufactories. Located [illegible] miles from Lake Erie, on the banks of Canadaway creek, famous in revolutionary hi[illegible] this little village contains all that is pe[illegible] and refined. The old academy has given to an immense normal school, but the sch[illegible] quiet, which years ago was so characte[illegible] has not left it. On the contrary, the cit[illegible] would deem any move towards making the town a business center one of vandalism.

"Amid such scenes Mark Twain was born. His parents were very well 'fixed' in w[illegible] goods. They occupied a pretty home on [illegible] central avenue. I remember that the yar[illegible] rounding the house was one beautiful [illegible] garden. My intimacy with Sam began w[illegible] was a baby, his home being separated or[illegible] the width of the street from my father' [illegible] dence. We donned our first pants on the [illegible] day. And I remember with what pride [illegible] event was attended. Sam was full of remarks, and I must say," here Mr. Edwards' eyes began to twinkle, "none of us were loath to follow him in any kind of mischief. Another or our crowd was Thomas Wand, now colonel of a New York militia regiment. We went to school regularly, because our parents compelled us to do so, but when 3 o'clock came Sam was usually the first one out of doors, Tom and I being good seconds.

"One incident that occurred about this time came very near getting me into trouble. Wand, Clemens and I got hold of an old musket. This we cleaned and loaded. We hunted around for something to shoot at; finally, not finding any game, we located a knot in the side of a barn. We drew cuts for turns at shooting. Sam drew the first twirl. He carefully rested the gun on the fence, while we drew back a few paces. Then he pulled the trigger. When the smoke rolled away we found Sam rolling around on the ground, groaning as if in utter misery. The gun kicked worse than a balky horse. That would have been bad enough had it not been that just about that time the owner of the barn came running up and took us in charge. The shot had gone clean through the side of the barn and struck the hired man, who was milking the cow. Incidentally, it killed the cow. For weeks the man hovered between life and death, during which time we were in mortal terror. Our parents told us that if the man died we would be hung. I know all I got to eat for two weeks was bread and water. One night the three of us started to run away. We got about a mile away from Fredonia, when the darkness frightened us and we slunk back home. The man recovered, but we never again shot at marks."

MEDICAL.

DR PALMER
40 College Street
Telephone 3190. 3rd Door from Yonge Street.

DR. C. C. JOB, 74 Pembroke Street
Homeopathist and Medical Electrician
Asthma, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Diabetes, Uugine Pectoris, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all chronic difficult or obscure diseases.
LADIES—All displacements and enlargements of the womb cured. Treatment new and pleasant.

DR. SPILSBURY—Diseases of Throat, Nose and Ear.
249 Huron Street, first door north College
Consultation hours—9 to 11 a.m., and 2 to 4 p.m.

DR. YOUNG, L.R.C.P., London, Eng.
Physician and Surgeon
Residence 145 College Avenue. Hours 12 till 1 p.m., and Sundays. Telephone 1696.
Office 26 McCaul Street. Hours 9 till 11 a.m., and till 9 p.m. Telephone 1655.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street. HOMŒOPATHIST
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage licenses, 601 Queen St. West, between Portland and Bathurst Sts. No witnesses required. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 358 Bathurst St.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 166 Carlton Street

DENTISTRY.

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tel. 3868.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
335 College Street
Telephone 3278. TORONTO

DR. L. BALL
DENTIST
24 Gerrard Street East Telephone 2366

DR. CAPON Tel. 3821
19 Carlton Street
L.D.S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D.D.S., Philadelphia; M.D.S., New York.

LANOLINE CREAM
FOR
Softening and Whitening the Skin
REMOVES
Chaps, Roughness, Redness and Hardness and Prevents Wrinkles

Bingham's Pharmacy
100 Yonge Street, Toronto

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

DAVIDSON—Nov. 15, Mrs. W. J. H. Dunbrook—a son.
YOUNG—Nov. 14, Mrs. J. D. Young—a son.
KIDD—Nov. 17, Mrs. G. T. Kidd—a daughter.
ADAMS—Nov. 15, Mrs. Wm. Adams—a son.
APPELBE—Nov. 13, Mrs. Appelbe—a daughter.
GALBRAITH—Nov. 12, Mrs. J. Galbraith—a son.
GREEN—Nov. 10, Mrs. R. Henry Green—a son.
LAWSON—Nov. 11, Mrs. J. F. Lawson—a son.
MACE—Sept. 23, Mrs. Harry W. Mace—a son.
MARTIN—Nov. 10, Mrs. Fred C. Martin—a son.
ROZEE—Nov. 13, Mrs. G. O. Rozee—a son.
BERSOR—Nov. 5, Mrs. Bresor—a son.
MACDONALD—Nov. 4, Mrs. A. Macdonald—a daughter.
BELDEN—Nov. 11, Mrs. R. D. Belden—a daughter.
BURNHAM—Nov. 4, Mrs. G. H. Burnham—a son.
JACKER—Nov. 7, Mrs. E. H. Jacker—a daughter.

Marriages.

S PELAIR—CULP—At Toronto, on Nov. 11, by Rev. Geo. Monro, D. L. Spelair, barrister, and Nellie Culp, both of Toronto.
COWAN—McMILLAN—Nov. 8, Fred W. Cowan to Lily McMillan.
GILCHRIST—LIDDELL—Oct. 7, Wm. A. Gilchrist to Magda Liddel.
McKENZIE—MARTIN—Nov. 11, George McKenzie to Lizzie Martin.
VANCE—DURKIN—Nov. 11, James Vance to A. L. Durkin
MILLS—RICHARDSON—Oct. 29, Jesse Mills to Susanna Richardson.
EWING—VICKERS—Nov. 11, S. W. Ewing to Ethel R. Vickers.
COOK—DAVIS—Nov. 11, John J. Cook to Mary S. Davis.
BANNERMAN—HAW—Nov. 10, Wm. Bannerman to Clara Haw.
BENWELL—SOULTREE—Nov. 4, J. O Benwell to Helen Soultree.
PARKER—ISLAND—Nov. 11, F. R. Parker to Emily Island.
SNIDER—CAIRNS—Nov. 12, Eben Snider to J nnie Cairns
LOUNT—TAYLOR—Nov. 16, F. A. Lount to M. H. Taylor.
BACON—NISBET—Nov. 11, S. E. Bacon to Mary Nisbet
HOSE—CASWALL—Oct. 12, J. W. Hose to Madeline Caswall.
JEMMETT—JEMMETT—Nov. 9, F G Jemmett to Helen Jemmett.

Deaths.

McKEE—Nov. 15, Elizabeth McKee.
McNABB—Nov. 15, Rev. Canon McNabb, aged 79.
DUDLEY—Nov. 15 James G. Dudley, aged 23.
MORRISON—Oct 21. John Morrison, aged 77.
ROBINSON—Nov. 16 Mary G. Robinson, aged 81.
FATEMAN—Nov. 14, Edgar Barron Meikle, aged 6
GEDDES—Nov. 16, Very Rev. Dean Geddes, aged 80.
DAIN—Nov. 16, John Dain, aged 40.
HIGGINS—Nov. 17, William J. Higgins, aged 4.
TREDWAY—Nov. 9, Mary F. Tredway, aged 21.
ELDER—Nov. 11 Jessie Elder.
TALBOT—Nov. 13, Julia M. Talbot.
PETRIE—Nov. 11, Mary Trimble Petrie, aged 42.
MILLER—Nov. 12 Thomas Miller, aged 61.
ALLAN—Nov. 17, Margaret Allan, aged 81.
MEIKLE—Nov. 14, Edgar Barron Meikle, aged 68.
ROBERTS—Nov. 16 Eliza Roberts, aged 99.
HAGAR—Nov. 13. Jas. C. Hagar, aged 94.
JOHNSON—Nov. 5, Duncan J Johnson, aged 50.
RICHER—Nov. 15, Louisa Hornell Richer.
RANKIN—Nov. 9, Frances Rankin, aged 72.
MacCONELL—Nov. 12 Kytin A. MacConell.
MERCER—Nov. 11, Margaret Mercer, aged 59
ROBINSON—Nov. 11, Margaret Robinson, aged 67.
LOBB—Nov. 11, Richard Fellow Lobb, aged 21.
FOSTER—Nov. 10, Francis Foster, aged 3.
SAUNDERS—Nov. 11, William Saunders, aged 46
STEPHENS—Nov. 9, Jar es Dawson Stephens, aged 83.
MACLENNAN—Oct. 25, Charles H. Maclennan, aged 10.
MACLENNAN—Nov. 7, Mary J. Maclennan, aged 16.
LESLIE—Nov. 7, William H. Leslie, aged 18.
MALLOY—Nov. 8, Mrs. Malloy, aged 53.
GIBSON—Nov. 11, Agnes Gibson.
PEDEN—Nov. 12, George S. Peden, aged 16 months.
TISDALL—Nov 11, W. Tisdall, aged 71,

WHITE CHINA
FOR DECORATING
Direct from the factories in. LIMOGES, FRANCE, just opened.
12 PACKAGES
Containing all the latest designs.
WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY
WILLIAM JUNOR
TELEPHONE 2117
109 King Street West, Toronto

REMEMBER!
H. S. MORISON & CO.
Are going out of business, and being anxious to clear out their stock in the shortest possible time are offering prices regardless of cost or value.
216 & 218 Yonge St.

LADIES' FURS
This department contains all the leading novelties of the present season, and as Furs of all descriptions are now so popular, and surely nothing could be more conducive to the comfort of ladies, we have laid ourselves out to meet all the requirements of the same.
NOTE THE FOLLOWING—Baltic Seal Storm Collar and Muff, $6.50, $7.50 and $9.50 the set.
Blue Opossum Collar and Muff, $7.50 the set.
Moscow Beaver Collar and Muff, $9.50 the set.
Sable Collar and Muff, $12.50, $15 and 22 the set.
CAPES WITH STORM COLLARS
Opposum, $15; Astrachan, $9.50, $12; Sable, $15, $22 anp $35; Beaver, $20, $30, $35 and $40.
Muffs and Storm Collars in all the leading Furs from $1.25 up. We are selling a S. S. Seal Satchel Muff for $4.75
R. WALKER & SONS
33, 35 and 37 King St. East; 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

THE FALL TRADE
Has opened up in great form at the EMPORIUM AROUND THE CORNER, which is the address of H. A. Collins, who has now the best assorted stock of Housefurnishings, in Stoves, Ranges, Silverware, Lamp Goods, Tinware and every other description of housekeeping goods and novelties in the city, and altogether "Around the Corner" is better known than any other establishment in the same line of business.
H. A. COLLINS & CO.
6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West
OPP. GRAND OPERA HOUSE

A SMOOTH FACE
Is better (sometimes) than a hairy one, and especially so in the case of
LADIES
VAN-DAL-INE
NO { ARSENIC IRRITATION EXCOLIENT RUBEFIC
Is the only remedy that really destroys the hair follicle.
Perfectly Harmless
Wonderfully Effective
Sold by all Reliable Druggists
Samples free on receipt of two 3-cent stamps
Price 50 Cents
The Berlin Chemical Co. - - - Berlin, Ont.

J. & J. LUGSDIN
FASHIONABLE FURRIERS
Short Seal Jackets
Long Sealskin Jackets
Sealskin Dolmans
Fur Lined Overcoats
Fur Lined Circulars
Seal and Persian Lamb Capes
Fur Gloves, Fur Mats, Robes, etc.
J. & J. LUGSDIN - MANUFACTURES
101½ Yonge Street, Toronto
All Kinds of Fur Trimmings Cut to Order on Short Notice
A FULL LINE OF
English and American Silk and Felt Hats Always in Stock
Telephone 2575

PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY
67, 69 and 71 Adelaide Street West.
Specialists in Fine Laundering
Telephone 1127

TAKE A REST YOUNG MAN
Our machines are doing the work.
PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS.
41 Lombard Street. Telephone 2686

FINE FUNERAL GOODS
J A GORMALY

PRESENTATION ADDRESSES
DESIGNED & ENGROSSED BY
A. H. HOWARD, R.C.A.
53 KING ST EAST
TORONTO
FROM TEN DOLLARS UPWARDS

A. MacARTHUR, JR
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
COAL AND WOOD
OFFICES AND YARDS:
161 and 163 Farley Ave. Telephone 910
102 and 104 Berkeley St Telephone 2045
580 to 584 College Street
Best Plymouth Coal, Cut and Split Wood Always on Hand
Delivered to all parts of the City at Lowest Current Rates

BEST QUALITY COAL AND WOOD
THE VERY BEST ROGERS COAL HEAD OFFICE 20 KING ST WEST TORONTO
OFFICES:
20 King Street West
409 Yonge Street
793 Yonge Street
288 Queen Street East
578 Queen Street West
1352 Queen Street West
419 Spadina Avenue
Yard Esplanade East, near Berkeley Street
Yard Esplanade East, foot of Church Street
Yard Bathurst Street, opposite Front Street
ELIAS ROGERS & CO.

GEO. E. TROREY'S COUPON
THIS IS WORTH $1 CASH TO YOU
OUR SPECIAL OFFER
Diamonds Mounted in all Designs
WATCHES AND JEWELERY
LESS THAN ANY HOUSE IN CITY
Cut this out and we will accept it as $1 cash on any purchase of $20. Goods marked plain figures at
GEO. E. TROREY'S
81 King East, Diamond Merchant
THIS IS WORTH $1 CASH TO YOU
GEO. E. TROREY'S COUPON

BUY THE
LEHIGH
Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.
GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y.

TORONTO
SATURDAY NIGHT
1891
CHRISTMAS NUMBER
SHEPPARD PUBLISHING Co. LIMITED.
TORONTO.
Toronto Litho Co.

DOMINION

Organ & Piano Co.

BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

CANADA.

MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.

PARLOR, CHAPEL AND COMBINATION ORGANS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

FOREIGN AGENCIES.

LONDON, - - England
MANCHESTER, - England
GLASGOW, - - Scotland

HAMBURG, - Germany
RINKJOBING, - Denmark
PIETERMARITSBURG, South Africa.

AUCKLAND, - New Zealand
SYDNEY, - - Australia
MELBOURNE, - - Australia

PRINCIPAL CANADIAN AGENCIES.

Messrs. FARWELL & GLENDON, 68 King Street West, TORONTO, Ont.
W. H. JOHNSON, - - Halifax, N.S.
FESSENDEN BROS., - London, Ont.

L. E. N. PRATTE, 1676 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL, Que.
Messrs. MILLER BROS., - Charlottetown, P.E.I.
R. H. NUNN & CO., - - Winnipeg, Man.

J. L. ORME & SON, Sparks Street, OTTAWA, Ont.
C. FLOOD & SON, - - St. John, N.B.
GERVAIS & HUDON, - - Quebec, P.Q.

$500 A YEAR FOR 20 YEARS

"FOR TWENTY-THREE CENTS A WEEK."

BEFORE insuring elsewhere examine the plans of insurance operated by the Manufacturers Life, particularly the Instalment plan, and the Ten-twenty plan. The Instalment plan provides an *income* to the representatives of the insured which is paid by the company in yearly instalments, thus avoiding all unnecessary expenses or risks at the hands of inexperienced or unscrupulous investors. The premium for a $10,000 policy, payable in this way, is about half the cost of any other form of policy whatever.

The Ten-twenty plan is the cheapest life insurance in the world. Under no other plan operated by any other company can so much insurance be obtained for so long a term at such a small outlay. You may carry $1,000 on this plan for 23 cents a week.

The Manufacturers Life Insurance Company

Cor. Yonge and Colborne Streets

TORONTO, ONT.

BUNTIN, REID & CO.

Wholesale Stationers

Paper, Envelope and Blank Book Manufacturers

TORONTO.

The oldest established house in the trade. Full lines of ENGLISH, SCOTCH, FRENCH and GERMAN WRITING and COLORED PAPERS. STRAW BOARDS, PULP BOARDS and MILL BOARDS. FANCY PAPERS in great variety for Box Makers and Printers. TWINES, CARD BOARDS, WRITING and PRINTING INKS, SCHOOL BOOKS, etc., etc.

Printers, Stationers and Paper Box Makers will do well to get our prices before ordering elsewhere.

The paper on which this Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT is printed was furnished by us.

BUNTIN, REID & CO.

Warehouse, 29 Wellington St. West. Envelope Factory, 73 to 83 Adelaide St. West

TORONTO.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

25 CTS — Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists. — 25 CTS

We offer you a ready made medicine for Coughs, Bronchitis and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Like other so-called Patent Medicines, it is well advertised, and having merit it has attained to a wide sale. Call it a "Nostrum" if you will but believe us when we say that at first it was compounded after a prescription by a regular physician, with no idea that it would ever go on the market as a proprietary medicine. But after compounding that prescription over a thousand times in one year, we named it Piso's Cure for Consumption, and began advertising it in a small way. A medicine known all over the world is the result.

Why is it not just as good as though costing fifty cents to a dollar for a prescription and an equal sum to have it put up at a drug store?

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address: E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

Printing Bookbinding Engraving HALF TONE AND LINE WORK Designing

JAS. MURRAY & CO.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto

Having special facilities for handling

Book, Magazine and Catalogue Work

both Plain and Illustrated, we would ask you to give us a trial.

This edition of the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT is printed by us, and is a fair sample of the quality of the work we do.

THE FANCY DRY GOODS HOUSE OF CANADA

THE BALANCE OF OUR

Holiday Goods

Have just arrived. We are showing the largest and most comprehensive line in Canada, embracing the best productions of the English, French, German, Austrian and American markets. As we do not show these goods on the road, we have taken this means of reaching the trade. Dealers who cannot make it convenient to see our stock should write for a sample lot of say,

$25, $35, $50, $75, or $100

WE SHOW IN OUR COLLECTION BRONZE ORNAMENTS Clocks, Thermometers, Candelabras, Fruit Stands, Card Receivers, Ornaments, Gongs, Ink Stands, Call Bells, Spoon Cases, Knife and Fork Cases, Pocket Knives, etc., etc.

ALBUMS an immense range. Square, Longfellow, Upright, and Fancy Shapes, Writing Desks, Writing Pads, Tablets, Blotters, (in Leather and Leatherette). Glove and Handkerchief Sachets, Pin Cushions, Shopping Bags, Calendars, Work Boxes, Jewel Boxes, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Dressing Cases, Perfume Cases in Leather, Sterling Silver, Oxydized Silver, and Plush.

COLLAR AND CUFF BOXES Shaving Cases, Gents' Traveling Companions, Perfume Atomizers, Child's Companion, Crumb Tray and Brush Sets, Purses, Towel Racks, Fancy Hair Pins, Necklets, Brooches, and Thimble Cases.

OUR GOODS ARE NEW. NOT AN ARTICLE CARRIED OVER FROM LAST YEAR.

WRITE FOR A SAMPLE LOT

Samson, Kennedy & Co.

44, 46, 48 Scott Street and 15, 17, 19 Colborne Street

TORONTO

AND 25 OLD CHANGE, LONDON, ENG.

THE GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER M'F'G CO. of TORONTO, Ltd.

FACTORIES, PARKDALE. - OFFICES, 43 YONGE STREET

REPAIRING AND MENDING RUBBER GOODS A SPECIALTY.

THE MOST RELIABLE MACKINTOSHES AND OVERSHOES.

RETAIL BRANCH

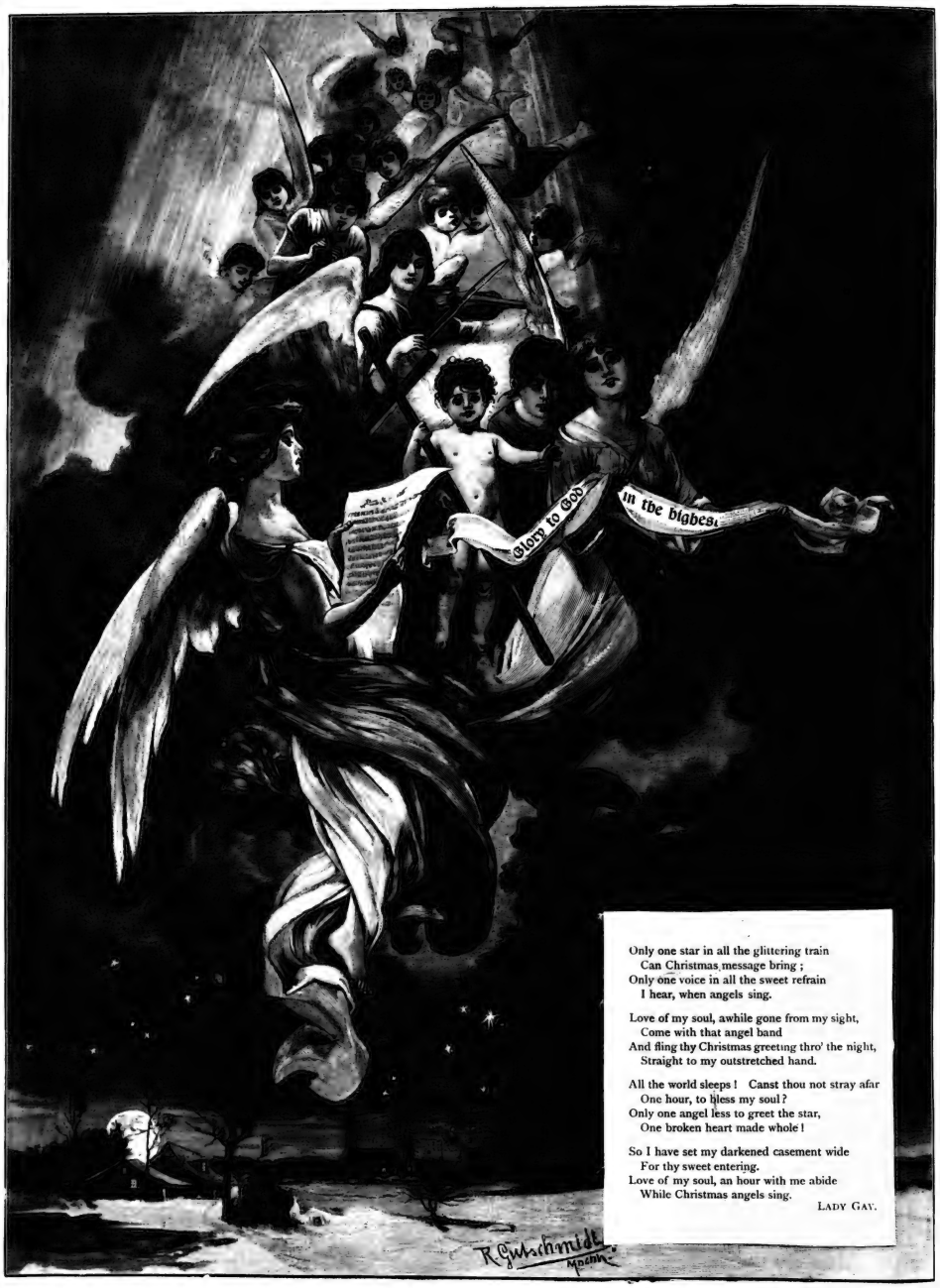
The Goodyear Rubber Store

12 KING STREET WEST

Telephone 2394.

Christmas Holiday Number 1891

In Wonderland.



Only one star in all the glittering train
Can Christmas message bring;
Only one voice in all the sweet refrain
I hear, when angels sing.

Love of my soul, awhile gone from my sight,
Come with that angel band
And fling thy Christmas greeting thro' the night,
Straight to my outstretched hand.

All the world sleeps! Canst thou not stray afar
One hour, to bless my soul?
Only one angel less to greet the star,
One broken heart made whole!

So I have set my darkened casement wide
For thy sweet entering.
Love of my soul, an hour with me abide
While Christmas angels sing.

LADY GAY.

Angels.

Christmas Morning.

A STRANGE EXPERIMENT.

CHAPTER I.

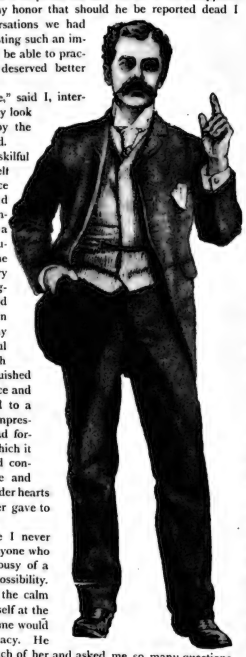
THE flowers bloom, the flowers fade,
yet the flowers bloom again.
A woman's heart, unlike the
flowers, unlike the hearts of men,
When it loves once it loves for aye—it
can never love again.

. . .

From out its woe, from 'neath the
snow, a sweet flower may grow;
It is not love; list to the word and
its full meaning know:
Love ne'er may come, but if it
come, be sure 'twill never go.

"Two Chilian fugitives who were on the military staff of President Balmaceda have arrived in the United States and declare that their old leader is not dead," said I while sitting with a near friend one night not long ago; "and they say that the report of his suicide was a hoax intended to aid him in his escape. If this tale be true, which is very doubtful," I added, "Balmaceda will be one of those men who have had the luxury of really knowing the best that can be said of them and thus getting a glimpse of the place in history, if any, which they will occupy."

"That reminds me," said my companion, "that I once had a friend whose greatest ambition was to make money enough to leave his wife and little family in comfort while he absented himself for a couple of years, leaving the impression that he had been drowned. It was a queer fad and he stuck to it with such tenacity that at no time would it have surprised me had I heard of his disappearance. Indeed, I had pledged my honor that should he be reported dead I should tell no one of the conversations we had had on the many subjects suggesting such an imposture as he hoped some day to be able to practice upon those who certainly deserved better treatment at his hands."



"Go on and tell me the tale," said I, interested more by the sad and dreary look in my companion's face than by the queer plot for a story he suggested.

"He was a lawyer, and a skilful one," said he, as he settled himself in his chair. "Family influence brought him many clients and amongst them a life insurance company of which his father was a director. No doubt the many singular cases he had had in court, the intricate skeins of fraud and mystery he had sought to unravel, first suggested this curious idea to his morbid fancy. In some ways he was an exceedingly morbid man; in many respects he was a most delightful companion. Nature had done much for him. Large in size and distinguished in appearance, with a pleasant voice and splendid eyes, he never appealed to a judge or jury without making an impression. I, who had the good or bad fortune—I can hardly tell even yet which it was—to be his nearest friend and confidant, found beneath his reserve and cynical exterior one of the most tender hearts and loving dispositions nature ever gave to any man.

If he was jealous of his wife I never heard it either from himself or anyone who knew him. Such a thing as jealousy of a rival in his profession was an impossibility. Without being egotistical he had the calm confidence of a man who felt himself at the head of his profession and that time would bring him acknowledged supremacy. He loved his wife and he talked so much of her and asked me so many questions which I could not answer without knowing that I was touching upon a domestic topic, I somehow became unconsciously interested in the problems which he suggested to me, and often when he was not with me I found myself weighing the facts he had presented to my mind and asking the same questions he had asked, and wondering as he had wondered what the result would be if she thought him dead, how she would act, what she would say? I knew she loved him with all her heart, and as she was an open-minded and gentle woman I wondered what had suggested his fancies, these odd conundrums that her husband was continually propounding. She was a beautiful and accomplished woman, but her beauty and her accomplishments as well, were of the sort which invited respect, not frivolous admiration or flirtation. His children he loved with that morbid intensity which made him a poor father. He or she who focuses his or her whole strength of mind and affection upon a child is somehow apt to warp the childish nature with the heat and flame of misdirected love and anxiety.

When he got his life insured in a fraternal organization I wondered if this was one of the preliminary steps towards his disappearance. A month later he casually mentioned that he had taken out an endowment policy for a considerable amount in a prominent company, and I jokingly inquired if he had found a method of leaving his wife in comfort while he sought adventure elsewhere. It angered him. His eyes flashed and his lips tightened over his white teeth as he demanded if I had seen any tendency in him towards becoming a swindler.

Six months later a paragraph in the newspapers made vague inquiry as to the whereabouts of a prominent lawyer who had been absent from his office for a week without leaving any address behind him. He had been with me at about the date mentioned and together we sat for a couple of hours over cigars and Scotch-and-soda, talking of politics and then of a small enterprise in which

"SHE ASKED ME WHAT I MEANT."

we were jointly connected. I had been busy and had not missed him, but at once the paragraph alarmed me and I hurried to his office lest the missing lawyer might be he.

"No, he is not in," answered the clerk.

"When did he go away?" I asked excitedly.

"We don't know that he has gone away," was the guarded answer, "but he has not been here for over a week."

His partner knew nothing of his whereabouts and admitted that Mrs. Blackhall was exceedingly anxious about him. On the way back to my business half a dozen people asked me if I had seen Warren Blackhall lately. I said, "No, I guess he has gone fishing," and at once found myself trying airily to assist in a fraud which I most heartily despised. I locked my office door and lit a cigar. While I smoked I debated as to my duty in this matter. Mrs. Blackhall I knew was enduring the most intense anxiety. Possibly the clients of Blackhall & Beaver would shortly call for a statement of my friend's accounts; insurance companies would be asked to settle; creditors might be defrauded without number. Was I to be a party to this heartless hoax, this confounded swindle?

Then again I asked myself why I should break the vows I had made to my friend. He was throwing away all the profits of a large practice and growing fame as a barrister that he might try this crazy experiment of his. I felt certain that he could not be a dishonorable man and no matter who suffered for a moment, some day he would return and pay with interest all those who might suffer by his departure. Though I reasoned thus I left my office feeling like a

culprit. A week, a month passed. Not the slightest trace could be found of him. He had left his office for luncheon and had disappeared at his door as entirely as if on reaching the outer air he had melted into the original atoms of which he was composed. He left no will, not a line that even suggested how his property should be disposed of. His wife was frantic with grief and I endeavored to console her by saying that she had no evidence of his injury or death, that he possibly might return. "While there is life there is hope you know."

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded.

Of course, I stammered and stuttered like the scoundrel I was forced for the moment to be.

"While"—I answered—"when—that is to say, if we have no evidence of death we must believe that he is alive and while he may even have become unsettled in his mind or something of that sort you know, still, you know—er—he—that is, a thing of that sort you know will probably pass off, pass away you know."

She thought I was trying to console her by suggestions of the impossible and I was very glad indeed to escape from the house without betraying a man who had once been my friend, but who had become to me an overburdening source of irritation, trouble and duplicity. Of course I never went to the morgue as his wife always did whenever a "floater" was found in the bay, or some dreadfully decomposed remnants of a man were sent to the city from the woods and rivers frequented by our hunters and fishermen. One morning the sensational headlines of the paper at my breakfast table informed me that the remains of Warren Blackhall had been discovered in the woods near his fishing club on the river. For various reasons they had been sent to the city and here they had been identified by Mrs. Blackhall as those of her husband. Some of my friends asked me if I had assisted to identify the remains. I simply shuddered and said I had no appetite for seeing horrors. In this way I was able to decline any more serious part in the imposture than had already been forced upon me. The insurance companies paid the death claims, the widow wore weeds, ample funds were found to pay every debt and the memory of Warren Blackhall had no stain upon it. As is the case with everyone who dies, the name and fate of the head of the junior bar ceased to be mentioned and the part I had to play would have become easier had it not been that Mrs. Blackhall selected me as administrator with herself of her husband's estate, and loyalty to him as well as pity for her forced me to accept. Thus it was that I, an old bachelor, though not yet forty, thought I had found opportunities to answer questions which had been asked me by the strange man who had so cruelly deserted his wife for an experiment's sake.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Beaver, now head of the firm from which my friend had departed, showed a disposition to be crooked, but Mrs. Blackhall had her husband's diary and cash book in her possession, which saved her from being robbed of many thousands of dollars by the man named after an animal which was not more industrious than the little lawyer, though perhaps more innocent in disposition. I was thus forced to spend many evenings in the house of mourning, and it seemed a part of my duty—at the time I did not confess how very pleasant a duty it was—to make life and its prospects seem as pleasant as possible to Mrs. Blackhall. I never went alone, nor did I ever find her alone.

Sitting in Warren Blackhall's library, poring over his books, I sometimes had opportunity to observe the behavior of those who were her companions, and in the shadow of the high-backed desk I often sat and thought how strange it would be if my old friend could be there and see the results of his experiment. The commercial phase of his disappearance and what seemed to me the dishonorable acceptance of the insurance money, faded out of the picture and again my old friend with his sensitive mouth and deep, dark eyes sat beside me. I think I must have grown morbid myself, for I always put my chair at one side of the desk as if someone were sitting with me, glancing over my shoulder at the book, adding up the figures and comparing notes with me. When some little incident happened in the room it seemed as if an invisible hand touched my knee as if to attract my attention.

Finally when I went home it was no better. He and I seemed to sit and talk the matter over, and I was startled one night to find that I had provided glasses and Scotch-and-soda for two when I sat there alone. I was not a heavy drinker, but no doubt I must have taken the extra quantity, for my strange companion could not have carried Scotch-and-soda with him through the key-hole.

I began to watch the education of the children as if they belonged to me, and the wonderings of poor Warren Blackhall became the most absorbing problems of my life. I became anxious to obtain material upon which to base a judgment. To do this I must continue being a frequent visitor at the house. I was thoroughly trusted and unconsciously, yet no doubt with an idea of finding favor with Mrs. Blackhall, drifted into the mannerisms and conversational methods of her husband. Yet nearly always I was a silent spectator and as frequently as possible sat behind the desk in the alcove, exchanging signals with the mysterious personage whose hand never failed to touch mine when something in the conversation indicated a return of Mrs. Blackhall's old gaiety.

Gazing out from the shadowed corner, the account book before me, my chin in my hand, my elbow on the desk, I felt the questions I had been so often asked: "If I were dead would she care for me? Would she miss me? Would the dust of forgetfulness shroud her memory as quickly as the dust will tarnish the bright newness of her widow's weeds? How long would it be before she would find her grief a burden, a conventionality, a womanly necessity? Does she love me so well that my place can never be taken by another? Could those full red lips ever kiss another's as they have kissed mine? Could that soft cheek rest on another's shoulder as it has rested upon mine, and those eyes—those sweet innocent eyes—would they ever look up as trustingly into the face of another as they have looked into mine?"

"Dick," he used to say to me, "it makes me wild to think of those shapely arms, those beautiful curves stirring another man's soul as they have stirred mine."

She used to look at me so oddly sometimes that I felt greatly embarrassed. One evening while holding the door open for her to pass I seemed to be waiting for another to precede me and she turned and said, "There is no one else. For whom are you waiting?"

When at last the accounts were all settled she had nearly fifty thousand dollars to her credit in the bank, over ten thousand of which had been derived from the insurance companies. The friend who had assisted me in straightening up her affairs had evidently fallen in love with her yet dared not openly become a suitor for her hand, a year having not yet elapsed since the disappearance of Warren Blackhall. He was ready in framing excuses for asking me to accompany him to her house, and more and more we became a little family party, she and her mother and sister, my friend Graham and myself.

One night a business matter, the last of a long series of intricate transactions in which Blackhall had been engaged, came up for settlement and I sat at my old place at the desk in the alcove. Mrs. Blackhall's mother and sister were absent. The light from the fire in the grate and that from the shaded lamp by the piano, made every corner of the room seem as softly shadowed and mysterious as the little alcove in which I was half hidden. Graham and Mrs. Blackhall sat before the fire. Their conversation, carried on in low tones, was frequently unintelligible to me, though I listened with the strained ears of jealousy, and I felt the hand of my invisible companion clutching my knee as if to enjoin silence and alertness.

"I cannot see," said Graham, with his arm thrown over the back of his chair and his face resting on his hand, "why love should be such a strange plant. Its roots are embedded deep in the human heart, it blossoms every day, and I cannot see why the flowers should wither and die because they cannot be seen by the eyes which were once brightened by their beauty."

Mrs. Blackhall, with her hands clasped in her lap, was gazing at the glowing coals. She did not seem to attach any personal significance to the turn Graham had given the conversation, but saw in the ashes some of her castles which had once been so grand and beautiful. "Ah, Mr. Graham, flowers blossom ne more when the sun ceases to shine."

He seemed to be unprepared with a reply. My hand resting upon my knee seemed to be tight within the grasp of my unseen companion.

"I know it to be true," said she, "for my sun has ceased to shine. There can be no more flowers for me."

"Perhaps," said Graham lightly, "it is possible for those whose sun has never really begun to shine, to mistake the coming of dawn for the deepening of twilight." I never had any idea Graham was such a poetical fellow or that his voice could be so soft and sympathetic as it sounded to me then.

He pressed the question. Foolish man! Old bachelor as I was I knew women better than he did. The arm that had been thrown lazily over the back of his chair was withdrawn; with his hands clasped he bent forward and whispered something at a time when no man should have dared to interrupt thoughts wandering through the sweetness, the exaggerated beauty of the past. The hand on mine clutched it more tightly and the owner of it seemed by the pressure he put upon it to be nerving himself to spring over the desk.

Mrs. Blackhall rose with a cold dignity which I had never before seen in her, and disregarding the appeal which had been made, asked me if I had not completed my task. I stammered that I had not yet been able to trace the matter through the books but would take them with me, or if she preferred I would come again.

"Can you come to-morrow evening—and alone—for there are a number of little things which I should like to consult you about. My sister and I are going south for the winter, and I shall be very grateful if you look after our affairs during my absence."

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Blackhall had gone to Florida and I was still struggling with the last unstraightened fragment of her business. My chief aim seemed to be to find an excuse for visiting her, and of course I found it. I telegraphed her that I was on my way down with some papers for her to sign and with a curious haste which I could never understand, set out on my mission. My ride over the Atlantic coast lines, that string of one-horse railroads which has only recently been gotten into modern shape, was tedious beyond comparison. One road seemed to make it a point to send its trains out a little before the incoming ones arrived. I was waiting at Jacksonville for my connection with Indian River, when a strange old man asked me a question in a husky far-away voice that seemed like the echo of something I remembered. I looked at him but there was nothing familiar in that gaunt figure and the face so emaciated that it seemed like a skull covered with parchment. His hair, long and flowing, was as white as snow and altogether he impressed me as one of those much-to-be-pitied people who haunt the south in a vain endeavor to prolong their consumptive lives a few unhappy months.

There was a parlor car on the train and the skeleton stranger and I were the only occupants of it. His racking cough and my equally racking thoughts were making me nervous and irritable, when the old man approached and took the seat opposite to me. I felt inclined to indulge in the luxury of being rude, but the sunken feverish eye that caught mine as he sat down, feebly rubbing his spectacles, arrested me.

"These southern railroads are dreadfully dusty," he remarked in his husky far-away tone.

"Very," I answered shortly, but still struggling to remember where I had met that glance before.

"Particularly aggravating," said he slowly, "to a man with as little life left in him as I have." And his cough convinced me that there wasn't very much vitality in that poor battered frame.

"Don't you know me, Dick?" He leaned forward, his skinny left hand grasped my knee, the trembling fingers of the right hand sought mine. I am not cowardly but my blood seemed turned into ice water. Was it possible that that parchment-covered skull was the grand head and face of Warren Blackhall?

"I don't wonder, Dick," he said, his husky tone grown tremulous. "I don't know myself. I am not myself. I have been dead for a year. Worse than dead. I have gone through purgatory. Very shortly I am going to heaven, but I want to have a talk with you first."

I had seized his trembling hand and held it in both of mine. I wept as only a man can weep; I was almost hysterical, for who can endure, unmoved, to

Skating.

embrace the ghostly fragment of a friend? He, wreck as he was, soothed me in the gentle but masterful way which had been his habit.

"I said just now that I was going to heaven. I suppose it wouldn't be incompatible with that idea for us to have a whisky and Appollinaris, such as you took for both of us when I used to sit beside you in that dear old room of yours." The porter was summoned, and from the buffet produced the required stimulant, yet even after I had partaken quite liberally, my whole inclination was to shrink into the corner of the seat and listen to this strange apparition We were going through the pineries. The flat, yellow-red sand, the scattered trees, the occasional hut, the swaying and pounding of the train, the dust which had already covered the little table between us, the white-coated porter who watched us from the far end of the car—I saw all these and remember them with painful vividness, but I seemed unable to fix my eyes upon what was left of my old friend.

"You are going down to see her, Dick? I knew it. I was with you when you made up your mind to come. She will soon be a widow indeed, and unti that is the case you must lean towards me." I promised. I could refuse him nothing. His will was mine. I suspected that this had been the case for many months.

"You don't ask about my life since I disappeared. It might interest you to know, but it would be agony for me to tell what I have endured. I have tried the experiment. I have been in reality more dead than alive. There can be no hell, Dick, greater than I have passed through. Every fearful jealousy, every horror that mortal man can be afflicted with has torn me. Since I closed my office door behind the old life, I have lived alone. I have thought until thinking was like searing my brain and heart with an iron heated red. My spirit seemed to separate itself from my body. I had resolved not to watch my old home or to think about it; like Enoch Arden I was some day to return and account for my absence by alleging temporary aberration of mind, and take my faithful and loved ones with me to a new home, where I would be happy after having tried them and found them not wanting. If they proved false to me I intended to be philosophical and make a career for myself somewhere else. But Dick, old man (and now both his skinny hands grasped mine), I left all my life; I left my heart and my mind—all that was in me in my abandoned home. I was mourned as dead and as my spirit roamed through that house I found no response. Nobody seemed to know that I was there. I was unexpected and my touch was not felt; and when I spoke—for sometimes I seemed unable longer to keep my secret and though my body was afar off, my spirit tried to communicate with her I loved so well—it was ineffectual. To her I was dead. Yet she was true to me. I knew it. In every thought she was the noble woman I had suspected and misunderstood."

"But why didn't you go back to her," I asked feebly, for the horror of the whole situation had forced itself upon me.

"Go back to her, Dick! It was impossible! She was too good for me In spirit I have seen her and know what she is. There is nothing for me but to die and leave her a widow indeed. Why, man, it is utterly impossible for me even if this dreadful cough were to leave me and I could rehabilitate myself as the Warren Blackhall of old, to go to her and say, 'I am the prodigal returned to thee. I who have been dead am alive. I loved you until I feared that your wondrous power over me was a power over all men. I thought of you until I was insane with the feverish intensity of my desire to be the only one you loved. I have discovered that you are better than I imagined human nature could be. I have come back.' What would she do, Dick? Think for a moment and tell me what answer she would make."

"Why, old friend, she would welcome you as the father did the repentant son."

"Never, my friend, never, never! Those calm, sweet eyes of hers would look at me in astonishment and pity which would freeze me to the very core. She would say, 'You are my husband, and you are welcome home,' But love me! Why, Dick, old man," and his weak voice broke into a choking sob, "she would despise me. Her honest nature would be unable to conceal her contemp and from that time forward I would live with her but seeing her only as from afar off, as in duty bound she would yield to my caresses and say 'Yes, if you wish it,' or 'My husband, what think you of this?' No, my friend, I couldn't stand it. I am dead yet alive. I cannot live again. I could never leave her again. Now she loves me, cherishes tenderly my memory. It is all that I can hope for in this world. I have expiated my crime, my folly, whatever you may call it, and the great, good God I know will not torture me more than I have tortured myself. I have gone through an eternity of anguish, of horror, of self-abnegation. I get off here. This has been my home for the last month."

The train was scudding through a row of pine brush as he rose hurriedly and ran to the forward platform. "No matter what happens," said he hurriedly "never let the world know of the imposition I have practiced. If you think I did not die a year ago use what you find in this packet to refund the money of the insurance companies. The balance devote to my family. It is what I had set apart to live upon. If I need you I will telegraph you. Good by." The train had not stopped. He fell—purposely perhaps—between the cars and when in response to my frantic ringing of the bell the line of dusty coaches stopped, the conductor, the brakeman and the porter followed me as I ran down the track. Broken, mangled, bleeding he lay looking up at the cloudless heavens. They carried him to the village and I as a passing acquaintance, the man with whom he had last spoken, saw him buried, buried in that red-yellow sand beneath a pine tree which sighs and moans always in winter, and so often in the storms of summer.

CHAPTER IV.

When I met Mrs. Blackhall in the parlor of the hotel she seemed ethereal-ized by the anxiety and suffering she had gone through. I saw her still with the eyes of him who had just been buried, yet I wondered how I could have made the mistake he had made. When the business which had been the ostensible reason for my visit had been transacted, I lingered for a day and in the twilight she came with me for a little row upon that deep and mysterious Indian river-which flows through what appears to be a rift in the surface of the earth It seemed to me best—I could not tell why—I—I thought, somehow, loyalty to him demanded that she should know of the mad sacrifice her husband had made. At any rate, I yielded to the impulse as if it were the wish of my dead friend.

"How long have you been a widow, Mrs. Blackhall?" I asked. The blades of the oars were lifted from the water, the handles resting upon my knees. As was likely, she misunderstood my meaning and her reply was cold and distant.

"It seems to me very, very long," said she—then after a pause—"ages ago, but my husband disappeared only a year and a week ago to-day."

"Yes," said I, "a week and a year ago to-day, but he has only been dead a week."

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed.

I caught the water with my oar and steadied the boat, and then begging her to be calm I told her the story.

. . . . . .

The life insurance money has been returned to the companies, directed to their "Conscience Fund." Three years have passed. Mrs. Blackhall is still a widow. I continue to watch over her affairs and am treated like a faithful old dog, loved enough to be let live, too long in the family to kill, as it were. She is still a widow and permits no one to be even mistaken as a lover by her friends. I often wish I had not told her about her husband. I wonder if she had not known about his dreadful fate if she would have remained so long a widow. But then about women, what do we know anyway? As poor Blackhall said, they are so much better than we are, we can't understand them. And then, too, the better men are, the less we understand and appreciate them. Warren Blackhall was the best man I ever knew; more like a woman in his purity of soul, the intensity of his love than any man I ever met.

"Yes, it was a queer experiment. I spoiled the experiment," said he, regretfully, "by telling her about it. If she hadn't known perhaps she might have acted differently, but knowing it all, it has impressed her. Sometimes I think she looks haunted. Yet I don't know that it would have been different. If, if, if; the old 'if' seems to come in always. What do we know, anyway? What can convince us? What are we sure of?—nothing."

"But how do you account for the supernatural part of it, Dick?" I asked as I refilled his tumbler.

Holding the glass between him and the light and watching the little bubbles of the soda streaming in sparkling crystals to the top, he in turn asked me:

"How can we account for anything if we can t find out anything?"

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD.

THE COW BELL.

HAVE you ever noticed, looking back
On scenes of youthful days,
How laughter lives when tear drops
Have vanished in the haze?
How in every old time picture
That a sound or scent recalls,
The sunshine seems a fixture,
And the shadow rarely falls.

And so 'twas with the cow bell, heard
To-night from far afield;
Altho' the clover bloom came back
No thistle stood revealed;
The shaded woods and distant fields
Which that old sound brought back,
A world of honeysuckle yields
But thorns and nettles lack.

'Twas somewhat different in the days
When first I heard that bell,
When straying cows meant weary search,
And growing dusk meant—well,
The stone bruise on the bare, brown feet,
And swollen eyes, and fear,
The swamp mosquitoes, and the heat,
The owl's hoot, sounding drear.

Ah! what a world of sent ment
Things yield when viewed afar;
'Tis only when we know them well
Their pathos gets a jar;
The low, faint tinkle of the bell,
That o'er the dreamer stole,
Oft struck the farm-boy like a knell,
And harrowed up his soul.

S. HUNTER.

CHRISTMAS IN OLD ENGLAND.

Year by year "this work-day world," as Shakespeare calls it, is becoming more and more prosaic. The peasants of Europe are throwing aside their picturesque costumes and dressing themselves in the convenient garb of the cities of the nineteenth century; ruthless money-makers are destroying romantic old edifices which have stood undisturbed for centuries, and are erecting on their sites rows of houses of the kind demanded by people who will be satisfied with nothing but "all the modern improvements." One sweet, green oasis is however left undisturbed in this ever-extending desert of aridity—it is the English Christmas.

Amid the unnumbered folios which have been written about this important function in England none is more interesting and none more true than that of Washington Irving. His description of the festivities connected with the sacred observances in an important mansion in the country is as accurate as it is fascinating, and every one of the quaint performances which he describes is to be seen still, any and every year, in countless English homes. High and low, rich and poor, join in the revels of the season. As an ancient poet says:

"All hailed with uncontrolled delight
And general voice the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year."

Any merrymaking in England is connected more or less with eating and drinking, and therefore the prime business of life at Christmas (after the religious duties of the day have been performed) relates to the pleasures of the table. For weeks previous to the arrival of the great day the questions of the larder are paramount above all others, and the tremendous activity displayed in the kitchen has given rise to a proverb often heard in France and Italy—"He has as much business on hand as English ovens at Christmas." The stores are a sight to behold, whether they be merely village shops or extensive town establishments. Every sort of poultry, every kind of meat are displayed with a profusion which indicates how numerous will be those who are to enjoy these solid comforts; while fruits, wines, sweets, cakes, nuts and every edible which is to be obtained from any part of the world, are gathered together and plentifully bedecked with the Christmas blooms—the holly, the mistletoe, the ivy, the rosemary, the bay and the laurel—and are offered for the delectation of the Christmas buyer. The turkey is considered an indispensable portion of the Christmas feast; and hardly less so is the roasted sucking pig, which, with a lemon in his mouth, carries out, upon the family board, the ancient tradition of the boar's head at Oxford University. Plum pudding and mince pies are so widely known as component parts of the English Christmas dinner that it seems hardly necessary to refer to them here; but it is perhaps not so much a matter of common knowledge that these edibles are made in sufficient quantity to last till Candlemas (February 2); after which, during the rest of the year, they must not be eaten, as they are supposed to bring ill luck. The same superstition prevails respecting Christmas decorations which on no account must be allowed to remain up after Twelfth Night (January 6), on penalty of dire disaster.

Christmas Dinner Long Ago.

It is difficult to believe that in all the millions of people who inhabit the small island called England any one is so unlucky as not to have a good dinner on Christmas. The inmates of charitable institutions, of hospitals, of jails, are bounteously provided for on that day; while in many great old lordly castles the custom still prevails of the master of the house, surrounded by his family and friends, eating his Christmas dinner at a raised table at one end of the room, while at the same table, but *below the salt*, and not so high upon its legs, sit all his retainers, the poor within and without the gates, and every living soul that asks for a bite and a sup. All are welcome. The wassail bowl circulates from lip to lip, the jest is shared by mistress and maid, and then, if ever, are "the mummers" welcome.

These mummers are undoubtedly the progenitors of the great actors and actresses of our day; and although their art has taken great development, its original form has not become extinguished. In every neighborhood, however sparsely inhabited, will be found a group of persons who, for some weeks before Christmas, practice mummery for business purposes at Christmas time.

Their first visit, timed with the hour of the banquet, is to the great house or castle where, in exchange for the exhibition of their talents, they are made welcome, if not at the lord's board as in the ancient feudal fashion described above, in the servants' hall. Gifts of money often follow. Then the mummers go on their rounds until, between sundown and the next sunrise, every house in the vicinity has been visited and its harvest gleaned. The form of the entertainment which they offer varies with the talents of the performers. Sometimes musical ability will enable them to sing in unison some of the old English ballads suited to the occasion, among which none is a greater favorite than The Mistletoe Bough:

"The mistletoe bough hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,
And the baron's retainers were bright and gay,
Keeping the Christmas holiday."

At the beginning of the mummery it is indispensable that Father Christmas should make his appearance.

This personage invariably announces himself by three deep grunts—Um! um! um! at which signal the door must be instantly opened, when the snow-covered veteran exclaims:

"Here come I, old Father Christmas!
Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer,
And when it goes I disappear.
So open the door and let me in;
I hope that favor we shall win;
But whether we rise or whether we fall,
We'll do our endeavors to please you all.
Um! Um! Um!"

Another feature of an English Christmas is the singing of "the waits." The waits are generally members of the church choirs and often they make sweet melody in singing Christmas hymns. Their "specialty" is somewhat on the serenade order; it is always at night that they sing outside the windows of the houses of those from whom they obtain Christmas favor—which may take the shape of a glass of wine sent out to each by order of the head of the house or something good to eat, or of money. Children go about in bands and sing during the day time, and hardly anything can be more thrilling than to listen to these harmonious young voices chanting in unison some such pæan as the following:

"Christians, awake! Salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above.
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son."

OLIVE LOGAN.

Spacer—How would you describe the fashionable ball dress?
Liner—As the bathing suit the ladies wear when in the social swim.

Mrs. Intellectual Landlady—Strength comes by suffering.
Mr. Starboarder—How much this butter must have come through!

Lukbak—There was one source of satisfaction that was denied to Adam.
Thinkhard—What was that?
Lukbak—He was unable to claim that he was a self-made man.

Preparing for Communion.

The Night Ride of the Mad King Ludwig II. of Bavaria.

This great picture, by R. Wenig, is thus described in the German text: "Lost in thought, the noble face shadowed with mournfulness—alone in the midst of all his magnificence—the king rides under the starry heaven, across which falls a shooting star, that may be accepted as symbolical of his tragic fate. Further suggestion in this direction is offered by the composition of the picture. The golden sleigh has just reached the summit of a mountain, whose declivity forms a sharp curve. An instant and the sleigh and its precious freight glides down the precipitous course!

ISABEL'S CHRISTMAS.

"NOW about this?" said Uncle Jack, handing Aunt Ernestine a letter from Isabel's grandmother, in which she stated that having taken care of little orphan Isabel for nine years, she wished now to be relieved from the responsibility and desired Uncle Jack, as one of the child's guardians, to name some strict school where she might be sent immediately after Christmas.

"Poor little motherless creature," exclaimed Aunt Ernestine, warmly; "bring her here first, Jack, and let us make a thorough-going Christmas for her, with dear old Santa Claus, and evergreens and a Christmas party, and, oh, Jack," she cried, clapping her hands, "suppose I write to my cousin, Freddy Blake, to spend his Christmas holidays here. He is such a dear, clever goose, all children adore him, he will make the party such a success, and it will be so charming for Bessie, for you know, Jack, Bessie and Freddy would be married to-morrow if that fussy stepmother of Bessie's, who hates Freddy, had not put all sorts of silly notions into our good-natured old rector's head."

Accordingly, a few days after, Uncle Jack went off on the train and returned the following day bringing Isabel with him. Tall, thin, quaint Isabel! whose old-fashioned frocks made her even quainter, and whose great black eyes and abundant black hair made her little pale face look even paler. She was very shy, folding her hands upon her lap and spreading out her skirts primly whenever she sat down. But Aunt Ernestine was very kind, and by and by the shy look began to wear away from the sober face, and Uncle Jack smiled as if well pleased when he came in later from smoking his evening cigar and found the two on the rug before the fire, the curly black head nestled close to the stately golden one, as Aunt Ernestine held her new niece by her side.

They were talking of Santa Claus and of the Christmas party, Aunt Ernestine explaining in what the fun consisted, for Isabel had heard little of gay doings of any kind in her hitherto dull and lonely life. Indeed, so different were Uncle Jack and Aunt Ernestine in their bright and cheery house, so sweet and spicy was the smell of the evergreens gracefully wreathed about stairway and pictures, so delightful the visions of Christmas festivities that Isabel began to feel as if she were in an enchanted castle, and pinched herself more than once before she fell asleep to make sure that she was really Isabel and not a story book child bewitched.

Time flies, especially Christmas time, and Christmas eve, the night of the party, soon came round. Isabel had been everywhere with Aunt Ernestine through the day and with Miss Bessie, the rector's daughter, who was Aunt Ernestine's great friend, into the dining-room where the supper was laid in all its glory of bright berries and twinkling candles, and in the long drawing-rooms from which the furniture had been removed to make room for the games and dancing, and so kind was Aunt Ernestine, and so merry Miss Bessie and Uncle Jack that Isabel's heart beat fast and her cheeks glowed as she felt that for the first time in her little life she too was to have a real Christmas.

At half-past seven she came down in her pretty new frock of soft yellow silk with shoes to match, and took her place under the holly-trimmed arch to receive her little visitors, sixty in all, both boys and girls; and there, Uncle Jack coming quietly in, found her and thought in his heart of hearts he had never seen a daintier or dearer little lady.

In the meantime, in the Rectory drawing-room, sat Miss Bessie, very impatient, for Mr. Freddy Blake had written to his cousin to say that he had promised to address a public meeting on the afternoon of the day before Christmas, but by rushing away without waiting to change his evening dress he thought he should catch his train in time to pay his respects to little Miss Isabel.

"But the time is so uncertain," he wrote; "do not trouble to meet me. Although I have never been in your town I shall probably find you out."

Great was Miss Bessie's disgust and consternation when she found that the Lord Bishop of the diocese was expected by her father on this same night, and that he had invited the chief dignitaries of the town to meet him, soberly and staidly at dinner, as became such a dignified occasion, Miss Bessie's presence being of course demanded until after dinner at all events. And so, as Isabel stood under her holly-wreathed arch greeting her bright-eyed, smiling guests, Miss Bessie sat in a corner of her father's drawing-room, tapping her foot impatiently upon the floor, longing to be with the youngsters and Isabel, and Aunt Ernestine and Mr. Freddy, and wishing her father's guests, Lord Bishop and all, far enough.

All were assembled but Uncle Harcourt and his lordship, who certainly were extraordinarily late. The rector's wife changed color vexatiously as she thought of the utter ruin of her Christmas dinner.

"Some crank of Harcourt's," fumed the rector in a low tone to Miss Bessie. "I might have known it; just like an old bachelor!"

The ladies talked gently and tried to look interested, but the gentlemen, who were mostly stout and accustomed to prompt hours, looked very bored. A loud ring at the door-bell, however, roused the party to sudden animation.

"At last," murmured the rector in a somewhat mollified tone, and there was a little rustle of skirts and a preliminary "ahem" or two, preparatory to the reception of the honored guests.

It was not the Bishop and Uncle Harcourt, however, but a handsome young man who entered the hall and said to the trim housemaid cheerily:

"Party going on nicely?—that's right—drawing-room upstairs?—right or left?"

"Left, please sir. What name, sir?" asked the housemaid curtseying and smiling in spite of herself at this elegant young man.

"Oh, don't announce me," he said brightly, throwing off his overcoat; "I will just run up myself and take them all by storm." And you might have knocked her down with a feather the parlor maid said afterwards, for with that this charming young gentleman threw his coat tails over his head, scrambled up the stairs on all fours and made a violent plunge into the drawing-room, kicking like all the donkeys and roaring like a young menagerie let loose.

"Heaven help us! His lordship has gone crazy!" ejaculated the rector.

"Police, police," screamed a thin and active lady, as the unfortunate young man blundered against the rector's comfortably stout partner, who went suddenly and indiscriminately backwards, chair and all, and conveniently fainted.

"Send for the police, dear Mr. Merryweather," chimed a chorus of excited voices, whereupon this charming young gentleman leaped to his feet and glared distractedly around him, caught the eye of Miss Bessie and with a curious noise something suggestive of a mingled gulp and gurgle, dashed from the room and was only captured by Miss Bessie as he was rushing capless and with coat tails flying out of the house.

"Freddy, oh Freddy," she cried, holding him firmly with both hands; "oh you dear goose," giving him the gentlest suspicion of a little shake. "Was it—oh Freddy—did you make a mistake in the house and think it was the children's party?"

"Oh my precious darling, oh good gracious," exclaimed her flushed and excited lover, rolling her up in his great coat, for the vestibule was chilly. "Oh, my dearest—just like my confounded luck! What sort of a fool have I made of myself before your father?"

"I don't know, I'm sure I don't know," cried Miss Bessie, with a very decided shake this time. "Oh Freddy, they will be so angry, they thought you were the bishop, and why, oh why did you upset stepmother of all people?"

"Upset your stepmother!" shrieked her astounded lover. "Jupiter and all the rout of Parnassus, let me go, darling, before I am shot!"

His exit, however, was interrupted by the entrance at this unlucky moment of Uncle Harcourt and the delinquent bishop.

"Hey-day!" cried Uncle Harcourt; "what does all this mean? Go on, my lord, if you please," he said sternly, "and leave me to investigate this matter. Explain yourself, sir," he exclaimed haughtily to Mr. Freddy Blake.

"I—I—a—it was a mistake—a—and Miss Bessie was explaining," stammered Mr. Blake, in confusion, "and—a—the vestibule was chilly, and I—a—offered Miss Merryweather the assistance of my coat."

"Very chilly," Uncle Harcourt remarked, frigidly; and perhaps *his* coat would be better protection—it was somewhat roomier and he looked with intense disapprobation at his niece's flushed countenance and somewhat dishevelled hair.

"Wait here, please, Freddy," implored Miss Bessie, "while I explain to Uncle," and she gently pushed that incensed gentleman through the hall and into the library, whence a few moments later issued a lusty roar of laughter and a stentorian voice was heard exclaiming:

"Upset your stepmother!—then on my honor, child, he is a champion worth having!" and with a second roar of laughter Uncle Harcourt was in the vestibule shaking hands with Mr. Freddy, and in less than five minutes more Miss Bessie was bundled into her wrappings and on her way to Isabel's party, under escort of Mr. Freddy himself, Uncle Harcourt undertaking to make all smooth upstairs.

And what a party that was! The fun, the laughter, the general jollity fails description; of how Uncle Jack and Mr. Freddy appeared as Knights of the Soup in kitchen armor, with dish-cover shields and coal-scuttle helmets, tongs and a toasting-fork for goodly weapons; of how Mr. Freddy stalked majestically forth in greaves and leggings that certainly looked exceedingly like links of stovepipes, and challenged Uncle Jack; and of how they fought, and Uncle Jack won and Isabel was chosen Queen of Plums and Butter; of how they danced and of how they sang; and how Mr. Freddy Blake was the gem of all as Frog-in-the-Middle; how he threw back his head and gave a long and reedy warble, leaped violently towards the ceiling, and over the ring, and frogged off croaking wildly, with the whole party in full pursuit.

Never had Isabel dreamed of doings such as these; her pale cheeks glowed crimson, and her eyes sparkled like the twinkling frost over the moonlit fields.

But the merriest revels must come to an end, and again beneath her archness Isabel said "Good night and Merry Christmas" to her departing guests, making comical contrast indeed to the trim little maiden who had received them so gracefully, for her sash was under her arm, and her yellow silk frills were torn; one yellow tie was gone completely, the other flying from the toe of her shoe, while her curls had apparently gone mad with the riots and stood out all over her head like a festive door mat.

Mr. Freddy and Miss Bessie and even Aunt Ernestine laughed when they looked at her. As for Uncle Jack, he simply shouted as he called her to come to him, "his utter wreck." But Isabel was beginning to understand Uncle Jack now, and laughed like the rest of them as she laid her head against his arm.

"Tired, my darling?" he asked, lifting her to his knee.

"No, thanks, Uncle Jack. No, indeed; not tired at all," she said, eagerly, "only my legs seem a little out of breath."

Christmas eve was almost over, Christmas morning fast approaching, and the house had become strangely silent and still after the music and laughter of the happy, childish voices, when Aunt Ernestine came softly down the stairs and motioned to Uncle Jack to join her. Drawing his arm within her own she led him, without speaking, into the little room where Isabel lay in peaceful and profoundest slumber, her curls floating lightly over her pillow, her lips parted and smiling as she slept.

"Poor little soul—how like her mother!" murmured Uncle Jack, tenderly. Lifting his eyes he caught a glimpse of the child's stocking hanging upon the rod that supported the little mantel curtains.

Santa Claus had been at work, for it was well filled, and with its strange lumps and knobs caused by the awkward-shaped parcels within, was such an odd-looking stocking that Uncle Jack involuntarily smiled.

"Read it, Jack," said Aunt Ernestine, tremulously, pointing to a curious little card Isabel had carefully pinned upon the outside of the stocking.

With eyes brimful of tears Uncle Jack read the straggling characters.

"Please Santa Claus if you can't any way make Uncle Jack to be my father send him a little daughter of his own, because he says he is going to miss me and I think it's true."

"Dearest," said Aunt Ernestine, laying her head upon his shoulder to hide her flowing tears; "no one can ever be to me what my little baby was—my little blue-eyed angel—whom God gave and whom God has taken—but her sweetness while I had her has made my heart tender to every little child. I love little Isabel with all my heart, and she is lonely. Shall we keep her, Jack, and make her our little daughter in love and deed?"

"With God's help, darling, we shall," replied Uncle Jack earnestly, and stooping down he kissed the sleeping child, unconscious as she moved slightly and smiled sweetly in her dreaming, that the Christmas bells at that moment so wildly pealing the dawn of a new and holy day, were ringing into her little life a new and blessed meaning of their old message of

"Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

MISS BURWASH.

SOLUNA.

Helios, whom saffron clouds did rich enfold,
Soft on a western hill I saw alight;
Out of his crimson locks went bars of gold,
Before his feet went clouds of amber light;
Earth glowed in mellow richness caught from him—
Heaven itself was flecked unto the utmost brim.

Dian I saw athwart Night's deep sad face,
Like a white swan on her far journey go;
She poured her pearly light as she did pass,
O'er mount and vale and winding stream below;
Majestic on she went till in the bright
Pavilion of the morn she stayed her lofty flight.

Thus sun and moon I saw; he of the day
Sole king, she mistress of the silent night—
He emblem of man's spirit in array
Of crescive strength—she of woman's, bright
And tranquil pure. In fixed relation they
Fulfil the purpose of the Infinite;
And so may we in love and unity,
Within our proper spheres work out our destiny.

HESTIA

Chappie—Why ah you studying Fwench?
Cholly—Because it's the wage in owah set—so English, you know.

There was a woman of Toronto
And this is the chair she got onto.

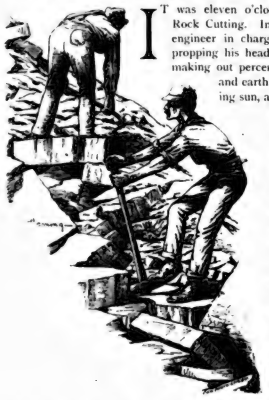
She was a reg'lar Woman's Righter
And was consider'd quite a fighter,

But when she saw a mouse or a rat,
Before anyone could say "Get out, scat!"

She'd jump on a chair or table,
Screaming as loud as she was able.

Help! Help!

AN EPISODE AT RED ROCK.



IT was eleven o'clock in the morning at Red Rock Cutting. In a rough board shanty the engineer in charge sat in his shirt sleeves, propping his head in his hands and drearily making out percentages at hard pan, muskeg and earth. Down the line, in a broiling sun, a gang of men were working with energy. Daniel MacBrian, the hardest contractor on the north shore, had just come up on a hand-car. The hot sun had added a spice more warmth even to his hot oaths. The clink of picks and the rattle of shovels rang ceaselessly and wearily to the man in the rough board shanty. The line stretched away to the east; muskeg, rock, a few low green shrubs and the sky—that was all there was to see; out of sight, around the bend of the line, the men were working with pick and shovel; a rough tote road led to the shanty, but nothing ever traveled on it, except now and then a load of supplies with straining horses and swearing driver. But no supplies would be needed in camp for a week; the paymaster had been there the week before. There was nothing to see but muskeg, rock, a few green leaves fainting in the sun, and the sky; nothing to hear but the clink of the picks, the rattle of the shovels, the shrill, sharp song of the grasshoppers and Daniel MacBrian's voice when he swore louder than usual.

The engineer in charge let his pencil drop on the floor. It missed a crack and rolled comfortably against a leg of the table. He stooped to pick it up, wishing that some one was there to bet on the breaking of the point. His hand fell to his side empty; he started to his feet. Some one was coming down the tote road. He sat down again and fixed his eyes on the door. It must be a horse and buggy from the sound. Who could be coming there with a horse and buggy? Whoever it was had driven thirty miles. The horse's head came in sight past the door-post and stopped. He heard some one getting out, and in a moment the driver stood in the doorway of the shanty. He was tall, round-shouldered and slouching. His mouth was stained with tobacco, and his jaws worked silently.

"Who air you?" he said, after a moment's glance. "Air you the engineer in charge?"

"I am; what do you want?"

"Nothing. There's a lady here wants to see you."

"The deuce you say! A lady?"

"She's in the buggy."

Having said this the man disappeared and the engineer in charge could hear him helping some one from the carriage. He looked at his coat, which hung on a peg across the room, made a step towards it, then turned and rushed to the door. The lady was standing on the step.

"Pray, come in madame. Won't you sit down?"

He handed her the chair awkwardly and stood staring—he couldn't help it. She was a little lady and middle-aged. She sat down as quietly as if it were the most natural thing in the world to be there.

"Are you the engineer in charge?"

"Yes, madame. What can I do for you?"

She hesitated and looked round the room.

"Will you not sit down? I am afraid I will have to detain you for a few moments."

"Certainly;" he looked at the table, then at a low bunk across the room and decided on the bunk.

"I have a letter from the president of the railway," she said, opening a handbag and taking out an envelope.

The engineer in charge rose and took it from her hand. While he was reading it the lady fixed her eyes on his face with wistful eagerness.

"I shall be happy to do anything in my power for you, madame—I would do that in any case."

"Thank you, you are very kind," she said, pressing her hands together nervously.

She seemed to be thinking what to ask first, looking at her handbag, her mouth set sorrowfully. Then a wonderful decision came into her face and looking up she said in a clear voice:

"Can you tell me if my son, Laurence Weston, is working on this section?"

"I do not think so, but to make sure I will look at the books." The books were on a shelf in one corner of the room. The engineer ran his finger down the list once rapidly, and then again, turned a few pages and went over them.

"No, madame," he said, closing the book, "your son has not been employed on this section, at least," he hesitated and then added in a lower tone, "not under that name."

A slight flush came into her cheeks. "You are right," she answered, bending her head, "he may have changed his name, I think likely he has. I have made inquiries in Port Arthur. Of course they advised me to stay there and write to the different sections. That was one reason why I did not. To be satisfied I must see the men myself and it is very hard to wait doing nothing while inquiries are being made."

Her eyes sought the engineer's face pathetically and her voice trembled.

"It is very hard," he answered.

"My son left home a year ago. He is young and before leaving England had been foolish and was, I think, ashamed and perhaps afraid to come home. He is very young, only a boy. His twentieth birthday will be next month. Have you anyone working here as young as that?"

"Yes, I should think so, a few."

"He is very handsome," she said proudly. "You would not easily forget him if you had seen him once."

She handed him a photograph which she had taken out of her bag.

"I am sorry that I have not a better one. That was taken when he was only twelve, but it will show you how handsome he was. Do you recognize any likeness to anyone working on this section?"

The frank, boyish face looked out eagerly from the photograph at the engineer.

"Very fine-looking," he murmured. "No, I can think of no one at present. I am afraid there is no one, but of course he must have changed since then."

"Not very much," she answered, holding out her hand for the card. "He has always been just the same boy."

She put it away carefully.

"Now, can you tell me, have there been any accidents in which my son might have been—— I want to know the worst at once."

The engineer moved uneasily in his low seat.

"Of course, Mrs. Weston, in this new and unsettled part of the country it is very hard to keep track of men. Some seem to have been lost and yet perhaps they have only gone to some other part of the country. One really cannot tell."

"But have there been no accidents where one or more lives have been lost?"

"There was one last fall," said the engineer looking down and clenching and unclenching his hands. "There have been a few accidents on the line but as far as I can remember all the men were known and their relatives communicated with."

"The one last fall that you spoke of, what was it?"

"A ship was lost and some men on board who were coming to work on this section."

"How many men?"

"It is not known. No list had been taken of their names. There were a good many."

"Do you mean to say," she said with parted lips, "that you do not know how many were lost nor who they were?"

"Yes, there were a good many."

"Oh my boy!"

The engineer in charge turned his head away. The driver had tied the brown horse to a post at the door and gone away down the track to see the men at work. A bundle of hay had been thrown on the ground in front of the horse.

"Would you kindly show me where the men are working. I must see them to satisfy myself, although I am afraid——" She had risen and was standing with a quiet face, holding the bag pressed to her side.

"I think there is a better way than that," said the engineer in charge quietly. "Mr. MacBrian, the contractor, is here this morning and he knows the men on the section very well, much better than I do. Would you not see him? It would be very hard for you to see all the men."

She sat down again immediately. "If you would be so kind."

He took his coat from the peg and went out holding it in his hand. The lady stood in the doorway looking wistfully down the track till he was out of sight. Then she opened the bag and taking out the picture gazed at it. She kissed it passionately and then pressed it to her bosom. Pacing to and fro she moaned aloud, then knelt down on the rough board floor and prayed with closed eyes and moving lips.

The horse outside stamped restlessly and pulled at the hay, shaking his head till the harness rattled. The vivid white sunshine poured in at the door and lay in a broad band on the floor. When Mr. MacBrian and the engineer in charge came back she was sitting by the table.

"This is Mr. MacBrian, Mrs. Weston. I have told him what it is you wish to know."

"Happy to meet you, ma'am," said Mr. MacBrian, boisterously. "We have a deal of men here, and changing every week some of them; but if you will give me a description of your boy, I'll do my best for you. How old is he?"

In the Studio.

"He will be twenty next month."

"Very young. We haven't got many that young. Well growed for his age?"

"He was about five feet ten inches when he left home."

"Fair or dark?"

"Fair, with blue eyes."

"Mustache?—likely—we don't do much shaving here."

"He would not have any; he had not when he left home—I really do not know," she added, looking appealingly at the engineer, who had left his place on the bunk to the contractor and was standing near her resting one hand on the table.

"It would not be sufficient to change his appearance much in any case," he said. "Perhaps, now, Mr. MacBrian, yon can tell Mrs. Weston if her son is likely to be here."

"Well," he said, "I can give a fair guess. Is he like his mother, good-looking, eh? Quite the gentleman, I suppose?"

The lady shrunk back a little in her chair, then said quietly:

"I do not think he resembles me," and gave the picture which she held in her hand to the contractor. The engineer in charge pulled his beard wrathfully.

"That is a picture of my son taken when he was twelve."

"Oh, it ain't no use looking. There ain't any one like that here."

He took the card from her hand roughly, and looked at it.

"I couldn't tell from this, anyway. There ain't anyone like that working on my section."

The engineer in charge took the picture from him and gave it back to the lady, who put it away.

"Thank you, Mr. MacBnan," she said. "I am very sorry to have given you so much trouble."

She turned to the engineer. "Can you tell me any more about this accident—the ship that was lost last autumn?"

Mr. MacBrian looked at the engineer and changed his position uneasily.

"Mr. MacBrian can tell you more about that, Mrs. Weston, than anyone else. Mrs. Weston is speaking of the wreck of the Mary Ann Hulbert," he added, turning to the contractor.

"Your boy couldn't have been on her," he said, hastily, moistening his lips 'What did you put that into her head for?" he said savagely, turning on the engineer.

"I asked if there had been any accident lately. Are you sure my boy could not have been on that boat? Why could he not?"

"Oh, he couldn't—a boy like that; I would remember him. I don't mean that! What made your boy leave home? Did he run away? Would he change his name?"

"Yes, he ran away. He may have changed his name."

"That has nothing to do with the question, MacBrian. If you wait I will tell Mrs. Weston about the Mary Ann Hulbert."

MacBrian sprang to his feet and paced the floor restlessly. "Tell her if you want to. I don't see what you are making such a fuss about. I'll tell her myself."

Mrs. Weston looked at the two men. The engineer in charge had drawn himself up and was looking with angry contempt at the contractor, who avoided his glance.

"I had taken a contract for this section," he began, hurriedly, "and had to have it done by August. I had to have it done or be ruined," he exclaimed excitedly, "so I got a few men together at Port Arthur——"

"The wharf was crowded with them," interrupted the engineer.

"'Twasn't a big wharf. They all wanted work; they wanted to go—would do anything to get to go——"

"Do you think my Larry was on the wharf with these men?"

"No, ma'am, I don't. They were crazy to go. I went myself. There was a steamer towing the Mary Ann Hulbert and I went on her. It got kind of rough, blew hard, and the boat, the Mary Ann, was lost."

"Lost! How could that be? Was the steamer lost too? How could one be lost without the other?" she asked, turning to the engineer.

"One was a rotten tub, the other was a stanch vessel."

"Did you know that? How could you do it?"

"How was I to know it was going to blow? The captain, he thought it was all right."

"How many men were there? Don't you know even their names?"

"How was I to know their names? Oh, fifty or one hundred, maybe more—I don't know," he said, wiping the sweat from his brow, and always as he talked, looking anywhere but at the engineer or the lady.

"Did you see my boy there? He was so handsome, you must have noticed him—so tall and strong. You must have seen him if he had been on the wharf.'

"I don't know. How can I tell? He might have been; I don't know."

"His hair was golden and waved so beautifully. Did you see anyone there like that?"

"I don't know, woman; I don't know. My God, how can I tell!"

She sprang to her feet and cried, pointing at him: "You took these men out there—fifty of them, one hundred of them, you don't know—in a sinking ship and drowned them! Do you think my boy was there?" she cried, turning to the engineer. "My boy! I must know. Am I to wait for years, and then if he doesn't come back, say he was drowned in the Mary Ann Hulbert? Do you *think* he was there?"

"I don't know," he answered, speaking low. "I am afraid——"

"My God!" she cried in a thrilling voice, "is he drowned in that great cold sea? Is it the same lake that I sailed over to get to Port Arthur? Is it Lake Superior?"

"Where was the ship lost? Do you know that?" she said fiercely to MacBrian.

"Yes, ma'am, Lake Superior, somewhere near Isle Royal."

"What kind of a night was it? How was it you didn't see the ship go down?"

"How could we see? It was as dark as hell and a snow storm."

"A snow storm! My boy was drowned in a snow storm! Oh, how cold he would be!" she screamed aloud.

MacBrian stood before her with a white, frightened face and hanging head. The engineer slipped forward and took her hand.

She looked at him for a moment vaguely and then sat down.

"You must excuse me, I have been traveling a long time and I am very tired. It is a great shock. I thought surely I would find him here."

She covered her face with her hands for a moment, then looked up.

"I suppose I can only go back now. If I could only be sure. There is nothing that I can do?" she said, looking at the engineer.

"God only knows," he answered softly. "Madame, if I could do anything——"

"I am sure you would, you have been very kind. Would you tell the driver that I am ready." She ignored MacBrian's presence in the room and he stood abashed. A step sounded outside. A man dressed in working clothes stained with earth stood on the steps.

"Mr. MacBrian, the foreman wants to know if we are to stop for dinner now?"

"Laurence?" The lady sprang to the doorway and threw her arms round his neck. "My boy, oh my God."

He staggered and would have fallen, but she held him tightly in her arms.

"Mother, mother," he cried and kissed her, weeping.

"Come, my son, we will go home," she said, holding him by the hand 'The driver is ready, is he not? You must pardon me, I do not know your name. Introduce me to this gentleman, Laurence."

"Mr. Everett, mother. Are they all well at home?"

"All well and longing to see you, darling."

"Will you not stay and rest, Mrs. Weston? We have not much to offer you but you must eat something."

"No thank you, we must hurry back; I do not feel the need of anything, but my son will be hungry," she added, suddenly; "he has been working hard, I must not forget. I cannot stay here. Perhaps you would give us some food to take with us."

"Certainly, Mrs. Weston, but I think you should stay."

"Oh no, I could not stay here." She indicated by a quick gesture the other person in the room, never looking at him, nor seeming to know he was there but for that quick gesture.

They got into the carriage. The engineer in charge who had gone to the lodging house came back with a parcel.

"I am sorry it is not better, it is the best we have."

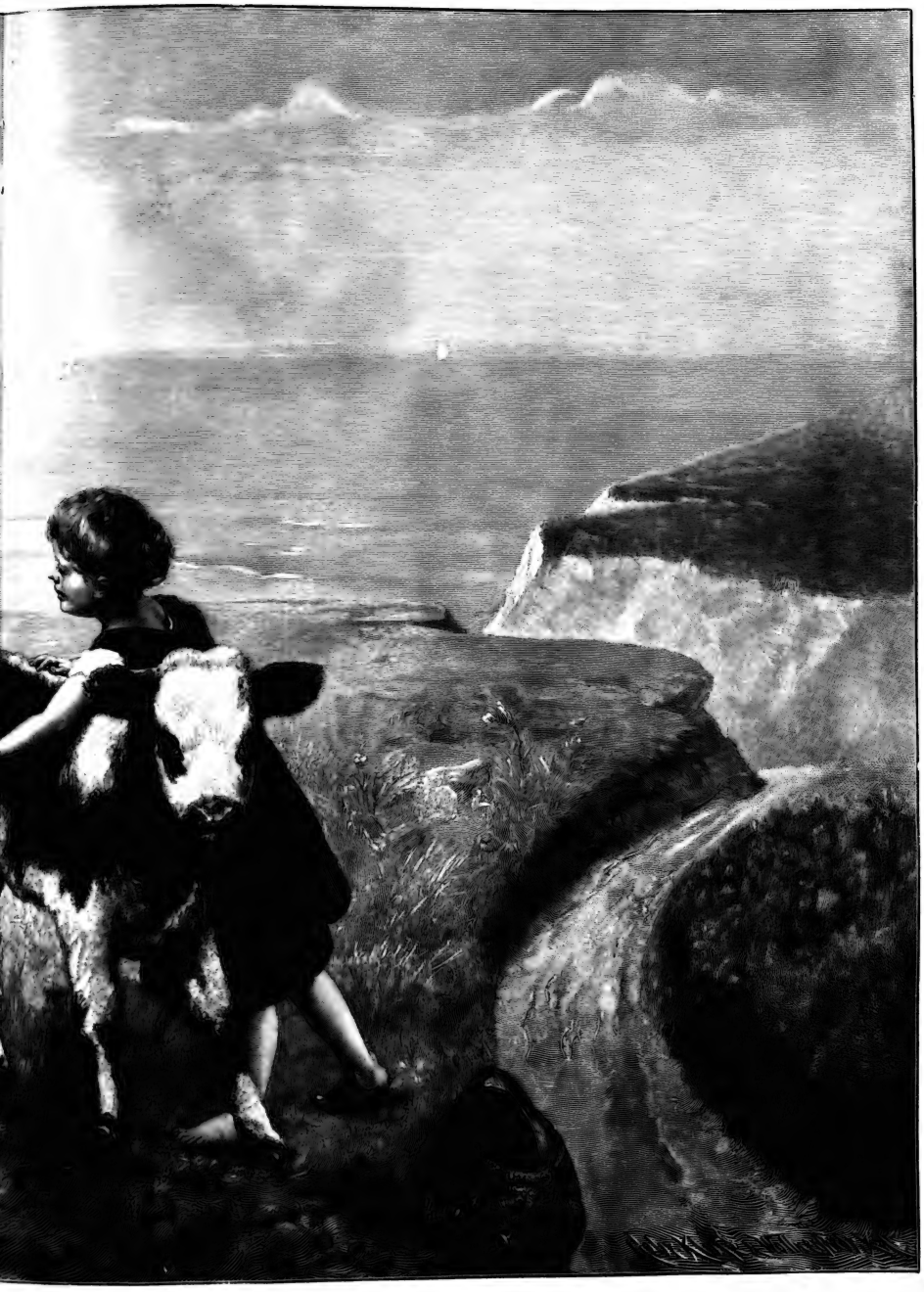
"You are very kind, I am sure it will be good," said the lady. She held out her hand and smiled.

"Mr. Everett, if you ever come to England, come to us, but if I never see you again I will never forget you. You are young; I who am old want to tell you how true God is. For this, my son," she went on, her voice trembling, "was lost. I cannot say it," she said, weeping and pressing his hand with her trembling ones.

"Mother."

"I know, Laurence, I am very foolish. Pray forgive me."

He Wont Hurt You!



but You!

Mr. MacBrian came out of the house with a piece of paper in his hand.

"Here, Smith, or Weston, whatever your name is, you can present this in Port Arthur for your wages."

The lady's eyes flashed.

"Laurence, do not take it. I forbid you to take that man's money."

Laurence looked at her and smiled. "I earned it, mother," he whispered.

"He has your son's work, Mrs. Weston; you wouldn't give him the money too, surely?" said the engineer.

"I have no right to say no. Do what you think best, my darling."

"Thank you, Mr. MacBrian," said Laurence, putting the paper in his pocket.

"Won't you be friends, ma'am?" said the contractor, clumsily. "After all I didn't drown your boy."

"I have nothing to forgive you, it seems," she said, scornfully; "but there were fifty or one hundred men on that ship. I wonder you dare sail on the lake again."

They left them standing at the door of the rough board shanty. The gang of men who had come from work stood by the lodging house, looking at the woman and the buggy.

The driver jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Daniel MacBrian is the biggest rascal on the whole North Shore. He ain't a lucky man to work with. The Almighty thought He had him safe in the Mary Ann Hulbert last fall. He ain't going to make the same mistake a second time."

"Have you forgiven me, mother?"

She caught his hand and pressed it to her side. "What a man you have grown, my darling."

The rattle of the wheels on the tote road died away. There was nothing to be seen but sky, muskeg, rock, the track and a few green leaves fainting in the sun.

MARJORIE MACMURCHY.

SUMMER.

Sweet slumb'rous haze spreads o'er the earth
In tranquil, glorious sheen,
And nature's gentler beauty shows
From early morn to shady e'en.

Dull, drowsy sounds of humming life
Fill all the languid, lazy air,
Afar a murmuring, babbling stream
Makes music wondrous soft and fair.

The lowing kine with drooping heads
Browse slow beneath the shady trees,
The busy ant his toil forgets
And everywhere is listless ease.

A restful calm steals o'er the soul,
Nor care, nor clinging sorrow stay,
And man, with pleasing indolence,
Lets thought and sense both fade away.

D. R. MCLEAN.

THE GLENIFFER GHOST.

A FAVORITE resort for anglers is the hull of the stranded schooner Gleniffer, which lies on the north shore of Lake Ontario just off Mimico, near to the city of Toronto. They sit, boys and men and sometimes girls, on the bulwarks of the old ship, dangling their legs and their lines. Any fine day almost will find some Izak Waltonist there.

One afternoon two boys, Will and Harry Beverley, and an old boatman, Zeque Quiaz, were there. The lads began asking Zeque, who was a good-natured old salt, how the Gleniffer had happened to come ashore, and Zeque told them this:

In the fall of 1889 the schooner Gleniffer loaded coal at Oswego for Toronto. The hatches were well battened, and everything pregnosticated a swift and uneventful sail across Ontario.

A fresh breeze was blowing from the nor'-nor'-east and the Gleniffer spanked along at a rattling rate.

"If that wind will only hold we'll make Toronto sooner than we ever did before," the captain intimated to the man at the wheel; "but I am afraid it won't," he put in as an afterthought.

"What says the barometer, sir?" inquired the sailor.

"It's tendency is downward, and the wind is getting rawer," the skipper said, and even as he spoke it freshened much and shifted to the east. It veered still further and began to blow a gale from the east sou'-east.

"That's a bad sign!" the skipper growled, as he ordered sail to be reduced. "The wind has turned against the sun; we'll have a wicked tussle I'm afraid."

He was right. Along came a blinding blast of sleet and hail, bringing a following sea which climbed aboard the schooner and washed the deck from binnacle to bow. The masts threatened to go by the board, so every inch of canvas on the poles was stowed except a steadier. The wind had grown into a raging hurricane, with rain and sleet so thick that the schooner's bowsprit point could scarcely be perceived. The sizz and gurgle of the water were continual, and further following seas came crashing over stern and side. Often the vessel made as much leeway as headway in the gale. She would not answer to her helm.

Nothing could be done but drive before the storm, which the ship did all day. Night fell and found no abating of the elements. The captain knew they must be somewhere near Toronto Island, and all on board kept their ears alert to catch the foghorn sounding. They could not hear it. There was nothing but the hissing of the sleety foam.

The dim lantern candle on the mast just served to make the darkness deeper. All hands were clinging for their lives to ratlines or whatever happened to their grasp. The captain peered through the black to count his men.

"One—two—three—four—five—what!"

He rubbed his eyes to count again, but still he made the number five. He knew he had shipped four men all told. He resolved to call the roll. He did. The entire crew of four answered to their names, and then the captain cried:

"Is there another man on board?"

"Aye, aye, sir," came ringing from the mate.

"Fetch him forward!" the skipper ordered.

"It can't be done, sir," said the mate.

"Why?" the master thundered.

"'Cause he's not of flesh and blood," the mate vouchsafed.

"Nonsense! Rot!" exclaimed the captain vigorously. "I'll see myself, A-hoy, there! Come up forrard, man!" he roared.

But the figure did not move, it only swung with its hand upon a guy and turned its face toward the skipper. The visage was a ghastly-white one, framed in dank black hair. The captain and the mate stepped aft to investigate the mystery, and the rest of the crew stayed by the man at the wheel.

"Avast, there! Can't you come forrard?" spoke up the skipper, putting forth his hand to grasp the figure's arm, but the phantom merely grinned, the ship gave a lurch, and when the captain looked again the alleged man had gone from the guy and was walking to the cabin door. The captain got angry and made a bound to grab the stranger, but the latter reached the entrance to the cabin, opened it and disappeared inside. The captain followed, with the mate close on his heels. There sat the mystery at the table's end. The captain reached for the intruder's neck.

"Here, you!" the skipper said with energy; "I want no fooling round this ship—What!"

The phantom man had fled, and the captain tumbled up against the table's side to grasp the back of an empty chair. Search did not reveal the mystifying man, so skipper and mate returned in a dudgeon to the deck.

"Did you notice him come out?" the captain asked the men.

"We did, sir," they replied with one accord.

"Where is he?" howled the mate; "we'll chop him up!"

"Gone overboard at the stern," the helmsman said.

"We're well rid of him," the skipper muttered, as he strode aft, and all the sailors heartily agreed.

The gale had grown so furious that it threatened to blow the laboring schooner out of the water, or swamp her with high following seas. At length there came over the starboard bow a sound like the rush of sand-beach surf. The captain listened attentively while the chief mate hove the lead.

"Five fathoms, sir," the mate vouchsafed, as he hauled in the wet line and was nearly washed overboard by a heavy sea.

"I reckon we're off Toronto Island," said the captain; "but not a whisper of foghorn do I hear."

All ears were strained, and by and by they caught a doleful tolling from away ahead. It came nearer—nearer—nearer—as the vessel scudded on, until the ringing was distinct.

"Port your helm!" the captain shouted; "or we'll run the waterworks intake bell-buoy from its moorings. The Island foghorn is not blowing. Confound that sleepy man on shore!"

Slowly the schooner luffed to larboard, and then passed about a rod to southward of the sonorous-sounding bell. This proved the bearings perfectly, and presently the commander ordered the rudder put to starboard to bring the ship about and wear round Island Point. Could they but get beneath the Island's lee they would be safe.

The schooner did not obey her helm and the captain roared the command again.

The Snow Queen.

"Something has fouled her rudder, sir," shouted the wheelsman.

The captain made his way astern, clinging to different parts of the ship as he went along, and peered over the hinder rail. The rudder was straight out in a line and astride it the phantom man sat. That was all that seemed holding it but it was as stiff as though braced there with steel. The almost undauntable skipper began to feel creepy at last, but he picked up a handspike and made a lunge at the helm-riding man.

The captain was a practical being and not at all liable to be carried away by uncustomary circumstances from his wonted presence of mind, but he had to confess astonishment when the end of the marlinspike passed through the face of the haunter of the helm and came out behind his head. Then the figure grinned that horrid grin, and in a dismal chant began to sing this doggerel :

"A mutinous sailor was I ;
Tee hee !
For which I was clubbed on the head,
You see !
Yo ho, yo ho ! To Mimico !
Where all the crazy people go !"

The captain thought this ludicrous, so :

"To Hamilton with your song !" he blurted. "Get off the rudder !"

But for answer the ghost resumed his song :

"A mutinous sailor was I ;
Tee hee !
For which I was clubbed on the head,
You see !
Yo ho, yo ho ! To Mimico !
Where all the crazy people go !"

There was no use trying to expostulate, for the roaring thunder of not-far-distant breakers could be distinctly heard topping the turbulent tone of the tossing tide. On sped the vessel to her certain wreck and as the sound of the crushing swash of the wild breakers increased, the weird song of the phantom sailor rose higher. The weird refrain seemed to be taken up, echoed and re-echoed by a million water devils flitting round the dismantled masts. His spectreship astride the rudder led off every time with a vim. At it they went through the rushing rain. Impish hilarity made such a din that captain and sailors were badgered with fear that they would have to join in the chorus through sheer magnetic spontaneity. How that *da capo* did whirl !

"Yo ho, yo ho ! To Mimico !
Where all the crazy people go !"

The climax came in yells and wind-shrieks. The Gleniffer struck into the rough rocks with a jar, then rebounded. The fiends were wild in demoniac delirim. They bore the schooner high up on the waves among the heavy boulders beneath the big clay bank and dropped her. The crescendo pitch was mighty !

Huddling on the deck in the cabin's lee the crew waited for the dawn or succor sooner from the shore. The ship's yawl had been washed from its davits before the phantom sailor sat on the helm to wreck the craft. Dwellers on the bank had seen the vessel drifting to the shore, and already they were there with ropes and buoys to assist the almost perished mariners to land. A line was made fast to the schooner in time and an extempore cradle was rigged wherein the sailors were taken off. The female cook went first, then the four men, one by one, and the captain remained to be last. Before he lashed himself to the life-saving gear he took a look in the cabin below. There, stretched out in the captain's bunk, was the shadowy singer of song. The blankets were wet with the soakage from the usurping spirit's clothes, but he was sleeping, as though to rest from his recent row. The exasperated skipper longed to punch his nose as a parting token, but the shouts from the shore brought him back to the rope and he left the ship to the phantom man. His heartstrings twanged in a bit of discord when he looked at the boat which had borne him so long and had earned him his bread. He gazed from the beach with his hands locked behind and his under lip pursed. You boys know the rest.

. . . . . .

Will and Harry had listened, and when Zeque Quizz wound up his tackle to go they did the same and went from the old hull with him. Of course they were not afraid.

Two nights after this the boys had to pass by the beach quite close to the Gleniffer hull. It was storming somewhat and the waves were lashing the wreck. A howl floated off from the deck and the two boys gazed hard at each other. They thought on Zeque Quizz's yarn. They watched the black bulk lying out in the lake. A dim light gleamed from interstices and holes in the walls of the Gleniffer's cabin, and there was a howl again.

"Let us go, Will," Harry whispered.

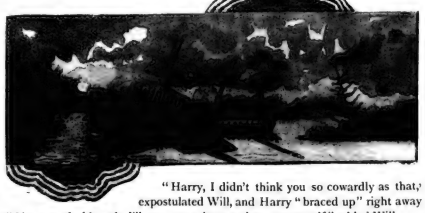
"No !" said Will firmly. "There never were ghosts ; we believe in no bogeys. Someone's got left on the wreck. Maybe they went out fishing and couldn't get back. We'll see to it, Hank ; let's go and find Zeque."

Harry admired his elder brother always ; now he was proud of him. What a naive way he had of saying "we !"

They reached Quizz's shanty and knocked at the door. There was darkness within, and not a soul moved though they hammered again. The boys were nonplussed.

"Zeque has gone to the city," said Will at last ; "he told me he'd go out to-day. I'll tell you, we'll shove off Zeque's boat and row to the Gleniffer ourselves. It's not very rough."

And they did. Harry quaked, but dared to brave danger with his big brother Will. They got the boat through the surf and started to row. As they drew nearer the hulk the howls sounded loud. Harry caved for a second and begged that they go back.



"Harry, I didn't think you so cowardly as that," expostulated Will, and Harry "braced up" right away "If you prefer, though, I'll row you ashore and go out myself," added Will.

But Harry would not hear of this. He would be in misery for his brother's safety if he let him go alone. Closer and closer they came to the wreck, and Harry imagined the howling thing in the shape of Zeque Quizz's Gleniffer ghost. But he held his jaws tightly and said not a word. The Duke of Wellington said once that that man was a hero who feared but whose will was enough to carry him through with his duty ; he could depend on that man where he couldn't on one without fear. Such a hero was Harry. They were close to the wreck.

"A-hoy, there !" hailed Will.

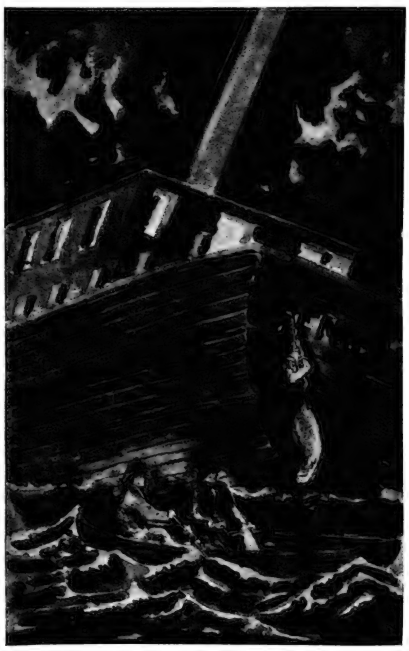
No answer came back, but through the crannies of the cabin on the deck the boys could still see faint tints of light.

"We'll have to go aboard," vouchsafed brave Will.

Harry was ready for anything now. They pulled round the hull till they came where a painter hung down. They made fast to this and clambered on deck. They groped their way to the cabin and peeped through the broken-down door. Both started back, and Harry, in a whisper which was scarcely heard, said :

"I'm sure that's the ghost !"

"I tell you that ghosts are a myth !" Will peremptorily cried. "We shall go in and see."



Jennie and her Kitten.

On the remains of an old bunk there lay a figure, its black, bedraggled hair clinging around a chalk-white face. A slight illumination filled the place, making the sight more ghastly. Will gallantly walked in and found that the light came from a lantern standing on the floor in a corner of the cabin. Plucky as he was, he well-nigh lost his courage when a great dark object loomed up from underneath the shattered bunk. It proved to be a big Newfoundland dog, and its antics plainly showed that it was glad to see the interlopers.

"Down, down, old boy!" cried Will; and Harry admired again his brother's coolness. Will picked up the feebly burning lantern and going to the bunk held it aloft. Harry was close behind.

"Nellie Lovatte!" they exclaimed together; and at the sudden sound the girl moved and moaned. Then she opened her eyes and gazed in terror. Will spoke up briskly:

"Nell, how in the world did you come here?" he asked.

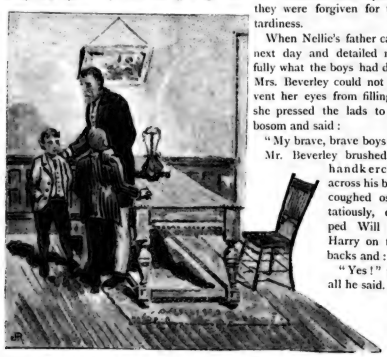
She sat up, looked at the two wondering boys and began to cry. The tale came gradually, but this is what it was:

Nellie had often been told by her mother not to get into any of Zeque Quizz's boats while she was playing alone on the shore. Nor did she. But this day she had come across a strange canoe and had rocked deliciously in it this way and that, until she had wriggled it off the beach and afloat. She had felt in ecstasy to bob about on the water so. Presently the wind had arisen and had tossed the canoe, then she had become afraid and had wondered what she should do. Carlo had been with her; she had thought she would get him to tow her back to land; but between them they had upset the canoe. Nellie had floundered in the water; Carlo had taken her dress in his teeth and had drawn her to the Gleniffer wreck, which was quite close. They had managed to get on to the deck. Nellie had cried and had shouted; Carlo had howled. Night had come on and Nellie had become more frightened still. She had searched in the old cabin and had found the lantern and some matches in a hole in the wall. She had lighted the lantern and, wearied, she had lain down on the old boards to rest. That was all she knew.

Will and Harry got Nellie into their boat and finally returned her safely home. Her parents had become distracted. Zeque Quizz had gone to the city to warn the police to search for the little girl. None suspected that a canoe had that afternoon been run on to the beach by two surveyors, nor that Nellie had floated away in it. Will and Harry brought happiness again.

About the lantern? Zeque Quizz had left it on the Gleniffer; at nights he often used it to attract the fish.

Harry said he would never believe ghost stories another time—unless they were true, he added as an afterthought! Will laughed to think how nearly he had come to being frightened himself when Carlo had sprung up. They were late getting home, but when all was explained they were forgiven for their tardiness.



When Nellie's father called next day and detailed more fully what the boys had done, Mrs. Beverley could not prevent her eyes from filling as she pressed the lads to her bosom and said:

"My brave, brave boys!"

Mr. Beverley brushed his handkerchief across his brow, coughed ostentatiously, clapped Will and Harry on their backs and:

"Yes!" was all he said.

JOHN A. COPLAND.

Jasper—Well, when you were lecturing on that subject did you find that your audiences followed you?

Lecturer—Oh, my, yes. Once some of them followed me almost a mile but I escaped.

ALAS.

How glorious all our dreams are!
How dull our lives each day!
What brilliant things we think of!
What silly things we say.

NO OFFENCE MEANT.

He—Will you be mine?
She—Give me time to think.
He—Oh, do not keep me in suspense so long.

PERFECTLY VACUOUS.

Jaspar—You are just back from Europe, eh? I suppose you are full of news?

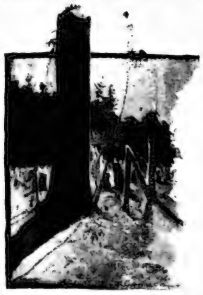
Jumpuppe—Oh, no, I'm not. I was seasick all the way over.

A HINT AT 1 A. M.

He—I always walk when I am agitated.
She—What agitates you?
He—Many things; but—er—why do you ask?
She—Because I'd like to agitate you.

ROMANCE OF AN ELM STUMP.

A TRUE STORY OF THE BACKWOODS.



CHAPTER I.

WANDERING through the somewhat monotonous forests of tall, straight trees that the backwoods furnish, there are few more pleasant incidents than to come across a beaver meadow. And what of a beaver meadow? Well, a beaver meadow is a very pretty feature in the generally unromantic landscape. It's a pretty, though limited, streak of green wild grass through which a clear little stream meanders. The shapely wild plum trees with their bright ripe fruit, that dot the little plain, the surrounding borders of balm of Gilead thorn and other small trees increasing in height and size as they approach the elms, basswoods and maple, interspersed with a few cedar and pine that surround the pretty opening together form a scene very welcome to the eyes sick of the interminable trunks and overshadowing branches of the ordinary woods. Every one, or almost every one who has visited the backwoods, has seen or heard of a beaver meadow but every one does not know how the pretty oasis comes to be there. The building of dams by the early denizens of the wilds with the aid only of their teeth and their tails is a matter of juvenile natural history, but few know how pleasant and picturesque a woodland scene they form. The beaver dam, ong since washed away, once backed the water and flooded the adjacent land; he inundated roots rotted and the forest trees fell, decayed and disappeared, eaving a fair level plain covered with long wild grass, through which the creek now unobstructed flows, surrounded with trees and foliage not found elsewhere in the bush. Wild plum trees, whose fruit falls ungathered, cluster in little orchards and look as if they had been planted, pruned and trimmed by a gardener's hand and under these the wild deer love to lie; and the balm of Gilead, and black ash and small hickories adorn the borders until the full lofty grandeur of the mighty forest trees make up the leafy background of the picture. On the border of this landscape garden of nature's own planning, on a balmy evening of a beautiful autumn day in October, 1839, a young man of some twenty-three years of age stood and watched the declining sun and the pretty scene before him. The many-pocketed white fustain shooting jacket, the shot belt and Joe Manton fowling piece would have proclaimed a recent importation from an older soil, if the brown curly hair, the light blue eyes, the well cut features and still ruddy though sun-burnt cheeks had not told his Saxon origin. Young Algernon, in what seemed a not unpleasing reverie, lingered on the margin of the meadow till the lengthening shadows of the thorn trees suggested that the daylight was waning, and then after a glance at sun and sky and plain, not in a mood sentimental however, but to get his bearings and mark his homeward course, he strode lightly and rapidly into the surrounding woods. It was getting dark beneath the unbroken foliage of the forest trees and to a novice it would not have been a singular adventure to lose his way—not his path, for there was none—but Algernon was not altogether a novice, and it is strange how soon, with a little practice, an active young fellow will learn to tread fearlessly and safely the trackless woods, when if he should be asked the question what sign he was traveling by it would be hard for him to tell. There seemed to be an instinct, very strong in four-footed animals, that guided him. Algernon had himself experienced an instance of this in respect to cattle. Having laid out part of his last English remittance in the purchase of a fine yoke of young oxen, which he had driven from the distant township of Zora, by the road some fifty or sixty miles, these animals in a short time disappeared and were sought for in vain in the surrounding woods and at the then few scattered clearings among other cattle. An old settler suggested that they had made for the "location where they was raised.' And so it turned out; they had gone back to their former home, not by the road however over which they had been driven, but through the woods, crossing several small rivers in the route. But had Algernon's woodsmancraft been less than it was, a loadstone's magic influence would have led his footsteps straight.

In a small clearing on the banks of the Bayfield river a clearing, not made by the tails of beaver but by the hands of sturdy choppers as the countless large unsightly stumps proclaimed, was a neat log house, neater than that young settlement could in most cases boast of. Its corners were squared, its logs hewn, and its roof shingled, and in the doorway of that little house on that fair Indian summer eve stood watching and waiting a sweet and pretty woman, not a "fair ladye," for she was dark and not fair, being of a quarter Indian blood, but a sweet, graceful and pretty woman or girl in appearance, nevertheless gentle and lissom as a young deer. Her slender form, unmarred by art, showed its fair proportions through her simple but not ungraceful garb. A

plain but neatly fashioned cotton dress belted round the waist and worn short, showed the small feet encased, not in moccasins, but in neatly fitting boots of English workmanship, and, must it be confessed, just the edges of fine blue cloth leggings ornamented with Indian bead work. This was long before the advent of Mrs. Walker or even Mrs. Bloomer, but Marie under her European skirts and over her London-made boots wore her blue leggings, and pretty they were if for no other reason than that she wore them. I have said she was dark and Indian-blooded, but not darker than some brunettes of pure blood. Her features were thoroughly European, and no high cheek bones or flattened nose deformed them; her eyes were dark and her hair black and luxuriant. She had thrown a bright scarlet scarf over her head, which fell over her shoulder and she sheltered her eyes from the setting sun and watched and waited for the one being who formed her world, her blue-eyed English husband—nor waited she long in vain Algernon saw her as he emerged from the woods and was at her side with quickened steps, a brief embrace which she met with a cry of gladness that was inexpressibly winning, and they passed into their log home, the fairy bower of love and trust and happiness.

That little log house was by no means void of comfort and displayed even some luxuries. The floor was covered with Indian matting and deer skin and wolf skin rugs, the chairs were bark-seated and the table plain and rudely made of native cherry, but there were also a handsome writing desk and rosewood workbox. The high-priced rifle and fowling piece and sporting appliances, fishing tackle, etc., were all evidently imported; a few shelves, roughly put up, bore some handsome and valuable books; and above all, that little sitting-room boasted a pretty cabinet piano—the only one in the settlement, no, it was not the only one in the settlement, for there were two or three others whose tones astonished the natives of the neighborhood even in that day, but they came with their owners, Old Country ladies, who brought their musical instruments with them, whilst it was otherwise with Marie.

Algernon Harvey was a young Englishman of good family, whose friends had for reasons best known to him and them induced him to settle in Canada, a region which, according to the Canada Company's prospectus, offered many attractions. He evidently had resources and bought a tract of land of several hundred acres on the banks of the Bayfield river, on which was a mill site, with no great water power it is true, but he built there a small saw mill, cleared a few acres and put up the log house above described. During the summer preceding the date of this tale, a few speculative individuals had formed a company with a view of growing rich from the capture of herring, trout and white fish at a cluster of islands lying in Lake Huron between the mouth of the Saugeen river and the Manitoulin Islands. And it was not for want of the fish that these gentlemen did not "make rich," for the herring shoals were boundless and the larger fish countless. But to return to our tale—Algernon from love of adven-

A COUNTRY ROAD IN ONTARIO.
Prize Photograph by W. B. Bayley.

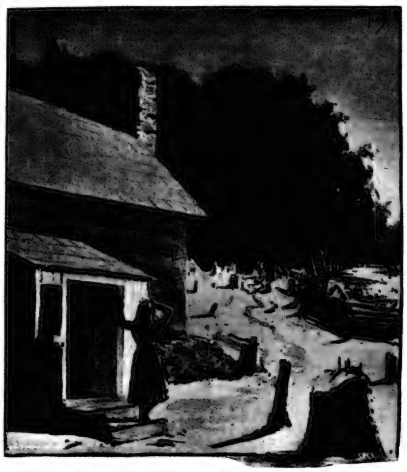
ture joined the fishing crew, but finding little fun in the wholesale slaughter and caring little for the anticipated profits, got on board a schooner and found his way to Manitoulin and Penetanguishene, where he was very cordially received by the officers of the small garrison of British troops stationed there, and he had in fact quite a high time generally, and here he met Marie. There is no great mystery about Marie either; nevertheless she is no ordinary Indian girl or untaught maiden. Her mother was the daughter of an Indian trader, or rather Indian agent, in the employ of the now defunct Hudson Bay Company, and his squaw wife—such marriages being then by no means uncommon. Marie's father was a half-breed Wesleyan missionary and interpreter. She had been well taught, partly by her own mother, who had been well educated, and partly with the daughters of Captain Harris, at Penetanguishene, at whose home Algernon met her. She filled in the captain's household rather an anomalous position. She was companion to his daughters, assisting them in their household duties, for it was not easy to get servant girls, domestics, helps or whatever may have been the proper term at Penetanguishene in the year 1838. She may have done something more than her share of such work, but she shared with them in such advantages as the teaching of the younger sisters by the older ones afforded, of the music lessons, which the mother was well able to give, and she gave somewhat of an incentive to the progress of the other girls, for she learned from a love of learning while they did their lessons from a sense of duty. She was a great favorite with all the family, from the parents to the youngest child and was treated as on a perfect equality with them. It must be stated that for services performed she received no wages or salary but did not decline presents, which were liberally bestowed. When do Indians, male or female, ever decline presents? It seems to come natural to them to receive them, and hence the many articles of wardrobe, toilet, etc., and the pretty piano that adorned Marie's home, for Captain Harris's family, who were returning to England, presented her, on her marriage, with that instrument on which she was a not indifferent performer.

Harvey had no friends to consult, no settlements to make nor guardians to propitiate, he was free to do as he liked and he liked to marry this pretty, piquant, unsophisticated Indian girl, who was companion, governess, maid in waiting in general, servant of everybody, but friend of everybody in Captain Harris's family, of which she was the brightness and sunshine, and he did marry her and brought her to his home on the bank of the Bayfield river where they were both as happy as it seemed possible for mortals to be.

CHAPTER II.

It was autumn when I met them. The following spring Algernon got his mill into operation, and to enable him to operate it hired an English emigrant who had lately arrived in the settlement and had applied to him for work. The man was a sturdy, thick-set, bullet-headed fellow of somewhat sinister aspect. Algernon did not like his appearance, there was something about him which recalled scenes and circumstances of the past but which Algernon could not define; a feeling of distrust and dislike involuntarily possessed him, which he tried in vain to shake off. The man was anxious to be employed, that was natural enough, and needing his service Harvey employed Dick, who entered on his work. Dick proved a morose, sour-tempered fellow, but worked well and gave no special grounds of complaint. He was rather fond of drink, and on his return from the village, now county town, he would show that he had been indulging; otherwise he behaved passably well. Yet it was difficult to like him, and neither Algernon nor Marie did like him; they were conscious of it without being well able to say why, and Algernon had made up his mind to part with him when he should have an opportunity.

It was a fine spring morning when Algernon took down his fowling piece preparing to look for some duck. Marie had been ailing somewhat of late and seemed restless and nervous, and she did what she seldom or never did before, coaxed Algernon not to go out. He laughingly kissed her, said he must bring her some duck, and departed. Why was Marie sad and what had troubled her? She was usually all smiles and brightness. She felt she was not quite well, but she felt too a painful doubt whether in respect of the incidents of that morning's occurrence she had herself done right. Dick had been to town the previous day and had returned more besotted, sullen and morose than usual, and had supplied himself with a private bottle which he kept concealed and to which he had frequent recourse. The morning in question he had risen late, and after sundry sips was hanging in a loutish manner about the house, when Marie had occasion to give him some trifling order. Generally, Dick when sober was respect-



ful enough, as far as words went at any rate. His manner indeed towards Marie was a rough attempt at conciliation, and one cause of her dislike of him was the manner in which he would look at and glare on her. This morning, however, he seemed inclined to be insolent and muttered some sullen answer. Marie, with a dignity which well became her, told him that was not the way to speak to his master's wife. Dick answered with a malevolent look as he passed out, "Wife, indeed!" Marie was alone. Should she tell Algernon this incident? Why should she annoy him? It troubled her, but she let him go. He went smiling and she was silent, but though he smiled Algernon had overheard Dick's muttered words as he went, but did not know that Marie had heard them. He heard too the tone that they were uttered in, but placed no particular significance on them, except as to their impertinence. He had been returning to the house when he met Dick coming out and heard what he said. He at once decided to ship Mr. Dick at whatever inconvenience to himself, and having thus decided and not caring to tell Marie the cause of the dismissal, he strolled slowly to the distant part of the clearing whither his man had moodily preceded him and where they had been preparing a piece of land for logging.

"Dick, what do you mean by speaking as you did to Mrs. Harvey?"

"Mrs. Harvey," muttered Dick in an insolent tone, and turned and faced his master.

Algernon had sat down on a log as he spoke; Dick was standing at a short distance, a larger log between them. As the man spoke a gleam of malice lit his features. Where and when had Harvey seen that face?

"There ain't no Mrs. Harvey here. The only Mrs. Harvey I know on lives at ——— in Oxfordshire."

Then Algernon Harvey knew this man of bloated face, gleaming eyes, and angry voice.

"You lie, you scoundrel." His hand was on his gun and in an instant his finger was on the trigger and the piece at cock. Dick was a heavy powerful fellow but clumsy. He did not leap the intervening log, but staggered around it. Had each been unarmed he would have been more than a match for Harvey, for he was a trained prize fighter, but he snatched an ironwood handspike as he approached.

"Back," shouted Algernon, "one step——"

Dick raised the heavy handspike, but before it could descend the quiet woodland scene rang with the report of Harvey's gun and Dick Harrington's arms dropped to his side as he fell back—dead.

Had this little tragedy happened in Texas or California the "wiping out" of such a customer as Dick would not have counted as much, but not thus did it count in the eyes of young Harvey as he looked at the distorted features of his victim, which in the stillness of death bore a stronger likeness than before to a feminine copy of them, now only too well remembered. He might have been justified—he pleaded to himself self-defence—but he knew that he hated the man when he killed him, and he felt himself a murderer. He felt conscious, too, that if he could justify his act to himself it might be difficult if not impossible to justify it to others, and self-preservation whispered that this deed must be hidden. "Bury thy dead from out of thy sight—hide! hide! hide!"

Outwardly calm, he nerved himself for his horrible task. He laid aside his gun, his weapon of destruction, divested himself of his shot belt, coat and vest.

In the chopping where he stood lay a large windfall, a huge elm which it had been part of their contemplated work to log against and burn, and thus save cutting it through, it being too large to split into rails. Its upturned roots stood high in the air, or rather one side did, while the other still clung to the soil. The light subsoil had dropped into the hollow where had stood the fallen tree

and in this, in an almost incredibly short time Harvey had with the handspike, his feet and even his hands scooped a hole deep enough to hide the corpse; he dragged it in and covered it lightly, then took the dead man's axe, and calculating nicely how far up the stem he might venture to cut without risking the certain settling back of the roots and stump when severed, he struck into the fallen tree, the sweat pouring from his heated brow, for the tree was hard and tough, but he never stayed his toil until the creaking log told him that his work was completed, then he sprang down and with one strong rapid blow from beneath, the trunk dropped to the ground, whilst steadily and slowly the stump rose upwards and the spreading roots and earth settled back and entombed beneath them the remains of Richard Harrington.

In a half dreamy, dogged state Harvey dressed himself, wiped his brow and walked slowly back to the house. Marie met him with a questioning look, but he checked all question. He took from a receptacle—private to escape the researches of Dick, who will seek it no more—a jar of brandy, poured himself nearly a tumblerful and drank it, and then throwing himself on his bed slept as if he slept his last. The timid Indian girl watched him with dilated eyes and bated breath, silent and sad she watched. What she knew, what she surmised will never be known. Ringing in her ears, ever ringing were the words of Dick, "Wife, indeed!" Where was Dick, what had caused the unwonted state of Algernon? She had seen the effect of a heavy drink of brandy before, but never on Algernon, and his silence, his averted looks—all to her told a tale, false it was, but to her imagination, her wild fears bringing "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ." Hours passed, and at length as if struggling with nightmare Algernon awoke for one brief minute, and he scarcely knew what had happened. He rose, looked around for Marie, feeling as if some new misery awaited him.

He looked in vain, Marie's place was vacant, and the home she had so brightened knew her no more.

Algernon vainly sought his Indian bride. It would be no difficult task, even in the present day, for one with Marie's daring and intelligence to convey herself away and not be found; but it was even easier then. Dick's disappearance created no comment; he was supposed to have gone back to the Old Country. He was a discontented brute anyway, and no one missed him. Harvey's Indian wife had left. "There was no making anything of them half-savages," so said some fair-skinned neighbors who had envied Marie and her well plenished home.

The clearing on the bank of the Bayfield was deserted; the mill fell into decay; the stream resumed its old course; the brush-built dam soon disappeared, and the elm stump told no tales.

CHAPTER III.

A few years previous to this little history, Algernon had been a student of an Oxford college. He never graduated, but he was never plucked; he passed his "little go," read fairly, rowed with the Oxford crew against Cambridge, and was not particularly addicted to getting into scrapes or trouble with the dons. But he did what others have done before him, he was silly enough or weak enough, soft enough to fall in love with a very pretty, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked bar-maid at a country inn, where he and his companions did oft resort, and she being not so silly nor so soft, and he not being quite so wicked as to ruin her, in which event he might doubtless have remained in England and been received into the bosom of his aristocratic family—he married her. Hence his expatriation. What might have been the result under other circumstances may even be doubtful, but Nancy Harrington soon proved herself totally unworthy of the luck which had befallen her, and unfit for the position of respectability to which she had been elevated. She drank, if nothing worse, a vice in which she was aided and abetted by her brother Dick, a prize-fighting, cock-fighting, idle rascal, and after a very short career Harvey left her at the instance of his friends, making her, under the circumstances, a fair and even liberal provision; and a very few months sufficed the wretched woman to find for herself a drunkard's grave. Dick concealed her death for some time and drew her allowance, which, as he had done so in her life-time, the unsuspicious agent continued to pay. It was known at last, and Harvey being duly apprised thereof, afterwards married Marie. Dick, stinted now in his allowance of grog, made his way to Canada, which he conceived to be beyond the reach of news or information of any kind, in the hopes of playing upon the fears of Harvey, or at any rate of inducing him to buy his silence as to his connection by marriage with a ruffian like himself. There may have been other schemes in Dick Harrington's mind when his career was so abruptly closed, but let them rest!

Harvey had given him the lie when he asserted that his sister—Harvey's wife—still lived; but when Harvey gazed on that still face, so like his sister's, and no sound issued from the set lips, late foaming with rage, he knew not whether the dead man had lied or not. His assertion might be true—it was quite possible. But this he could find out, and in due course of time he did find out. Nancy was surely dead, beyond question—had died before Harvey's marriage to Marie. Had she not been, Dick would in all probability have continued to drink up her annuity contentedly in Oxfordshire without troubling Harvey, in which case no skeleton would now moulder in secret beneath that elm stump on the bank of the Bayfield.

CHAPTER IV.

Long years have passed since the events above recorded, and whilst a

THE CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Her thoughts on Heaven and mine on her—
So clear and loud my lady sings,
That village swain and maiden stare,
Such silvery note to Christmas rings;
Peace and good will to each on earth
Comes sweetly with a Saviour's birth.

Her face is pure as snow that fell
In quiet hours of scarce-fled night,
But ah, her heart I know full well
Is cold as that fair robe of white;
Peace and good will she sings again
But naught of Love that lives on pain.

Her clear eyes mock the winter skies
With bluest beauty, and her hair
Makes pale the sunlight as it flies
In mellow streaks through holy air;
Peace and good will—I'm glad 'tis done
Since Love must die ere Peace be won!

She is so sweet—I have no sight
For herald angels, and no ear
For Christmas anthem, pure and bright,
Only Love cries when she is near—
And only should she kiss him dumb
Peace and good will to me may come.

LANCELOT.

stirring town has grown up within a few miles of the clearing on the river, where churches point their spires heavenward, shops, inns and factories gather their busy throngs, yet the deserted and brush-grown clearing lies tenantless and deserted. Some of the machinery of the old mill rusts by the edge of the stream; the fallen and rotting logs of the roofless log house shelter not even the prowling wolf whom hunger drives to the vicinity of the now prosperous settlements; all living things seem to avoid it. Weird and sepulchral-looking, the bark-denuded elm stump shows white in the moonlight; the roots and soil around have long since settled back into their original state, and except to the eye of a practical chopper who knows that the stump would not be cut so high or with a slanting "calf" if the tree had been felled, nothing remains to show that the tree had been uprooted—the elm stump tells no tales. Some day, perhaps, when the white bones lying there are brought to light, science will speculate on their size and show by the large and many-circled tree that grew above them how old they must be, and thus the elm stump's tale will be even then the untrue one. And yet we are told the backwoods afford no romance, and that murder will out. Perhaps so.

On the deep waters of Huron and Superior, where the adventurous of former days ventured in schooners, well equipped and ark-like steamers furnished with every luxury now traverse on one of these. On just such a night of a Canadian autumn as that when Algernon stood by the beaver meadow, a still unbent, but gray-haired man paces the deck. The hour is later than when Algernon reckoned the remaining daylight. No moon lights the sky, but above, like a sky-woven canopy, branch and scintillate from a common center the softly brilliant beams of the northern lights, that ever-changing flash as in no other region south of this can they be seen. Other passengers have sought their berths, but this soldier-like old man continues his sentry-like walk to and fro on the steamer's deck, at first alone, then, as if his own thoughts were too burdened to bear, he enters into conversation with the mate, whose watch it is, and they tread the deck together. The mate is a young man for the post he fills, but his intelligence and bearing show his fitness for it. The old man draws the young one into confidential and friendly talk. The youth, tall, well built, muscular and handsome, dark-featured, and surely not Indian by his waving hair, despite his dark eyes, is pleased and warms towards his elderly companion, strangely, too, for he is usually taciturn and thus Indian-like. But somehow his reserve melts.

"Yes," he says, to the elder's inquiry, "I was born in what may be considered the neighborhood. My mother died in my childhood, and her people brought me up and sent me to school. They were educated people, though Indian; but I like the freedom of the lakes and have sailed for some years, and am," he said, with visible pride, "mate of this fine vessel."

What stirred the blood in the veins of the stranger? What foreboding and whether of good or evil? What magnetism drew him to the lad, who, himself not unmoved, walked beside him?

"Your mother's name?" the old man asked, but his voice had lost its steadiness.

"Was J——s," the lad replied.

"And your father?"

"Was a villain!" exclaimed the youth, with raised voice and flashing eye, his Indian blood on fire, "and could I meet him I would——"

"What?" And the elder man laid his hands on the shoulders of the youth and looked full in his flashing eyes as he faltered forth his query.

"Strike him!" almost shouted the excited lad.

"Then strike him now!"

But the eyes of the youth fell. What disarmed him? He had yearned for this hour through his own brief life-time, and what unnerved him now?

"My mother——" he began, as if he sought for the cause that justified his hatred of the man before him.

"Was my own, my dearest wife," exclaimed the father in broken tones.

"My father?"

"My son! My son!" the old man sobbed, as the lad's arms were thrown round his neck.

The Indian is proverbially stoical. Where was the stoicism now? The two, more like brothers than father and son, traveled together to England. Sir Algernon Harvey, for so the father now is, still lives. The son, his dear companion, is still single, but he can choose from the fairest of English damsels. The Spanish-looking youth is admired and sought and is looked on as a very eligible *parti* in many a drawing-room. Some think him of Spanish blood, and those who affect to know somewhat of his history romance about an Indian princess; and young ladies dream about Pocohontas or some heroine from a tale of Fennimore Cooper.

But almost unchanged, except in its increased wildness and desolateness, the deserted clearing on the banks of the Bayfield remains through the rolling years, whilst the elm stump still gleams in the moonlight and tells no tales.

C. W. COOPER.

Policeman—What's the matter here?
Sanso (2 a.m.)—Jush s'stained a series (hic) of losses.
Pol ceman—What losses?
Sanso—I losht ze keyhole when I got here (hic) zen I losht the key while (hic) huntin' for it and now I've losht both key an' keyhole.

A CHRISTMAS CAPER.

IT was down in the Southern Counties, when the year was in its youth, and every grace belonging to an English landscape was flung earthwards in prodigal beauty, that Maysie and Jack said good-bye. They were woful, with the delightful woe of youth. Their eyes were dark with tears and their hearts as heavy as lead. England was to be a desert and India a howling wilderness for the next five years. Maysie would be the forlorn gazelle in the desert and Jack the pelican in the wilderness.

"Good-bye, darling old girl. However can I get along without you! Oh, Maysie, love, if only some one would marry Aunt Belinda!"

"Ah, Jack, if only they would!"

"We would be so happy here."

"Oh, couldn't we? But nobody will, Jack, dear. And she will live forever, you'll see!"

"Well, let us hope not," said Jack with a sigh. "Say, Maysie, did no one ever ask her?"

"One did," Maysie said, with a watery little smile. "A very rich man, nurse told me. He lived away off in Ireland, Jack, but"—with a sigh—"she refused him."

"How lucky for him! How unlucky for us! I never thought she had a chance to do that," said Jack whimsically, and they both laughed, and then suddenly Maysie burst out crying.

"I don't want her to die. I'm sure I'd just as soon she got married," she said stormily. "Isn't that old will of father's just awful Jack? To think he would put such a condition to my owning my own dear old home."

"It was a rum go. Let's see: Miss Belinda is to have the manor and all the rents until she dies or gets married. You are to succeed her in either of these much-to-be-desired contingencies. You are meantime to live here and have your little allowance, and Miss Belinda is to be your chaperone. Drat her!"

"Don't be vulgar, my dearest Jack," wailed Maysie, dolefully. "Miss Belinda may be very nice. Papa must have thought so, but I wish she had never been born."

"Fie, fie! Maysie, to speak so of your aunt," said Jack, miserably sarcastic.

"But she isn't my aunt—only my second cousin," said Maysie. "However," she added tragically, "don't let her spoil our last dear evening together."

"DON'T LET HER SPOIL OUR LAST DEAR EVENING TOGETHER."

And on Jack's broad bosom she laid her bronzed, curly head and wept anew.

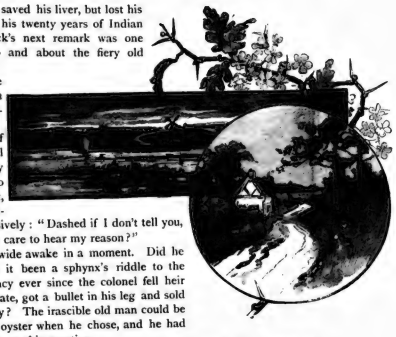
. . . . . .

Some months later in the year, Jack Charters sat in his cool bungalow and smoked the cheroot of India. A tremendous noise aroused him from a day-dream of Maysie and the Devonshire manor, and an irascible voice sounded above the rasping and scraping of a wooden leg, as the owner thereof drew near the latticed doorway.

"Jack! I say, Jack Charters, call off your blankety brute of a dog. Confound him. Yah! you beast; if you come near enough I'll have the hide off your black body" (this to a precipitately retreating and giggling native). "Jack—JACK!"

"Easy, easy! Colonel Culpepper," said Jack, yawning. "Don't excite yourself like that. Isn't it hot enough without all this exertion?"

To record the colonel's rejoinder would not be for the edifying of the pious. It suffices to add that he stumped into the dimly lit bungalow, fell over another dog, cursed it promptly, snarled at Jack's offered light, and flung himself into a wicker lounging-chair with several high-sounding remarks on the climate, the dog, the natives and his own hard fate. Colonel Culpepper had saved his liver, but lost his temper during his twenty years of Indian residence. Jack's next remark was one often made to and about the fiery old Irishman.



"Why the deuce don't you go home, colonel?"

Instead of the disdainful grunt or surly silence hitherto vouchsafed to it, Colonel Culpepper said explosively: "Dashed if I don't tell you, Jack. Do you care to hear my reason?"

Jack was wide awake in a moment. Did he care? Hadn't it been a sphynx's riddle to the whole Residency ever since the colonel fell heir to an Irish estate, got a bullet in his leg and sold out of the army? The irascible old man could be taciturn as an oyster when he chose, and he had chosen to be so on this question.

"It's not a very thrilling narrative—merely a word or two," he began hesitatingly. "Were you ever in the County Kerry? No? Well, go there, and you'll find the handsomest girls and the sweetest shooting and the strongest whisky—Pooh! what am I talking about? I was once quartered there—near my old home, where my brother was lord of the soil. He's dead. God bless him—he was a miserable devil, and we never wasted love on one another. Unfortunately, for me at least, we both wasted the same powder on the same bird—that is, fell in love with the same girl. Her name was—well, never mind, she's sure to be married now, and her name is probably a finer one. She was fit to be a queen, Jack, my boy. I wrote her a proposal, poor sub. as I was, and I got my letter back the day we marched. I never told Ralph—my brother—of the matter, but I know he tried his luck after I left, and they were engaged and the old home was all rigged out for the wedding that never came off. She went back on him, and I don't blame her, for he was homely enough to scare a settin' hen, as they say."

"And what happened to the lady?" said Jack politely, as the colonel paused to light his cheroot.

"That's the question," said the old man, ruefully. "She was never heard of in Kerry after the engagement fell through. Sometimes, Jack, my boy, I fancy there's wheat that needs sifting, as they say. Well, well, I never could make up my mind to go back to Kerry, and I've broiled and steamed in this devilish climate, and I might do worse, and probably will, if Parson Skyscraper down in the plains is in the right. He called me a son of Belial, confound him."

Jack suggested mildly: "Perhaps your sweetheart regretted her decision after you left Ireland, and has been waiting for you ever since."

"A fine girl like her? Oh, no!" said the colonel, his ruddy face downcast, and his bristling white mustache standing straight out from his firmly pursed lips. "Ah, Jack, it's a strange puzzle, this life of ours. Here am I, single, at fifty-five, that ought to have had a grand-child or two on my knee, or following me about the sweet lanes of dear old Kerry; and she, my first and only sweetheart, lost out of my life like a song in the air, as they say. Well, lad, I wish you better luck," and the colonel drained his long glass of brandy fizz slowly.

Jack paused a moment, and a sudden impulse and a certain look in the gray Irish eyes of the old officer, which always reminded him of his English *fiancee*, made him astonish the good man by a counter confidence, and for a long time the bungalow resounded with his deep, manly words as he told of Maysie and her father's peculiar will, and the ancient second cousin who held their happiness from its fruition.

"By the powers!" exclaimed Colonel Culpepper, earnestly, "and will the old hag not die, or get married?"

Jack roared with laughter. "Not unless you will go and strangle her or marry her for us. She isn't at all so bad, colonel, really—only that she's in the way."

"What does she look like?" asked the old man, seriously.

"She is small. Maysie is half a head taller, and she has very nice hair and eyes, blue eyes and black hair, and she always dresses in the most outrageously old-fashioned gowns, of the fashion of thirty years ago. She plays and sings quaint old Irish songs. One always struck me as very pretty, though it's as old as the hills, one of Moore's Melodies I think she calls it."

Colonel Culpepper was sitting very upright, with his gray eyes very wide open, and his cheroot at an angle of forty-five. "Does it go like this?" he stammered, trolling in a rich baritone a line from the well known song:

"'Believe me if all those endearing young charms.'"

"That's the very thing, by Jove!" said Jack, laughing. But the colonel bounced from his easy-chair, and shouted:

"Her name, man! Good heavens, man, *what's her name?*"

"Belinda Berry," cried Jack, stammering and a little alarmed, for the colonel's face looked very like apoplexy.

"Snakes and angels, Charters! It's my old sweetheart. Give us your

hand, man. *I'll marry her!* You and your Maysie can put up your banns--whoop!" and the colonel threw himself back in his chair and breathed heavily, while Jack filially upset a jar of water on his bald head.

When the atmosphere of the bungalow had regained its normal condition and the colonel had cooled down and dried his hair and whiskers, and he and Jack had consumed another brandy fizz and many cheroots and a couple of hours in most interesting conversation, the old officer took his departure, with the pregnant remark: "I'm off by the next P. & O., Jack. It's marry or die with Belinda."

Down in Devon the Christmas hours had drawn near, and various duties called Miss Belinda Berry here and there about her domain and parish. She had gone early in the morning of that Christmas Day to the dim corner of the family plot where Maysie's mother lay buried, and where, beside her stately tomb, as last daughter of an extinct name, rose a plain granite cross, with only the words: "Ralph Culpepper, aged 62," to mark the grave of Maysie's father. No one knew but Miss Belinda Berry of the young wife's carefully fostered delusion that she was her husband's first and dearest love. Everyone else had seen in Ralph Culpepper the model husband and the sorrowing widower, unsuspecting and unwotting that his heart was bereaved long before he had fascinated, by his Irish melancholy, the dainty daughter of the Devonshire manor.

Miss Belinda had emptied her basket of flowers on the two graves, and had knelt for a moment beside them, with a rare light on her quiet handsome face; and she had said the Lord's Prayer in a low, reverent voice, dwelling a little on the clause about forgiving those who trespass against us. And then she had come a little blindly through the dank grasses, for her eyes were full of tears for the man who had done her a grievous hurt in days gone by, and whose falseness she had first punished and then forgiven. Near the churchyard gate she had passed an old man, a cripple, with one wooden leg, who was so shrouded in furs and mufflers that only his long white mustache and his gray eyes were to be seen.

That old man had given one amazed start as he caught sight of her small, erect figure, and had stared at her in a dazed and paralyzed way that looked diotic. And after she had slipped away in the gray morning, he had looked ruefully down at his wooden leg, sworn softly and shaken his head, and then with a sudden stiffening of his backbone and pursing of his lips, had gone to he Manor door and enquired for Miss Maysie Culpepper.

Maysie has always said that she never had such a Christmas, such an exciting, mysterious, delightful and altogether successful adventure. Miss Belinda was gratified and a little surprised at the demonstrative greeting and the warm kisses and the jubilant tone of her second cousin, when, on her return from her pilgrimage, Maysie pounced upon her from some ambush and overpowered her with hugs and convulsive embraces. Maysie had grown to love the gentle old maid in their six months' life together, but Maysie had never before held her in her arms and called her "You dear, old, darling, blessed Belinda," in her most affectionate departure. Then Maysie set off on a mysterious errand before church, and all through the service she smiled, nay, positively almost giggled every time she caught Miss Belinda's reproachful gaze. But no one would have blamed her had they seen, as she saw, away up in the gloom of the gallery, two long mustaches, and two wide open gray eyes looking fixedly and only at Miss Belinda. Maysie confided to her cousin on the way home that she wanted to add one more guest to the small complement of the vicar and his wife, the doctor and his sister, and the old family lawyer who were invited to eat their Christmas dinner at the Manor.

"Certainly, Maysie love. Who is it?"

"It is an Indian friend of Jack's, Belinda," stammered Maysie, growing red

And Belinda sighed and smiled, and said to herself: "The child does not guess what I have done for her and Jack." And aloud: "How pleasant to have him, dear! Has he seen Jack lately?"

"About two months ago, I think. He called this morning early, while you were out, and I asked him to come to dinner this evening. I knew you'd not mind."

Miss Belinda smiled to herself once more. This time she did not sigh.

"We shall have such a jolly dinner," said Maysie, with a ripple of laughter.

"Shall we not?" asked Miss Belinda, with a knowing nod.

"If she could only guess!" thought Maysie.

"If she only suspected," thought Belinda.

For the lawyer had been several times to see Miss Belinda lately, and several long conversations, remonstrances and acquiescences had ended some few weeks before in a cablegram to India, which had caused a sudden access of delirious happiness in the bungalow of Sahib Charters, and a subsequent vacancy on the staff. But Christmas day was waning and Colonel Culpepper was anxiously looking at his watch as he sat in the parlor of the Chough and Crow awaiting the summons of the boots to take his cab to the Manor House. He was calm now, and over his handsome, florid face was a beatific smile as he muttered to himself: "Gad, sir, Maysie is the sweetest niece ever called a man uncle. And Belinda—oh, the deuce take it, I thought that was the fly, and it's only some one from the train—coming in here too. Well, I won't be bothered with them. I'll go to my room—I'll—Good Lord, Jack Charters! Where the dickens did you come from?"

"From the land of Sepoys and Sahibs, my good old man!" said Jack heartily.

"What brought you here?"

"Belinda. What brought you?"

"That same lovely woman. I say, Jack, Maysie is just adorable!"

"Isn't she though? And how is Miss Belinda?"

"Ah, Jack, will she mind my wooden leg?"

"What—haven't you seen her yet? Oh, what a scheme! You are to be Jack-in-the-box for Miss Belinda, sprung by Maysie—I, ditto, ditto, for Maysie by Miss Belinda. But it's time to go—there's a fly at the door. I am all ready—dressed on the way. Say, old man, shake."

Their hands met, their eyes were bright with feeling, and together they set orth to cut what Jack always designated as the greatest caper on earth.

GRACE E. DENISON

AT THE THEATER.

"I see that the name of the gas-man is given on this play-bill. What does e gas-man do?"

"I fancy he writes the advance notices of the plays that are produced."

THE BOATMAN'S STORY.

"'TWAS five and forty years ago,
Just such another morn,
The fishermen were on the beach,
The reapers in the corn.
My tale is true as preaching, boy,
As sure as you are born.

"My tale is true," the boatman said.
The lad stood idly by
And watched him shape the little craft
With keen and practiced eye.
The ripples danced upon the waves
Raised by the wind's soft sigh.

"Just such a shining sea as this,
Smooth as a pond the sea;
This was, I think, the very stone
Where sat Dick, Dolly and me;
She was our little sister dear,
A small child just turned three.

We sat and watched a little boat,
Her name was 'Tricksy Jane,'
A queer old tub laid up ashore,
But we could see her plain;
To see her and not haul her up
Cost us a deal of pain.

"Said Dick to me: 'Let's have a pull,
Father will never know,
He's busy in the wheat up there
And cannot see us go.
These landsmen are such cowards if
A puff of wind does blow.'

I don't mean, boy, to blame poor Dick,
What he did sure I'd do,
And many a sail in 'Tricksy Jane'
We'd had when she was new
Father was always sharp, and what
He said he meant it, too.

"But now the sky had not a cloud,
The bay looked smooth as glass,
Our Dick could manage any boat
And knew each bay and pass;
And Dolly cried, 'Me go to sea!'
A jolly little lass.

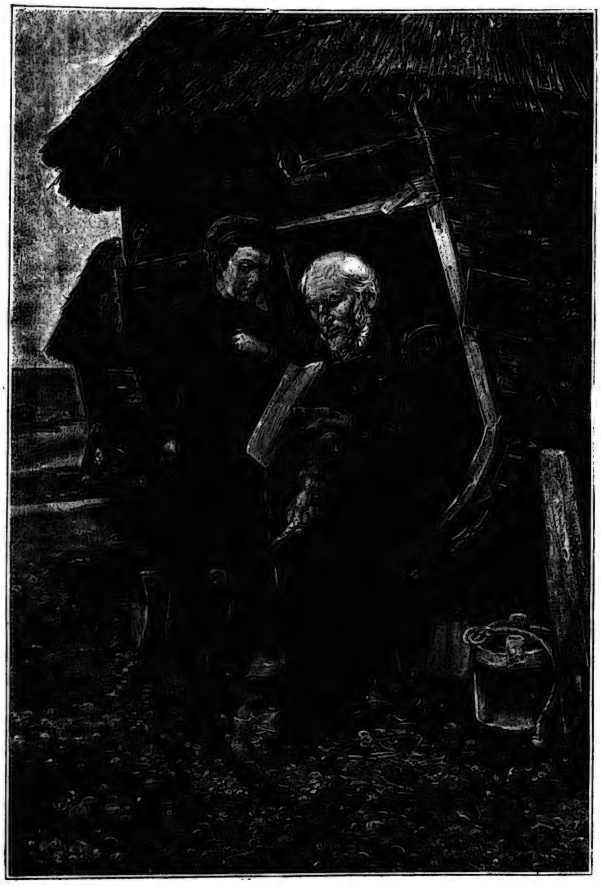
"Well, lad, we went—a pair of oars,
My jacket for a sail,
Just around 'Old Harry and his wife,'
Those rocks there within hail.
And we came back—D'ye want to hear
The end of the old man's tale?

"Ay, Ay! we came back past that point,
But then a breeze sprung up;
Dick shouted, 'Haul down sail!' and pulled
With all his might among
The white sea-horses that upreared
So terrible and strong.

"I pulled, too; I was blind with fear,
But I could hear Dick's breath
Coming and going as he told
Dolly to keep beneath
His jacket and not hold him so.
We rowed for life or death.

"And Dick, tho' pale as any ghost,
Had only said to me:
'We're all right now, old lad,' when up
A wave rolled, drenched us three;
One lurch, and then I felt the chill
And roar of blinding sea.

"I don't remember much but that—
You see I'm safe and sound.
I have been wrecked four times since then,
Seen queer sights I'll be bound.
I think folks sleep beneath the sea
As calm as under ground.



"But Dick and Dolly? Well, poor Dick,
I saw him rise and cling
Unto the gunwale of the boat,
Floating keel up, and sing
Out loud, 'Where's Doll?' I hear him yet
As clear as anything.

"'Where's Dolly?' I no answer made,
For she dropped like a stone
Down thro' the deep sea, and it closed—
The little thing was gone.
'Where's Doll?' three times, then Dick loosed hold
And left me there alone.

. . . . . .

"'Tis five and forty years since then,"
Muttered the boatman gray,
And drew his rough hand o'er his eyes
And stared across the bay,
"Just five and forty years," and not
Another word did say.

"But Dolly?" asked the boy, aghast,
Looking across the sand.
"Poor Doll, she floated back next tide
With seaweed in her hand.
She's buried o'er that hill you see,
In a churchyard on land.

"But where Dick lies, God knows; He'll find
Our Dick at Judgment Day."
The boatman fell to mending nets,
The boy ran off to play;
The sun shone and the waves danced
In quiet Savage Bay.

GOOD NIGHT, BILL! GOOD NIGHT!

ILL!"

No answer.

"I say, Bill!"

The windowless hut is dark even in daytime. At midnight the darkness deepens into blackness and again it melts for a few moments into strange gray tints when the little line of moonlight creeping in where the logs of the wall fail to connect with the roof of boughs plastered with mud, wanders with slow fingers over pans and dishes heaped by the smoky fireplace and searches through the soiled flannels hanging on the pegs in the corner.

"Bill, oh! Bill!"

The moon while passing the mouth of Powder Canyon, peered curiously through the rift between the logs and the roof and noticed the emptiness of the upper bunk for, "Bill" had gone for the doctor at Cariboo. The form of a gray-shirted miner leaning from the rude bed below was dimly outlined as a hairy arm and hand from which the unbuttoned sleeve had slipped, clutched the bunk above.

"Bill! Bill! Say, old partner, are you asleep?"

The mountains towered for two thousand feet on either side above the stream by which the solitary hut was built. When the sun shone it was dark and damp amidst the boulders of Powder Gulch. The spray from the stream which poured over the frowning cliffs in a dozen wild and noisy cascades, was never dried by the sun on boulder or tree but went on drip! drip! dripping from the rock and stunted pine beside the hut all day long and all night long, as it has drip! drip! dripped since the foundations of the earth were laid and the mountains built thereon.

"Say Bill! Partner! Bill old man!" The husky voice has grown weaker and both great trembling arms are outlined in the gray blankets and two hands desperately clutch the edge of the bunk above. "I'm feeling worse, Bill, I'm getting cold and stiff!"

The moon has gone past the mouth of the canyon and is silvering the peak of Mount Agnes—named after some sweet Agnes far away—where the gulch opens upon the plain. The dripping rocks are black and the lichen, the creeping plants, the stunted shrubs draped by the deepening darkness hang like shadowy festoons of crape on the walls of Powder Gulch.

The hands no longer clutch the upper bunk; the fingers of one hand pick feebly at the gray blanket, and the other arm hangs nerveless over the edge of the bed.

"He's tired out nursing me," muttered the dying miner. Ah this lying quiet but permits Death to creep up and strangle him! Just one more effort! He pushed himself from the wall and tried to turn so that the beating of his heart might not sound so loudly in his ears. There was no more suffering, the limbs crushed by the falling rock were numb and painless. He had forgotten in the delirium the strong arms that were thrown around him and the rough kiss and the agonized face of the partner who had gone for the doctor at Cariboo The dampness of death had succeeded the fever of the day before on the bearded cheeks, and the heart was struggling for another hour, the spirit vainly seeking for a hand to clasp before stepping down into the deeper, darker canyon by the river which flows between Here and There.

The moon lighted for a moment the upper cascade and the reflection shone through the crevice between the logs and the roof.

"That's right, Bill, make on a fire; I'm cold and the shanty is lonesome when it's so dark!"

Stumbling up the canyon came Bill, the only other miner of Powder Gulch, leading his broken-down broncho with one hand and with the other occasionally grasping the bridle of the horse that bore the doctor from Cariboo. The boulder-strewn roadway was dark and slippery, the guide was trembling with fatigue. Up in the lonely shanty by the lower cascade the dying miner with one stiffening arm beneath his head and the other raised feebly above in the uncertain search for the upper bunk, was whispering:

"Good night, Bill, I'm getting sort of sleepy again!"

Had Bill been there he could scarcely have heard, amid the splashing of the cascades, the voice from out the darkness of the lower bunk, the feeble whispering:

"Good night, Bill, good night!—good night!"

At last they are there and while Bill strikes a light the doctor from Cariboo recognizing beneath his touch the chill of death, straightens out the stiffening form beneath the gray blankets, and as the flare of the candle falls on the upturned face of the dead the lower cascade repeats the refrain that the white lips can no longer voice: "Good night, Bill—good night."

DON.

THE PILOT OF THE PLAINS.

"False," they said, "thy Pale-face lover, from the land of waking morn;
Rise and wed thy Redskin wooer, nobler warrior ne'er was born;
Cease thy watching—cease thy dreaming,
Show the White thine Indian scorn."

Thus they taunted her with saying, "He remembers naught of thee,
Likely some white maid he wooeth, far beyond the inland sea,"
But she ever answered kindly,
"He will come again to me."

Till the dusk of Indian summer crept athwart the western skies,
But a deeper dusk was burning in her dark and dreaming eyes,
As she scanned the rolling prairie
Where the foothills fall and rise.

Till the autumn came and vanished, till the season of the rains,
Till the western world lay fettered in midwinter's crystal chains,
Still she listened for his coming,
Still she watched the distant plains.

Then a night with nor'land tempest, nor'land snows a-swirling fast,
Out upon the pathless prairie came the Pale-face thro' the blast,
Calling, calling "Yahcomweta,
I am coming love at last."

Hovered night above, about him, dark its wings, and cold, and dread,
Never unto trail or tepee were his straying footsteps led,
Till benumbed, he sank and pillowed
On the drifting snows his head,

Saying, "O! my Yahcomweta, call me, call me, be my guide
To the lodge beyond the prairie—for I vowed ere winter died
I would come again, belovèd,
I would claim my Indian bride."

"Yahcomweta, Yahcomweta!" Oh the bitterness that strains
Thro' the voice that calling, quivers, till a whisper but remains,
"Yahcomweta, Yahcomweta—
I am lost upon the plains."

But the Silent Spirit hushed him, lulled him as he cried anew,
"Save me, save me O! belovèd, I am Pale but I am true,
Yahcomweta, Yahcomweta,
I am dying, love, for you."

Leagues afar, across the prairie, she had risen from her bed,
Roused her kinsmen from their slumber, "He has come to-night," she said
"I can hear him calling, calling,
But his voice is as the dead."

"Listen!" and they sate all silent, while the tempest louder grew,
And a spirit voice called faintly, "I am dying, love, for you,"
Then they wailed, "O! Yahcomweta,
He was Pale, but he was true."

Wrapped she then her ermine round her, stepped without the tepee door
Saying, "I must follow, follow, tho' he call for evermore,
'Yahcomweta, Yahcomweta,'"
And they saw her never more.

Late at night, say Indian hunters, when the starlight clouds or wanes,
Far away they see a maiden, misty as the autumn rains,
Guiding with her lamp of moonlight
Hunters lost upon the plains.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

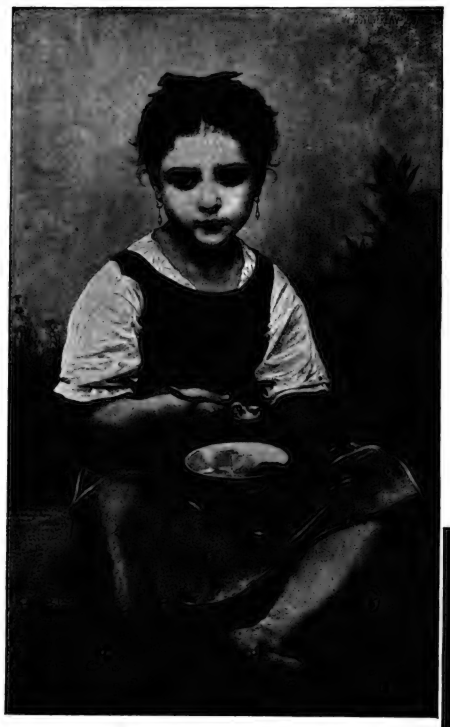
THE CHRISTMAS PRIZE STORIES.

Several months ago, in the regular issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, a competition was announced, by which it was hoped to add to our old list of contributors and to enrich the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT with original Canadian fiction. During the past four years many contributors to SATURDAY NIGHT have obtained literary prominence. Indeed, no other Canadian publication can point to so many *débutantes* in the school of literature as have been introduced by this journal. This claim might be extended to the statement that scarcely a new name has appeared amongst Canadian writers during that time that has not first been found in SATURDAY NIGHT.

This year nearly a hundred manuscripts were submitted in the two classes of general stories and tales for children. Deciding as to the merits of these has been a very difficult task. Style and moral, as well as the interest of the story itself, have all to be considered, and the fashion in literature, that is, the prevailing method, has had to have its place as unfortunately amongst all those sent to us there was nothing of such commanding originality and strength as to make it possible to overlook the formulas which usually govern in such matters. An Episode at Red Rock, by Miss Marjorie MacMurchy, was adjudged to be worthy of the first prize, and Isabel's Christmas, by Miss Burwash, was given the prize for the children's story, though The Gleniffer Ghost is worthy of a great deal of commendation, and if there had been a diploma for a boys story, would have received it.

The poem, The Rideau, by Mrs. Francis King, received the prize as the best poem submitted to the judges.

Though amateur photography has made great headway in Canada, the pictures offered to us were not in any case within the lines laid down for our competition; neither the names, dates nor subjects were such as had been demanded. Next year it is to be hoped we will have a much larger field and many more competitors. Only one prize was awarded, A Country Road in Ontario, a very beautiful scene and excellently brought out. Other photographs of oil paintings, pretty faces, etc., being much more worthy of reproduction, though not coming within the specified list, were accepted as giving a greater range and variety to our Christmas book, which we herewith present to you, hoping that it may prove interesting and that you may have many returns of the happy holiday season.



THE PRISONED STREAMLET.

THE shadows of the branches are limned black upon the snow,
And the wide white fields and valleys glisten 'neath the lamps of night;
In the sky, the moon attending, every star-flame is aglow,
And afar above the city is a vague, reflected light;
All is still; the breathless pine-trees even cease their sighing drear;
And it seems that listening poets might the planets' singing hear.

But hark! across the meadow where the snow smooth-spread doth lay
The smothered, tinkling singing of a hidden voice comes clear,
And I stand awhile and listen as it almost dies away,
But again the fairy music cometh to my straining ear.
And great nature's ice-bound spirit with the streamlet seems to flow
And is telling of its sorrow in the singing 'neath the snow.

Now I may not hear the music of that grand diviner strain,
The symphony of planets, softly spinning in their course,
But for me as fine a meaning has the streamlet's small refrain,
And I know both songs are governed by one great directing Force.
And perhaps if I could catch it 'mong the notes that tinkle low,
There's a bar of grand sphere-music in the singing 'neath the snow.

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

I love to see this day well kept by rich and poor: it is a great thing to have one day in the year, at least, when you are sure of being welcome where ever you go, and of having, as it were, the world all thrown open to you.—*Washington Irving.*

THE RIDEAU.

SPEED! The ripples race us. Splash! Our paddles bend.
Long golden lines of light chase us, and swift are the arrows they send;
But far faster we fly, and the moon's envoys vie
With our paddles in vain, as we seek the north sky,
Where our camp fire must burn ere the morrow.

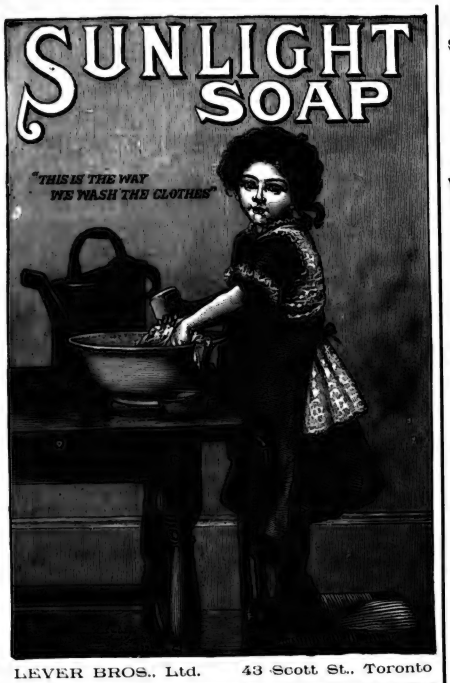
On! We've passed joy's childhood. Sweeter far is this.
Yields all the heart of the wild wood to night's one long passionate kiss,
And the flowers of the glade, hidden deep, half afraid,
Shine with dew drops, as often the eyes of a maid
Laugh through tears in the love-light they borrow.

Hushed, our paddles' chorus. Ha! Stroke knows the way!
Silver the water before us, 'neath mists that grow gray with the day.
Swift and silent we steal, with a quivering keel,
Over pearl-colored depths, where high forests reveal
Their sad secrets, and whisper their sorrow.

Splash! The paddles quiver. Swift! One last stroke now!
Laughs all the width of the river, with bubbles from under our bow;
And we rest, as we sweep through long rushes, that keep
In their shadows sweet lilies we wake from their sleep
And still dreams, to a glad to-morrow.

FRANCIS KING.

Miss Oldgirl—What is esoteric theosophy?
Reginald Callagain—Now you've got me.
Miss Oldgirl—O Reggie—this is so sudden. You must give me time to think.



LEVER BROS., Ltd. 43 Scott St., Toronto

GIANELLI & CO.

Importers, Wine and Spirit Merchants

SUCCESSORS TO QUETTON ST. GEORGE & CO.

16 King Street West, Toronto

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND THE FINEST ASSORTMENT OF

Champagnes, Sherries, Clarets and other Foreign and Domestic Wines and Spirits, Brandies, Whiskies, Liqueurs, Cordials, Ales, and Mineral Waters.

WE ARE SOLE AGENTS FOR

"THE MARSALA CROWN BRAND"

a wine far superior to sherry and less expensive.
THE SIRACUSA WINE for the voice.
THE MALAGA WINE for invalids.
THE ALICANTE WINE, so long and well known,
CHIANTI, POMPEI and FALERNIAN WINES,
"GAMBOA HERMANOS" SHERRIES from Xeres de la Frontera, Spain.
MANZANILLAS, PASTO'S and AMONTILLADO, ETC.

CHAMPAGNE

Among the well known qualities we have our special brand from De Venoge of Epernay, France, the popular

"VIN D'ÉTÉ"

introduced by Quetton St. George & Co. over twenty years ago. This wine, for which we could easily command a higher price, we offer at the *low figure of $16.00 a case of one dozen quarts.*

We invite the readers to visit our warehouse and vaults and sample the finest wines and spirits produced. Will forward catalogue and price list on application. Goods sent to any part of Canada, and from our bonded warehouse to any part of the United States.

TELEPHONE 876.

Skilled Artists
Modern Equipment
Largest Facilities
Best Work

Toronto Lithographing Co.

TORONTO.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

ADVERTISING NOVELTIES,
BALL PROGRAMMES,
INVITATIONS, ETC.

The Magnificent Type

From which this handsome Christmas Number of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is printed is from the warerooms of Messrs. Miller & Richard of Edinburgh, Scotland, represented in Canada by Mr. R. L. Patterson, Jordan street, Toronto. Four special holiday numbers, making a total of fully two hundred thousand impressions, have been printed from this type, and it is as bright and clear and unbroken as when first put on the press. So great has been the success of this firm and so well acquainted is their Dominion representative with the wants of the Canadian press, that nearly every paper in the Dominion is printed from their type.

BEST QUALITY

Coal AND Wood

OFFICES:

20 King Street West
409 Yonge Street
793 Yonge Street
288 Queen Street East
578 Queen Street West
1352 Queen Street West
419 Spadina Avenue
Yard Esplanade E., near Berkeley St.
Yard Esplanade E., near Church St.
Yard Bathurst St., opposite Front St.

Elias Rogers & Co.

THE OWEN

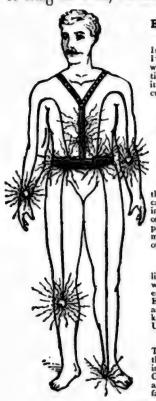
Electric Belt and Appliance Co.

HEAD OFFICE, CHICAGO.

INCORPORATED JUNE 17, 1887, WITH A CASH CAPITAL OF $50,000.00

PATENTED IN CANADA, DECEMBER, 1887.

49 King St. West, Toronto, Ont. - G. C. Patterson, Mgr. for Canada



Electricity as applied by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliances

Is now recognized as the greatest boon offered to suffering humanity. IT HAS, DOES, AND WILL effect cures in seemingly hopeless cases where every other known means has failed. We give the most positive proof that rheumatism and nervous diseases cannot exist where it is properly applied. It is nature's cure. By its steady soothing current, that is readily felt, it will cure:

Rheumatism	Lame Back	Liver Complaint
Sciatica	Female Troubles	Spinal Diseases
Impotency	General Debility	Constipation
Neuralgia	Kidney Diseases	Lumbago
Varicocele	Nervous Diseases	Sexual Weakness
Dyspepsia	Spermatorrhea	Urinary Diseases

Rheumatism

It is not pleasant to be compelled to refer to the indisputable fact that medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. We venture to assert that although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined. Many leading physicians, recognizing this fact, are availing themselves of this most potent of Nature's forces when the old methods fail as they often do.

To Restore Manhood and Womanhood.

As a man has not yet discovered all of Nature's laws for right living, it follows that every one has committed more or less errors which have left visible blemishes. To erase these evidences of past errors, there is nothing known to medical science to compare with Electricity as applied by the Owen Electric Body Belt. Rest assured that any doctor who would try to accomplish this by any kind of drugs is practising a most dangerous form of charlatanism. Use the Electric cure and shun the drug curse.

We Challenge the World

To show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we would on a giant by simply reducing the current. Ordinary belts are not so. Other belts have been in the market five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined.

Beware of Imitations and Cheap Belts

Our trade mark is the portrait of Dr. A. Owen embossed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance manufactured by us. None genuine without it.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Information, Testimonials, etc.

The Owen Electric Belt Co'y, 49 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Boots, Shoes, Slippers, &c.

Manufactured in this building, are sold by all the principal dealers in the Dominion. They are noted for good fitting and wearing qualities, are made in different widths and in half sizes, in a great variety of styles.

EVERY PAIR IS STAMPED

J D King & Co TORONTO

J. & J. LUGSDIN

Fashionable Hatters and Furriers

101 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Toronto College of Music

LTD

Incorporated 1890.

Geo. Gooderham, President

F. H. Torrington, Mus. Dir.

Thorough Musical Training in Every Branch. Organists, Vocalists and Pianists prepared and introduced to Church, Concert, and Teachers' positions

SEND FOR CALENDAR TO

F. H. TORRINGTON, Director

12-14 PEMBROKE STREET, - TORONTO, ONT.

I carry the largest stock of Fine Wines of any house in Canada. Special prices during the holiday season in Fine Champagnes, Burgundies, Rhine Wines and Clarets.

M. McCONNELL

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

45 and 46 Colborne Street and 54 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

Wm. Barber & Bros.

PAPER MAKERS

GEORGETOWN, - ONT.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Book, Envelope, Colored Job and Cover PAPERS

LITHOGRAPHIC and LABEL PAPERS

Railway and Express Manillas

SPECIALTY—HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS

JOHN R. BARBER, Proprietor.

THE GLOBE BUILDING, CORS. YONGE MELINDA AND JORDAN STREETS TORONTO

The largest and most perfectly equipped newspaper office in Canada. Electricity is used exclusively throughout the building both for power and light.

Singer Sewing Machines

SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR FAMILY USE

High Arm! Light Running! Silent!

BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED

Ten Million Homes Supplied With Singer Machines

OFFICES EVERYWHERE

Toronto Office 66 King St. West

The Manchester Fire Assurance Co.

Of Manchester, Eng.

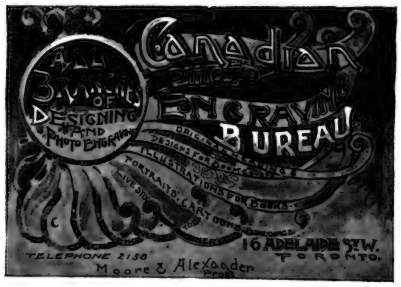
ESTABLISHED 1824.

ASSETS OVER $8,000,000

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA

16 WELLINGTON STREET EAST, TORONTO

JAS. BOOMER, MANAGER. GEO. JAFFRAY, CITY AGENT.



British America Assurance Company

OF TORONTO, CANADA.

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT 1833.

HEAD OFFICE, 18 AND 20 FRONT ST. EAST

FIRE AND INLAND MARINE

Total Assets,	$ 1,159,896 13
Premiums Received since organization,	18,067,972 30
Losses Paid since organization,	11,837,781 45

Agencies in all cities and towns from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a record of 58 years in Canada.
Represented also in the following of the United States of America: Delaware, District of Columbia, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, North Dakota, South Dakota, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Missouri, Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio, Wisconsin, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virgina and California.

J. MORISON, Governor. JOHN LEYS, Deputy Governor

CANADA PERMANENT

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY

Incorporated A.D. 1855.

Subscribed Capital, $5,000,000 Paid Up Capital, - $2,600,000
Reserved Funds, - $1,550,156 Total Assets, - $12,000,000

OFFICE—Company's Buildings, Toronto Street, TORONTO.

DIRECTORS:

President and Managing Director - - J. HERBERT MASON
Vice-President - - EDWARD HOOPER.
S. NORDHEIMER, A. M. SMITH, JUDGE BOYD, HENRY CAWTHRA, RALPH K. BURGESS, WILLIAM G. GOODERHAM.

Assistant Manager - - - - ALFRED J. MASON.
Superintendent - - RUFUS S. HUDSON.
Secretary - - GEORGE H. SMITH

LOANS ON LANDED SECURITIES

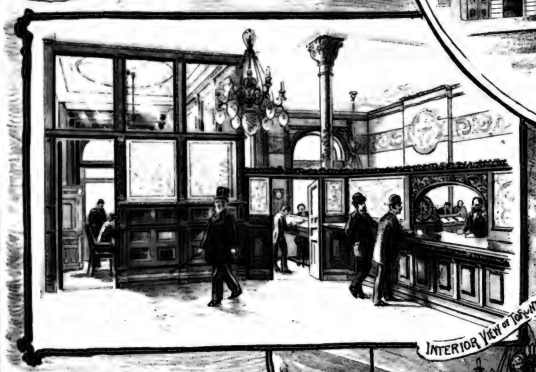
The ample and increasing resources of this Company enable its Directors to make advances on REAL ESTATE to any amount, without delay, at the lowest current rate of interest, and on the most favorable terms.

Loans granted on improved farms and on productive town and city properties.

MORTGAGES AND MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES PURCHASED.

Application may be made through the Company's Local Appraisers or at the Head Office, Toronto.

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE CO.



TORONTO BUILDING

INTERIOR VIEW OF TORONTO OFFICES

CAPITAL AND FUNDS

OVER 12,000,000 DOLLARS.

ANNUAL INCOME

$ 2,000,000.

ASSETS 31ST DEC., 1890. $11,032,440.

NUMBER OF POLICIES ISSUED DURING THE YEAR, 2,448 FOR $5,583,121.

POLICIES IN FORCE 31ST DEC. 1890. 25,667. UPON 19,097 LIVES, FOR ASSURANCES OF $54,086,801.

TORONTO AND EASTERN ONTARIO BRANCHES.

TORONTO

HONORARY DIRECTORS:

THE HON. SIR ALEX. CAMPBELL, K.C.M.G. | COLONEL C. S. GZOWSKI, A.D.C. TO THE QUEEN

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE BURTON. | C. W. BUNTING, ESQ.

THE HON. SIR D. L. MCPHERSON.

MANAGERS, GEO. A. AND E. W. COX, TORONTO.

SPECIAL AGENTS.

J. T. WHITE, KINGSTON. S. G. CHAMBERLAIN, OSHAWA.

A. W. MURTON, TORONTO. J. B. MAGURN, TORONTO.

Canada Life Assurance Co.

A. G. RAMSAY, *PRESIDENT.*

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

THE HON. SIR ALEX. CAMPBELL, K.C.M.G. TORONTO.
A. ALLAN, ESQ. (H. & A. ALLAN) MONTREAL.
THOS. SWINYARD, ESQ., NEW YORK.
F. WOLFERSTAN THOMAS, ESQ. MONTREAL.
THE VERY REV. G. M. INNES, DEAN OF HURON, LONDON.
F. W. GATES, ESQ. HAMILTON, *VICE PRESIDENT.*
THE HON. MR. JUSTICE BURTON, TORONTO.
COL. SIR CASIMIR S. GZOWSKI, K.C.M.G., A.D.C. TO THE QUEEN, (TORONTO.
N. MERRITT, ESQ. TORONTO.
JOHN STUART, ESQ. HAMILTON.
ADAM BROWN, ESQ., HAMILTON.
WILLIAM HENDRIE, ESQ., HAMILTON.
HON. GEO. A. KIRKPATRICK, M.B. KINGSTON.
A. G. RAMSAY, ESQ., HAMILTON, *PRESIDENT.*

SECRETARY. R. HILLS. | *SUPERINTENDENT.* W. T. RAMSAY.

HEAD OFFICES, HAMILTON, ONT.

INTERIOR OF HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

1892

PRICE 50 CENTS

SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY (L'M'T'D).

CHRISTMAS

WHOLESALE MILLINERY

G. Goulding & Sons

ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS

Importers of Millinery and Straw Goods

55 BAY STREET, TORONTO

Buyers of Millinery and Fancy Dry Goods will find our stock one of the largest and best selected in the Dominion. The assortment is maintained throughout the year, and the Trade may at all times rely on our ability to supply their requirements.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. - - INSPECTION INVITED

G. GOULDING & SONS, 55 Bay Street, Toronto

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY

OF TORONTO, CANADA.

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT 1833.

HEAD OFFICE, - 18 AND 20 FRONT STREET EAST

FIRE AND INLAND MARINE

Total Assets,	$ 1,159,896 13
Premiums Received since organization,	18,067,972 30
Losses Paid since organization,	11,837,781 45

Agencies in all cities and towns from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a record of 58 years in Canada.

Represented also in the following of the United States of America: Delaware, District of Columbia, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, North Dakota, South Dakota, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Missouri, Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio, Wisconsin, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and California.

J. MORISON, Governor. JOHN Y. REID, Deputy Governor.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CO.

AND SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

CORNER YONGE AND COLBORNE STREETS

Capital, - - $1,000,000

Guarantee and Reserve Funds, - 206,000

DIRECTORS

President, - -	HON. EDWARD BLAKE, LL.D. Q.C.
Vice-Presidents, - -	E. A. MEREDITH, LL.D. JOHN HOSKIN, LL.D. Q.C.
W. H. BEATTY, ESQ.	H. S. HOWLAND, ESQ.
W. R. BROCK, ESQ.	ÆMILIUS IRVING, ESQ., Q.C.
GEO. A. COX, ESQ.	ROBERT JAFFRAY, ESQ.
B. HOMER DIXON, ESQ.	A. B. LEE, ESQ.
WM. ELLIOTT, ESQ.	WM. MULOCK, ESQ., M.P.
J. J. FOY, ESQ., Q.C.	HON. FRANK SMITH, SENATOR.
GEO. GOODERHAM, ESQ.	J. G. SCOTT, ESQ., Q.C.

T. SUTHERLAND STAYNER, ESQ.

Under the approval of the Ontario Government, the Company is accepted by the High Court of Justice as a Trusts Company, and from its organization has been employed by the Court for the investment of Court Funds. The Company acts as

EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, RECEIVER, COMMITTEE, GUARDIAN TRUSTEE, ASSIGNEE,

and in other fiduciary capacities, under direct or substitutionary appointment. The Company also acts as

AGENTS FOR EXECUTORS AND TRUSTEES

and for the transaction of all financial business; invests money, at best rates, in first mortgage and other securities; issues and countersigns bonds and debentures; collects rents, interests, dividends, etc. It obviates the need of security for administrations, and relieves individuals from responsibility as well as from onerous duties.

A large amount of **TRUST FUNDS** always on hand for investment at lowest rates in first mortgages on real estate and debentures.

The services of solicitors who bring estates or business to the Company are retained. All business entrusted to the Company will be economically and promptly attended to.

J. W. LANGMUIR, Manager.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1892.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

TOM'S LITTLE SISTER, by JOHN HABBERTON, author of Helen's Babies, Etc., *illustrated by Victor Grebeyedoff* - - - - - - 1

THE FLORAL OFFERING *(illustration)* - - - - - - 5

THE NEPHEW OF HIS UNCLE, by OCTAVE THANET, author of Expiation, *illustrated by Kemble* - - - - - - - - 6

THE RICH RELATION, by GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP, *illustrated by Partridge and Feraud* - - - - - - - 11

THE AVENGER—Poem—by E. PAULINE JOHNSON, *illustrated by Heming* 15

IN THE GLOAMING, *(illustration)* - - - - - - 16

SENOR THE ENGINEER, by EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, *illustrated by Feraud* 17

CHEEK OR CHIN *(illustration)* - - - - - - 21

LITTLE LADY, by IDA BURWASH, *illustrated by Feraud* - - - 22

A CONVERT TO THEOSOPHY—Poem—by R. K. KERNIGHAN (The Khan) 25

COMING OF THE SNOW QUEEN *(illustration)* - - 26

KATE GORDON'S CHRISTMAS MIRACLE, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE *illustrated by Partridge, Howard and Feraud* - - - 27

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT AT THE OFFICE OF THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, OTTAWA.
(COPYRIGHT.)

TORONTO:

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY (LTD.)

1892.

A Ceremonie for Christmas.

TOM'S LITTLE SISTER

BY JOHN HABBERTON, AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES"

TOM HARTSETT reached home about supper-time one December afternoon, and made his way quietly toward his bed-chamber, as if he were trying to avoid someone. He had scarcely reached the door when he heard a child's voice shouting:

"Oh, Beff! Hurry! Bruvver's home! I smell de stuff of his cigar. Come on an' let's have some fun."

Then Tom heard an exclamation of joy which seemed very much like a squeal, and after it a noise which, had Tom been brought up in a house without children, would have put him under the impression that a large number of heavy stones were tumbling downstairs. The noise ceased suddenly, however, as a couple of small figures emerged from the staircase; one was that of a girl of about seven years of age, while the other was smaller. They dashed after the retreating figure of the young man, buried pudgy little hands in pockets, seized coat-tails, indulged in a playful pinch or two, and in other ways made their presence known to the big brother, but Tom did not even turn his head.

"He's only makin' b'lieve, Woffie," exclaimed Beff, grasping one of Tom's hands. "He's playin' he was drunk, like he sometimes does to tease mamma. You can't cheat us, young man. Come on, up to the play-room, an' make some fun. There's lots of time being wasted; the supper-bell 'll ring pretty soon."

"No, he isn't making believe," Tom replied, in so deep-throated a growl that both the children relaxed their hold and stared helplessly. "Go away; I can't make fun this afternoon. I feel real bad."

"Let's go tell mamma right away," suggested Beff, "so she can bring him some of the nasty, horrid medicine that always makes us well."

"'Tisn't that kind of bad, chick," said the brother, a little more pleasantly than before.

"Den I guess you needs some Bible verses, like mamma always makes us learn when we's de uvver kind of bad," said Woffie, while she and her sister closely scrutinized the face of their oldest brother for signs of sin.

"'Tisn't that kind, either, you silly little thing. Run away, both of you, please; I want to be alone a little while. I'll make fun for you some other time but not this afternoon. Hurry along, now." Suiting the action to the word, he grasped each child by the clothing between her shoulders, and depositing both in the hall with the parting injunction, in a whisper, "Don't you dare tell anyone that I'm not feeling right," he closed the door.

Both children remained a moment in the sitting position in which they had been left, and wonderingly regarded each other's very long face. Finally, Woffie gravely answered:

"How many more kinds of feel-bad is dere, 'sides dem two, Beff?"

"I'm sure I don't know," the elder sister answered, in a hopeless tone. "We're always findin' out that there's new things, seems to me. Let's go back an' play dolls an' not think any more about it. Some of those dolls ought to be in bed pretty soon, else they'll feel bad too, and that would show that their mammas were very cruel."

"Seems to me," said Woffie, as she and her sister undressed some dolls and prepared them for the night's repose, "dat we ought to fink more 'bout our big bruvver's feel-bads dan de dollies' feel-bads, 'cause he's so much bigger dat he's got a good deal more of him to do de feelin'."

This line of thought seemed to impress Beff, for she allowed a slender, consumptive-looking pet to remain almost entirely disrobed while she looked contemplative and remarked:

"There's lots of ways of feelin' bad besides in people's bodies an' souls. P'raps Tom has had some trouble in business, and that kind of trouble makes folks have less money."

"Gwacious!" exclaimed Woffie, "I hope, if dat's it, dat it don't make him so poor dat he can't bwing us candies sometimes." The mere possibility of such a thing was so dreadful that Woffie sank nervelessly to one side, her elbow resting upon the anatomy of a crying doll, which immediately uttered a wail that restored the motherly little thing to her self-control.

"There's lots of ways of feelin' bad," Beff repeated, "an' the only way we can find out which it is will be to go an' ask him. You do it; you're the littlest, so he won't be so cross with you."

Woffie's eyes brightened roguishly, as she replied:

"Tell you what! I'll give him a s'pwise—dat always makes him laugh, you know. I can open de door of his room so soffaly dat he won't know nuffin' 'bout it till I says 'Boo;' den he'll laugh. Say—an' mebbe dat'll make all de feel-bad go 'way from him."

"You silly thing, then you won't find out what it is."

"Huh! Don't want to, if it's goin' to go 'way," said the child. "Jus' you wait a minute, now."

The child slipped noisily away, and her sister resumed the maternal duties which had been interrupted. After several minutes Woffie returned as noisily as she had gone, startling Beff into expressing the fear that some of their infant charges had been scared out of a night's sleep. Woffie's eyes were very wide open as she softly said:

"Funniest fing! I got in all right, an' what do you fink he was doin'?"

"I don't know. Shaving?"

"No-o-o-o! He had a picture in his hand, an' he was kissin' it."

"Whose picture was it? Mamma's?"

"No. You 'member dat girl wif red hair an' red cheeks dat was at sister Kate's party here—de one dat Tom said next mornin' at bweakfast was de pwettiest girl he ever saw? Well, 'twas her."

"Was it? She is quite nice."

"I don't know what he wants to kiss her picture for," said Woffie.

"I s'pose," said Beff, "it's 'cause he's an artist. They say artists are very fond of pictures."

"I FINK YOU'S WEAL PWETTY."

"Why, don't you understand? It's just like us with our dolls. We like 'em very much, so we kiss 'em."

"Huh! I don't kiss my dollies 'less I loves 'em—loves 'em lots. 'Sides, a picture ain't a dollie."

"But," Beff argued, as she tucked one of her darlings beneath a tiny coverlet and gave it a good-night kiss, "it might be a picture of a doll, don't you see? Maybe that's it, 'cause when he talked about that girl—Miss Laithe, her name is—sister Kate turned up her nose and said that she was a *little* better than a doll."

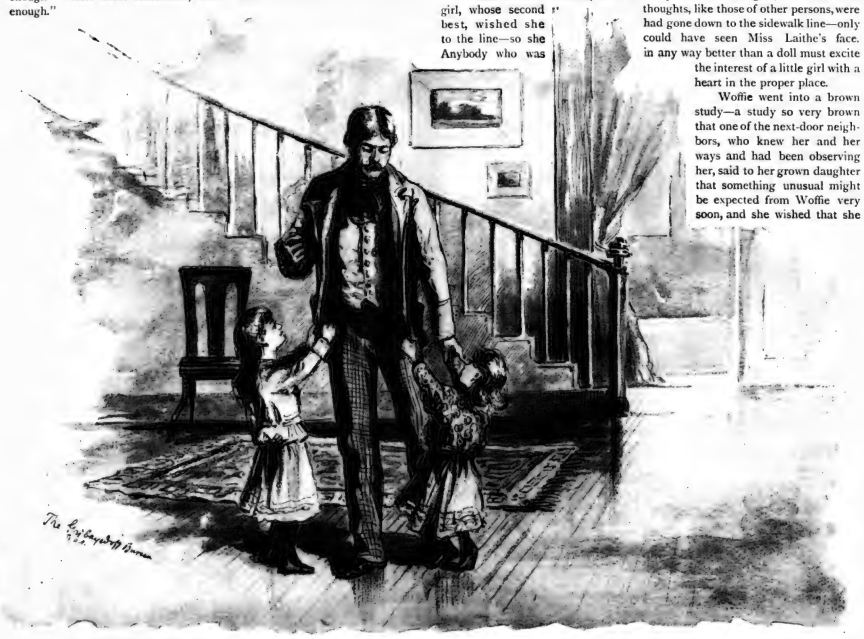
"Mebbe dat's it, den," said Woffie, after a moment of thought, "but I don't see why it should make him feel bad."

The supper-bell ended the discussion, for both the children were too small to have room for thought and food at the same time. Two hours later, though, as they were about to drop asleep, Woffie drawled:

"Beff, is you awake?"

"Yes," was the reply drawled back.

"Mebbe Bruvver Tom felt bad 'cause he fought he didn't love dat dollie enough. I feels awful sometimes, when I finks dat I don't love one of mine enough."



"HE'S ONLY MAKIN' B'LIEVE, WOFFIE."

"You're a goosie, Woffie. Go to sleep."

Tom Hartsett's "feel-bad" seemed to continue, for he was silent and grave at home for several days. His mother begged the older children not to worry him; probably he was evolving the idea of a new picture; she always had heard that true artists did a great deal of thinking before they took brush and palette in hand. Tom's sister Kate suggested that there was a great deal beside art for a young man to think about and lose his temper over, and intimated that it was about the season of the year in which young men in that particular city liked to spend a great deal of money, whereas Tom hadn't sold a picture in several months, and had said, when he opened his studio, that he never again should be obliged to ask his father for money. The smaller children found him disinclined to romp, but they combated the suggestion that he was financially embarrassed, for he purchased temporary exemption with large payments in candy.

But Woffie's mind was not inactive. She loved her big brother and, like many other children in the presence of troubles which they cannot understand, had many unnoticed periods of unhappiness. She would frequently steal into her brother's room and give him a hasty kiss, without leaving the reason as she hurried out again. She had plenty of time for thought, for she was too small to go to school, and her make-believe nursery did not engross all of her waking hours. She was allowed to sit on the piazza in front of the house, and look at passing people and carriages, a solemn promise first being enacted that she would on no account venture upon the sidewalk. One day she saw "dat girl wif red hair an' red cheeks dat was at sister Kate's party," the original of the picture which her brother Tom had kissed. Woffie studied her in the rather uncertain light she could command. Sister Kate had said she was a little better than a doll; to be better than a doll was to be superior to anything, outside of her own flesh and blood, that Woffie knew of. Miss Laithe was approaching the house; as she passed she averted her head, so Woffie could not get a good view of her face. Her figure, though, seemed quite satisfactory, and so did her attire; none of Woffie's dolls, well dressed though they were, could make so stylish an appearance as they were taken out for their afternoon constitutional. Woffie wished that her mother and big sister would make her dolls' cloaks like Miss Laithe's masses of soft-looking velvet with border of fur. Still, the charm of a doll is in its face. Woffie had made several stealthy visits to her brother's room, during the young man's absence, in the hope of finding the picture which had been kissed—she wanted to see how it was a little better than a doll, but for some reason the photograph remained invisible.

While Woffie wondered, Miss Laithe passed out of sight; then the little girl, whose second thoughts, like those of other persons, were best, wished she had gone down to the sidewalk line—only to the line—so she could have seen Miss Laithe's face. Anybody who was in any way better than a doll must excite the interest of a little girl with a heart in the proper place.

Woffie went into a brown study—a study so very brown that one of the next-door neighbors, who knew her and her ways and had been observing her, said to her grown daughter that something unusual might be expected from Woffie very soon, and she wished that she might know what it would be. But Woffie was unconscious of being observed, so she went on wool-gathering until the passing of two or three children suggested that it might be time for her sister Beff to return from school. She looked in the direction of the temple of knowledge without seeing her sister, but she beheld someone who for the moment was more interesting—Miss Laithe was returning.

The child slowly descended the steps and approached the sidewalk, fixing her eyes on Miss Laithe's face, but just as she began to get a good look, the cause of her curiosity again turned her head away just as she had done before when passing the house. Woffie had not expected this; it was the custom of all acquaintances of the family to stop and speak to Woffie when they met her, but here was one who swept by with quite an air of dignity, not recognizing the child's existence. Woffie was too young to feel insulted, and she was too earnest just then to have her plans fail through any accident that could be remedied, so, forgetting home orders and her own promises, she started in pursuit of Miss Laithe as soon as she had consumed a moment in astonishment. It seemed to her that the young lady had begun to walk faster, but that did not matter, for Woffie was an active little creature and at once began to run. She was panting a little when she overtook the lady, but, as she passed a step or two in advance and turned around so as to have a real good look, she exclaimed:

"I fink you's weal pwetty."

Miss Laithe was a damsel of fine composure, but she stopped and almost staggered as she heard this remark and saw from whom it came. She smiled—evidently she was pleased—yet suddenly she asked severely:

"Had you any reason to suppose I was not?"

"No, indeed," said Woffie, with a face too honest to be doubted, although Miss Laithe scrutinized it very closely. Then the lady, beginning to walk slowly, asked:

"Are you in the habit of running after ladies on the street and telling them they are pretty?"

"No, ma'am." Woffie looked troubled; the tone of the young lady had a note of reproof in it, and Woffie, although a good little girl, as girls go, knew by experience what the tone of reproof was.

"Then I can't understand why you should do so rude a thing."

When Woffie heard that word "rude," her eyes filled at once. She had been often warned at home against rudeness; she had heard her half-grown brothers severely reproved for rudeness, and her memory retained scraps of conversation which showed that her sister Kate, who was the young lady of the family and the model to whom the smaller girls were expected to conform themselves, talked of rudeness as if it were a deadly sin. Tears were followed by a sob, and then Woffie cried:

"I didn't know 'twas wude—hones' and twuly I didn't."

Miss Laithe seemed for a moment to struggle with some emotion; then she took the child's hand and said, as she inclined her head toward her:

"Don't cry, little girl; it's very unlady-like to cry in the street."

"Oh, dear! Has I done anuvver fing bad?" sobbed Woffie.

"It isn't positively naughty, but people will think you—er—not very nice if they see you crying for no apparent reason."

"I'll twy to stop, den. I'ze a-stoppin'. Dere, I'ze all stopped now."

"I'm very glad of it. Now you had better run back home."

"Can't I walk wif you a little way? Uvver ladies lets me when I wants to."

"Some other day, little girl," said Miss Laithe, wishing she might look around and see if anyone was observing her walking with a child of *his* family—the dreadful fellow! But her curiosity remained unsatisfied; she wouldn't for the world ask about what she most wanted to know, but under the circumstances it wouldn't be very dreadful to let the child say what she would—the child who really seemed to admire her. She would limit the duration of the interview. If during that time the little one said anything that—why, then——

"You may walk with me to the next corner, if you like, and if you'll tell me why you really want to."

"It's 'cause I likes to," Woffie replied. "I want to keep on lookin' at you. You's pwettier dan any dollie I'ze got. Why, you's pwettier dan all my dolls togevver."

"Thank you, my dear," said Miss Laithe, feeling a flush spreading over her cheeks. "I shall esteem that as quite a compliment, for I used to have a great many dolls when I was a little girl and I thought they were the prettiest things in the world."

"My sister said you was ever so pwetty," said Woffie.

"Indeed? How could she have come to say that, I wonder?"

"Oh, I mustn't tell!" exclaimed Woffie in a tone of alarm. "I forgot, for a minute."

"Forgot what?"

"Dat I mustn't ever repeat what is said in de house—home, you know."

"A very good rule," said Miss Laithe, as if she were thinking of something else. She knew that Tom Hartsett had admired her very much, but she had not imagined that it had gone so far that she had become a subject of conversation in his family. She was sincerely glad that Tom's sister Kate admired her—of course the child must be telling the truth. She admired Kate, though she knew her but slightly. It might have been very pleasant if—— But twas of no use to think of it now; she and Tom had quarreled, and he was such an obstinate, conceited fellow—never able to see when he was in the wrong!

"I'se got a big bruvver," said Woffie suddenly.

"Indeed?" exclaimed Miss Laithe, her heart starting toward her lips, although she indignantly told it that she saw no reason why it should do any thing of the kind. "Really, though, there is nothing remarkable about having a big brother. A great many little girls have them."

"But mine's a artist. He paints pictures—lots of 'em."

"Possibly. Still, a great many other young men do the same."

"But my bruvver is awful nice. He makes lots of fun."

"Funnier than a box of monkeys," murmured Miss Laithe softly, yet satirically.

"He don't make no fun de last free or four days, dough," continued the child. "He felt bad an' medicine an' Bible verses wouldn't do him no good."

"Indeed?" said Miss Laithe, in an uncertain voice, as she felt an impulse to run away from the child and give herself a severe lecture. Then she called her indifference to her aid and continued, "He tried them both, I suppose?"

"No, he wouldn't do eiver—ff an' me wanted him to but he wouldn't. I guess he was finkin' hard about a picture he was goin' to make; anyhow, dat's what mamma said—oh, I forgot, I mustn't tell what's said in de house."

"I promise you that I sha'n't repeat it, little girl, but on one condition—that you never, never, never tell anyone that you told me."

"Aw wight," said Woffie, evidently very much relieved. "But I'ze awful sorry for him when he feels bad, an' so is Beff."

"He ought to be very grateful for having such sisters. Now you must run back. Really, it isn't right for me to let you go so far away from home. I hope you haven't been missed."

But Woffie was not ready to return. The family order that she was not to go beyond the line of the front garden had so utterly escaped her mind that it might as well have been as far away as the planet Neptune. Her mind had recalled her brother Tom's affection to the photograph of Miss Laithe, and for several moments she had been wondering why Tom had done it. When Woffie's mind admitted a subject it was hospitality itself—it gave itself entirely up to the new-comer. So she said:

"My big bruvver is awful funny."

Miss Laithe did not answer at once, but as the silence slowly became embarrassing—to her—she succeeded in saying:

"Indeed? What makes you think so?"

"Oh, lots of fings," said Woffie, looking far ahead of her and walking like one in a trance.

Again there was a moment or two of silence. Miss Laithe looked furtively about her and saw, to her great comfort, that she had turned, without intention, into a street of very common houses—a street in which it was very unlikely

OH, BRUVVER TOM! HERE'S DE LADY DAT YOU KISSED DE PICTURE OF DE UVVER NIGHT WHEN YOU FELT SO BAD."

that anyone knew her or Tom Hartsett. Although she had quarreled with Tom, she could not help being interested in him. There were some very good qualities in him, if he only would be reasonable. Of course all was over between him and her; still, it was only generous—indeed, it was no more than honest that she should retain a human interest in him. This would probably be her last opportunity to talk about him with anyone who was entirely unsuspicious and honest. It could do no harm—to him; it might do some good—to her, and did she not deserve something, she would like to know, as reparation for his utterly foolish, narrow, boyish outburst which had separated them? Besides, she had not been engaged to him; even if she were to meet someone who knew both of them, it wouldn't be possible that they would suspect anything.

"What sort of things, dear?" she brought herself to ask.

"Oh, I dunno," was the reply. "One fing is dat he finks so much about his pictures dat he cares as much for dem as if dey was people. I'ze got lots of pictures—whole scrap-books full of 'em, but I never gets so fond of 'em dat I'd—I'd like 'em as much as he does some of his."

"What kind does he like most, dear?" was the next question. Miss Laithe thought it was an entirely proper one to ask, for she really had taken a lively interest in Tom's work, and as she had herself taken a few lessons in art, and spoiled a number of clean canvases and wasted a great deal of paint, she felt that she was in hearty sympathy with artists in general. Some day she might be able to prove, by her spoken opinions of Mr. Hartsett's work, that in rejecting the lover she had not lacked appreciation of the artist. "What kind of pictures does he seem most to like?"

"Oh, ladies' faces, seems to me," Woffie replied.

There was an instantaneous outburst of jealousy from Miss Laithe's tightly corseted heart as she asked:

"What kind of ladies?"

"Ow!" exclaimed Woffie, with a physical struggle, "you hurt my hand awful."

"I beg your pardon, dear," said the lady, leaning over the child and kissing her; "I won't do it again—it was an accident. But tell me what kind of ladies' pictures? I have seen many of your brother's paintings, and some of them are very good. I am interested in his work, and I ask for information. He will be a very great artist one of these days, I suspect. Tell me what kind of ladies—which lady? What is her name—whom has he been painting?"

Woffie hung her head and looked very uncomfortable. She seemed to be thinking very hard about something, but suddenly she looked up and said:

"You's hurtin' my hand again—like ev'ryfing!"

Miss Laithe was seized with a strong desire to pick the child up and shake truth out of her, even if she shook out the life also, but she conquered it and said:

"I'll let go of your hand, dear, so that I can't by any possibility hurt it again. There! Now won't you tell me?"

But Woffie hung her head. She had been thinking, and feared that she had gone too far. She had made a great many innocent blunders through telling what went on within the privacy of the family circle; a remark of hers about a part of her sister Kate's complexion, which had not been supplied by nature, had been the cause of her having once been sent to bed without her supper—punishment which, to children of her age, seems worse than death. So she hung her head and said:

"I mustn't tell."

"Who said you mustn't?" asked Miss Laithe, so savagely that the child began to cry.

"Ev'rybody," she whimpered

Ah! Evidently there had been some method in Master Tom's madness. His wandering, artistic fancy—oh, the double-faced character of artists!—had given him a new ideal. She—Miss Laithe, to whom he had sworn allegiance with a vehemence which had frightened while it pleased—she had been replaced by someone else, and the family was in sympathy with him! She felt like a lioness robbed of her whelps; she would know who the new enslaver was, come what would. Besides, it was her right. As for the child, candy would bribe her to secrecy, after the truth was learned. Miss Laithe forgot that she was in a public street—forgot her birth and breeding—forgot everything except that she had a rival. Leaning forward she shook her forefinger in the child's face and exclaimed:

"You sha'n't go home until you tell me."

Woffie looked about her in terror. She did not know where she was; she remembered suddenly that she was disobeying orders in being away from home at all; if she did not speedily return her absence might be discovered and then, perhaps, she would have to go supperless to bed again. She was recalled from her terror by a familiar voice exclaiming:

"Really, Miss Laithe, I didn't suppose your dislike for me was so vindictive that you could find pleasure in tormenting my little sister."

Before he had finished, Miss Laithe and Woffie saw before them Tom Hartsett, with a portfolio and easel under his arm. The young lady's face flushed until, as Tom afterward said, she became a study of tones of a single color. As for Woffie, she shouted:

"Oh, bruvver Tom! Here's de lady Jat you kissed de picture of de uvver night when you felt so bad. Don't you know?"

Then it was Tom's turn to flush; as Miss Laithe remarked afterward—though only to him—in a second he changed from the color of a sheet of drawing paper to that of a boiled lobster. It was with some effort that he raised his eyes to Miss Laithe's face, but the lady's eyes remained fixed upon the ground, so Tom said to Woffie:

"You little scamp, what are you doing so far from home? Here comes Beff on her way from school. You'd better go back with her."

"Don't tell muvver," pleaded Woffie.

"I sha'n't," said Tom, "unless you do. Your little tongue——"

"Weally, Tom, I didn't say nuffin' but de trufe. You did kiss her picture—over and over again, de night you felt so bad, don't you remember?"

Tom looked appealingly at Miss Laithe, whose eyes, as she slowly raised them, had something in them that raised his heart also. But Beff's large eyes were by this time wonderingly contemplating the group, so Tom said hurriedly:

"Beff, take your sister home; I'm afraid she's been bothering Miss Laithe. And Beff—don't for anything say where you found her."

"Give us a penny to buy candy with, then," said the practical Beff.

Tom quickly extracted a half-dollar from his pocket and the children, with a squealing duet of delight, hurried away, as Tom said:

"Children and fools speak the truth, Miss Laithe."

"Woffie isn't a fool," replied the young woman, who had recovered her self-possession.

"Call her brother one then, if you like, so that you believe him. Miss Laithe—Witchie, I have been very unhappy ever since—since our quarrel. I've had no mind for anything. I went out this afternoon on the pretense of sketching, but I've merely tramped about like a madman. Witchie—darling, won't you forgive me?"

He offered his hand. Miss Laithe looked into his eyes; she seemed to be laughing at him, but at last she replied:

"Yes, on one condition."

"Name it."

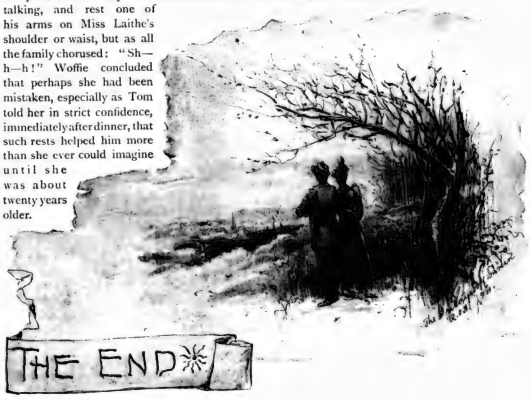
"It shouldn't be hard. It is to paint me a good picture of——"

"Myself? Oh, you dear——"

"Nonsense! The picture I want is of Woffie."

. . . . . .

As for Woffie, her guilty secret was too much for her little breast to hold. She did not mean to divulge it, and she held her tongue so closely that her mother feared that such silence was a warning of impending illness. Little by little, however, her thoughts began to escape her. She said something about red hair—though Tom had always insisted that Miss Laithe's head was crowned with Titian gold. She announced with the abstracted manner of a sneer, that some people might be a little better than a doll, but some others were nicer than whole stores full of dolls. She asked her sister Kate whether it didn't hurt to have her hand squeezed, and when Kate wanted to know why the question had been addressed specially to her, the child was so slow in answering that the young woman became suspicious and uneasy, and consulted her mother, who questioned Woffie closely with the result that when Tom reached home he was subjected to an amount of congratulation and chaff which first made him quite uncomfortable and then very happy. Several months after, Woffie was asked to act as bridesmaid at the wedding—a request which greatly mystified her, especially as Miss Laithe explained that Woffie had made the match. She had to pay one of the penalties of admiration, for it did seem to her that when Tom was painting her portrait he kept her in uncomfortable positions for about a year each time; she told Beff that she really didn't know how she should have kept quiet at all if Miss Laithe hadn't sat in front of her most of the time, and given her candies, and told her funny stories while Tom painted, and scolded Tom for wasting his time by trying to paint her portrait instead of Woffie's. She also confided to the entire family at dinner one day, that she thought Tom could have got done a great deal quicker if he didn't every few minutes stop work and come over to where she and Miss Laithe were talking, and rest one of his arms on Miss Laithe's shoulder or waist, but as all the family chorused: "Sh—h—h!" Woffie concluded that perhaps she had been mistaken, especially as Tom told her in strict confidence, immediately after dinner, that such rests helped him more than she ever could imagine until she was about twenty years older.



THE FLORAL OFFERING.

ALL through the burning summer days, when even the negro lies in the shade and the blossoming cotton balls wave over the silent fields, the plantation doors of the plantation store frame the same beautiful, cool picture. Enter from the dusty roadside and the picture is before you; a square canvas of Nature's own painting, forest and stream and sunny sky. Green, fresh, darkly cool with undefined recesses of rich shadow, it is the strangest contrast to the long, rank, dim store. When autumn comes the picture changes; it glows with more vivid tints, the sky is an intenser blue, the willows mingle their gold with crimson and green of water oaks and gum trees, the Black river takes on emerald tints. But neither in summer nor in autumn is much attention paid by the store audience. Only one man of the score gathered in the store on a certain October day cast so much as a second glance at the blazonry of earth and sky.

This man was staring at the scene with eyes that saw nothing. He had a dismal medley of thoughts of his own, were the truth told, for him to contemplate. He was a young fellow, perhaps twenty, perhaps twenty-five years old; he was very clean; his hair was cut short but was so curly that it waved out from the shears; his eyes were brown and restless; his features, as Southwestern features are apt to be, delicate, even refined; but the mouth did not close firmly and quivered too readily into a nervous smile. He was dressed with unusual neatness in a dark blue suit and a white linen shirt. Anyone who noticed how carefully he brushed off the step on which he sat, before seating himself, or how he pulled up his trowsers at the knees and flicked the dust from his coat with a white handkerchief, would perceive at once that he wore his best attire.

He sat twisting his cap with fingers that shook a little. No one in the store spoke to him, but every man watched him out of the tail of his eye, pretending some other reason for looking that way. And the tall, florid-faced man sitting on the doorstep close to him kept up a furtive stare at the back of his head. Occasionally he shifted his position, whereupon the watcher never failed to fling a hand back to a hip pocket and move something in the pocket up and down, while a visible thrill ran through the spectators. Naturally the muffled talk was all on these two men.

"Well—" it was an old man, loose-jointed, long-limbed and gray-bearded, who spoke in the languid, Arkansas drawl—"well, that thar feller ain't got no call to be monkeying with his pistil the enjuring time. Ascue ain't got spunk to cut and run even if he aims to, which I do *not* believe he does."

"If he was his uncle now, Cap'n Long," said another old man, whose oald head shone in the sunlight, "I reckon he wouldn't be long."

"But he ain't his uncle. He's a timid-hearted feller, cayn't enjure to kill a chicken I ben told. Say he ben waiting on Miss Willy Bartlett for three years, ever since his maw died, and ain't had courage gin him to ax her yit. Thar ain't nothing but his favor like his uncle; he pintedly does favor him. I admit that, Mr. Morris."

"And I admit he are a sorter pickblock feller, Cap'n Long; but I tell you he got his uncle in 'him and it will shore come out some way and some day. Named ayfter him, ain't he?"

"Yes, sir, Dan'l Tyler Ascue; but owin' to his maw's hatin' Dan like pizen she never called him nary name but Tyler. His paw warn't a bad man, but he ben twins, that's the trouble of him."

"Twins?" repeated Morris absently, investigating the claims of sapolio on his clasp knife. "What ye mean, Cap'n?"

"Why, twins is different from other kinds er brothers; they set a heap more store on each other. Watt Ascue, he was the stillest, industriousest, peacefulest man you ever did see and Dan was the devil's fust pickin's for badness and meanness and hell-daring owdaciousness. He was always a-fightin' and a-drinkin' and a-bettin' and the country was full er his wickedness till he finally up and killed a nigger. Case ben clear agin him and 'twas a right decent nigger and the prosecuting 'torney, he swore he'd git him hanged. But I reckon you know that story well's me."

"We don't, Cap'n," spoke up several voices, and nothing loath the narrator continued. "They all taken him to jail, leastways there didn't ben no jail then, but they put him in this here store upstairs, and Armytage, he ben the constable, he chained him to a big iron staple by a chain round his legs; but that there Watt, he got permission for his little boy to fotch him some light bread and sich and there ben a file inside, and Dan lit out mighty briefly. Never did ben seen since. They 'rested Watt for helping of him—lawyers gave it a mighty big name that I disremember—and he taken a fever and died in this very store; his wife come over and nussed him. He did have a right smart of property, but lawyers' bills and setting Dan up to git off and all that, used it up so he lost his farm. She went off and taken a little place, and she and the boy they did manage some way to pay for it, and they got right good credit. But the woman sorter lost her confidence in folkses. I dunno's I blame her so much. She taken it hard folks sided agin Watt, and she fairly despised the name of Dan Ascue, and she hadn't no kin herself, so there they lived and she kept the boy to herself. I don't guess she ever parted lips with anybody, less'n it ben Willy Bartlett for her nussing her once through a spell er sickness. She did set a power er store by her."

"Did she die two or three years ago?" asked Morris.

"Three years it ben, this fall. And sich a ending, Lord forgive it; Willy Bartlett told me; she ben thar. Ye see she ben so wropped up in that boy—being the onliest living child she had—that she cudn't be satisfied nohow to quit and leave him by his lone. Acted real onchristian. Kep' sendin' for doctors. Maintained she wud git well onyhow, Lord's will or no Lord's will. The boy he were jest as funny 'bout it as her. He wudn't tell her she ben going to die in the night, like the doctor sayd; no, sir; he was all for humoring of her, and chirking her up. Wudn't 'low doctor to tell her neither; got real violent when he proposed it. Last words she did say was, 'I feel like I'd got sleep, honey; don't you set up;' and he says, 'That's good, maw; I'll lay down and sleep bymeby, tew,' and she patted

"HE MOVE IN THE LANGUID ARKANSAS DRAWL."

him on the shoulder and she never did say another word er no kind; she went off in her sleep and him a-setting beside her, gripping his hands tight and never making a sound no more'n a wild hog if ye stick him. Minute Willy lifted the feather to her lips and let it drap and says, 'She done gone, Ty, you pore boy,' he jumped up like suthin' bit him and lit out and she did not see him again for an hour, but then he come back with his eyes all swelled up, as still and decent's you want. And if you please, they didn't have nobody but Willy to the burying and nare preaching 'tall.'

The crowd agreed that it was a queer and an impious way to act. "I don't know," said a man who had not yet spoken, but to whom everyone seemed to listen respectfully, "I don't see nare use in worriting and pestering folks just because they are dying. Mrs. Ascue ben a good woman; I knew her before she come to trouble, and I guess if there's one sin the Lord forgives easy it is mothers loving their children too much."

"I'm with you there, squire," said Morris, "but say, what you all waiting for, swearing us out here to save time and then not calling the case?"

"We ben waiting on Mr. Francis," returned the justice of the peace, for such he was, "but I got word he cayn't come, so Miss Willy Bartlett sayd she would act as clerk and I reckon we all better come in now. Mr. Massoner, will you and Mr. Ascue come into the office? All of you kin find a chair better fetch it."

Having thus opened court and summoned the prisoner, Squire Columbus Shinault walked ahead into the office and settled himself in an easy attitude in the office chair. Though he took off his coat for further comfort (the day was warm, one of those belated torrid days of August that will sometimes stray into an Arkansas October) and though he sprawled one leg over the arm of his chair, the holder of the scales of justice was an awful personage in one man's eyes. Ascue knit his slim hands together and thought of being bound over to the grand jury and set on the first stage to the convict camp, with the horrors of which Massoner, an ex-convict guard, had been very liberal all the evening before, and his heart rose within him with fright. At the little table below the office desk, usually the refuge for yesterday's newspapers, now neatly cleared and impressive with legal cap and ink and pens, sat a young woman two or three years older than Tyler Ascue. Her regular, sharply cut profile was bent over the pile of paper. She had a pale and handsome face with imperious black eyes. Her dress was no better than a pink print but it fitted her so snugly and was so trimly neat in every detail that poor Ascue thought, "How rich she is dressed!" His timid eyes fell beneath her flashing glances; his night of misery and humiliation seemed to culminate in the hot shame that flushed his veins, to paint his cheeks and strangle in his throat. He stumbled as he tried to find his chair. Thereupon Massoner righted him with no gentle hand, whispering, "Say, you better plead guilty if you so all fired scared up!"

Tears of rage and pain rose in the lad's eyes, not unmarked by the small-featured, sallow, indifferent-looking man who swung his rough boot over the arm of the office chair. The court was opened by the remark, uttered in a conversational aside, "Well, seeing as you all ben swore out there, reckon we best begin. Where is Mr. Armytage?"

"He's having the hopper to his planter fixed; he wants you all to wait a minute." The reply came from the audience. The court nodded and occupied the time profitably by instructing the clerk in her duties. The office and the room beyond filled up with people, a few of them women. There was one baby that was audibly petted by everyone. Ascue heard his heart drumming in his ears. He remembered how his dead mother used to pray every night that he might grow up into a good and honest man; he had not thought that the time could come when he should be glad that she was dead. "And I never done a thing. 'Tain't right! 'Tain't right!" he groaned to himself.

Armytage had settled his dispute about the machine and was pushing through the crowd. Tyler could see his Roman nose and red hair against a green Japanese fan that he was waving to and fro. He was a man of stout habit and easily heated. He seated himself at just the right distance from the office stool, did one desire to convert it into a foot rest, and affably requested the court to "fire away."

"Well, Mr. Armytage," said the justice, "you was sworn in the other room so you can begin right away and give us your evidence; you lost a boat?"

"Yes, sir. Last night I went to get it to go fishing I had a chain to it and a lock, 'cause the boys at the store used to borrow it. When I come to the bank it was not there and the tree it ben tied to was chopped off."

"Have you got any reason to suspect anyone, Mr. Armytage? Was there any marks of foot prints?"

"No, sir, there was *not;* but this man was at the store and was asking for a boat and seemed powerful anxious to borrow or to hire one, offered fifty cents and riz to a dollar, and went off mad when I refused."

"Did he say anything?"

"No, sir; I told him his uncle had cheated me out of a hoss once and I wouldn't have no truck with *him.* And he didn't seem to like it."

"But you say he didn't say anything?"

"No, sir, just looked mad and went off."

This was Mr. Armytage's testimony, and the justice now assumed the invisible robes of prosecuting attorney and made ready to cross-examine the witnesses. The first witness called was Daniel Tyler Ascue. Examined, he deposed (in a low voice with weak notes like a child's tones) that he lived two miles from the settlement of Sweet Sips; that he started out Wednesday evening about three o'clock to go to Mr. Francis' land; that his horse picked up a nail and acted kinder dumpish and he didn't like to ride him, so he left him in the livery stable at Sweet Sips, thinking to get a boat from the store and come down that way by river, because he did hear the bridge ben down and there was a power of water over the road. Mr. Armytage would not lend or hire his boat, so he went on afoot.

Cross-examined—Yes, sir, he did see someone on his way to Mr. Francis' land; saw two men fishing, Captain Long and Mr. Morris; asked them if they had a boat to lend. They had *not;* told him of a man down the road might lend him one. Yes, sir, he did start to go in the direction where the man lived, but he changed his mind and went back; did not like to ask favors of folks was why he changed his mind. No, sir, his business was not with Mr. Francis; declined to tell who it was he had business with.

Here the clerk laid down her pen to remark coolly, "Why don't you tell them it was with me, Ty? I don't mind;" while the prisoner reddened up to his eyelids.

"I don't guess that p'int is important anyway," interrupted Shinault's soft drawl; "if you ain't got anything more to ask, you read it to him, Miss Willy. Then he kin sign it if it is all correct."

"Yes, sir, I am sure it is all right," said Ascue eagerly, feeling that he should somehow criticize Miss Willy as clerk if he were to demand a reading.

"It is the law, Mr. Ascue," said the justice gravely, and the testimony was read.

The next witness was Mr. Morris, who deposed to Ascue's evident anxiety to secure a boat and to his departure in one direction for a good distance, then his turning and running in the direction of Sweet Sips.

"Did you—" evidently this was a vital question, since Mr. Armytage dropped both his legs to the floor and sawed the air with his fan—"did you see the prisoner, Mr. Ascue, again, yesterday afternoon?"

"Well, no, sir; I don't feel like swearing I did."

"Didn't you tell your wife you did—recollect you are on oath, Mr. Morris."

"I do recollect, Mr. Armytage, that's where the skin's raw. Did tell Pearl I seen Ascue, leastways I 'lowed I did, but I cayn't well and truly swear to it. We was coming home and we seen a boat on the river. There was just one man in the boat in his shirt. He ben rowing mighty soft like, only 'bout thirty licks to the minute I would say. Says I, ain't that Ascue? Long, he's so nigh-sighted he couldn't say. Fust I 'lowed it was him and was for hollerin' on him to stop, but then looked like to me he had on a striped shirt, and he ben a chunkier man as Ascue, so we didn't holler."

"You cayn't swear it was Tyler Ascue, but you are sure it was him?"

"Well, not plumb shore but nearly 'bout."

Long's testimony was of the same tenor, except that he had no opinion whatever about the rower, "being so nigh-sighted." Both men were ready to swear to the boat, which they recognized by its red and white painting.

During the examination Miss Willy had whispered to the justice, who turned to Long, saying, "What kind of clothes did he wear?" The witness "dis-remembered;" had not noticed that he wore a striped shirt—might have worn a striped shirt, for he was nigh-sighted and couldn't tell. Did remember he wore a black hat.

Morris being recalled and asked the same questions, remembered that he thought (would not swear) that the man wore a striped shirt, and it was not a stiff shirt. Was sure that he wore a black hat.

Shinault turned to Armytage. "Did you notice if your man had a hat on?"

"No, sir, he sayd he lost it; it blowed off; he bought one at the store." Armytage hesitated a second, frowning, then he added doggedly, "It ben a cap he bought, a white cap."

Justice and audience with one accord looked at the white cap which Ascue was crumpling in his hands.

AUNT TILLY

"Anything else you'd like for me to ask, Miss Willy?" enquired the justice. Miss Willy whispered again. In response two of her boarders, mill hands employed at Mr. Francis' gin, were summoned and deposed that they were sitting in the gallery at Miss Willy's, and had seen Ascue come to the gate; he said that he had walked from Sweet Sips, and it had been powerful muddy in spots.

Mr. Armytage, who had resumed the alert confidence of his demeanor, asked if the witnesses noticed whether Ascue's trowsers were wet or draggled. Answered that they were not.

Then Miss Willy whispered again, and Shinault said, "Miss Willy, will you please take the chair."

Ascue half started from his own and then sank back. Was she going to turn against him too, and tell why he was so anxious to go to see her? "Miss Willy, you had the lodging of Mr. Ascue last night after he was arrested," said the justice; "did you notice anything about him wet or muddied like he ben wading?"

"No, sir," the answer came promptly, "but he asked me for a tub to wash in, sayd he turned up his pants to wade and taken off his shoes, having his best clothes on. His pants were crumply like where he turned them up, and I ironed them out last night. There was a little mud splashed on them."

"Miss Willy, you have known the prisoner, Mr. Ascue, for a number of years, would you believe him on oath, and is his character for honesty good?"

Ascue felt the floor rising at him as Miss Willy drew her tall form up to its full height and her voice rang through the room: "Yes, sir, I have known him boy and man for ten years and I never knew him to tell a lie or do a dishonest thing."

"That's all, Miss Willy. You got any more witnesses, Mr. Armytage?" Mr. Armytage had no more.

Shinault brushed his fair mustache and whispered with Mr. Armytage and Miss Willy. The room was so still that the whispers hissed loudly. Ascue sat crouched together, fingering his cap.

Shinault rose. "Well, Mr. Ascue," said he, "I don't 'low you taken that boat. Onyhow, we ain't got the evidence to hold you. Mr. Massoner, turn him loose. Mr. Ascue, I wish you well."

There was no applause. Ascue shambled up to Shinault, more wretched and timid-looking than ever, and muttered some inarticulate thanks; he might have thanked Armytage also, had not the latter swung himself away. Then he made an awkward bow to Miss Willy and went his way.

"He might have as much as said 'Thank you,'" thought Miss Willy, "but he ain't got a spark of spirit in him. I did right not to take him."

Massoner, Long and Morris were discussing the matter at the door; one sentence reached Ascue as he shuffled past: "I tell you, gentlemen, hat or cap, he done it; he done it just outer meanness to pester Armytage; that was pintblank his uncle's way."

Tyler walked home. It took him two hours. This time he did not protect his best clothes but let the mud splash them. He was used to being apart from the people of the place, he had grown up a solitary, and did not know how to mend his lonely estate, but no one dreamed how keenly he valued the reputation for honesty and prompt payments that his mother's and his own unceasing industry and self-denial had enabled him to make. His credit was of the highest at every country store; Armytage himself would not have dared to refuse him goods yesterday—yesterday! He groaned aloud. "What would maw say if she knowed they all think me a thief—for they do still!" he cried.

When he reached Sweet Sips he reclaimed his horse and paid the stable keeper as quickly as he could. He thought the man stared at him. "He knows I ben arrested for stealing," said Tyler.

The western sky was reddening as he rode into his own land. Only yesterday morning his eye had rested with a sensation of pride on the trig fences and the tall cotton of his fields. He had admired his fine cattle. "I don't owe no man a penny and if she'll say the word I'll build on this fall," he had thought. Now he felt a fresh pang at the sight of each familiar object.

The house was a four-roomed frame house painted lead color, but relieved by honey-suckle and wild rosebushes which wreathed the lattice in front of the gallery.

A dog, a lank Arkansas hound, came bounding out of the wood, to nearly knock the man over with his exuberant welcome.

"I ben skeered she wouldn't like me, old man," said Tyler sadly, while he stroked the dog's head. "Well, I needn't of pestered myself 'bout it nohow."

He walked up the neat wooden walk which he had made for his mother's convenience. He opened the door (there was no bolt or lock) only to step back at the vision of a slim, well dressed man who was bending over the dead fire on the hearth. Beside the hearth stood a frying pan filled with slices of salt pork and some potatoes.

"Well, *sir*!" muttered Ascue. His words were no particular address to the stranger but merely the familiar Southwestern ejaculation of surprise. The man got to his feet, but leisurely. He put both arms akimbo and slowly lifted his lip from his teeth, at the same time inclining his head to one side, an action that had in it an indescribable kind of dare-devil coolness.

"I expect you are Daniel Tyler Ascue," said he then.

"Yes, sir," answered Tyler mechanically.

"And I am you' uncle Dan; reckon you didn't expect to see me."

"No, sir." Tyler's voice was a little husky; he made no move to welcome his unexpected guest. Dan Ascue shrugged his shoulders and made a grimace. All this while Tyler's eyes were taking in the other's figure, his blue cutaway coat, his silk shirt, his sparkling studs, his gold watch chain. He was not experienced enough to notice the tawdry air of this finery; he thought of his father's hard earnings squandered to save this sleek ruffian's skin.

"Well, here I am and I want you to help me," said his uncle.

"I knowed that when I seen you," said Ascue.

"Now you're talking. Well, boy, I shot a man in St. Louis and had to light out. There was a detective after me and I jumped the train and cut across country to Sweet Sips. There I taken a boat and rowed up here and struck across to your farm to git you to lend me a hoss to ride to the railroad. Ben meaning to hunt you up for a long spell."

"You taken that boat at Sweet Sips—off a tree that you cut?"

"Yes. How the devil did you know?"

"Because," answered Ascue grimly, "I jest come back from there and they ben trying me for stealing that boat."

The man burst into a roar of laughter. "Is that the kind of name ye got in these pyarts, hey?" Ty flushed hotly. "I ain't got no name 'cept from being your nephew; I ben acquitted."

"Well, 'tain't no differ; where's the hoss?"

"Where'd you leave the boat?"

"Drawed it up on the bank. Say, boy, make haste and get me something to eat."

Ascue did not move; he set his teeth down on his under lip and stared at Dan.

"D—— it, how you favor your mother!" snorted Dan.

"Folks 'low I favor you."

"Much you favor me. Well, have you looked at me long enough?"

"Yes, sir," said Tyler, and turned on his heel. He went to the hearth and as his stooping shoulders bent over the fire-dogs, Dan Ascue imagined that he heard a smothered sound like a groan. Tyler was a handy cook of the primitive type. In a marvelously short time he had some baking powder biscuit steaming beside a pot of coffee and a plate of fried ham and eggs on the oilcloth-covered table. While he prepared the meal Dan Ascue walked about the room, casting occasional sharp glances outside where the summer day was darkening and the great gum trees cast longer shadows. He peered into Tyler's pantry and grinned sardonically at the tin cans turned into cooking or storing utensils, at the tidy order of the provisions and the wire screens over the windows and doors.

"What's in that jug?" said the fugitive, as he drew his legs under the table for his meal; "fetch it out, cayn't ye?"

Silently Tyler brought the jug to the table and poured a little into the cup pushed forward, Dan remarking, "Expect it's fifty rod poison well, holy smoke!"

"Is there a fly in it?" exclaimed Tyler, with his first symptoms of animation. "Them molasses drors flies like—"

"Ain't ye got nare *whisky* 'bout the place?"

"No, sir; I don't drink."

"Ay, ye don't, hey? Well, give us a bite of 'baccy. You don't say ye don't smoke neither?"

"No, sir; I don't smoke. There ain't no 'baccy here, but I got some gum I kin let you have."

"Oh Lord," moaned Dan, in a world-weary way. "Is there anything like a man you *kin* do?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tyler, in the same jaded, melancholy tones; "yes, sir, there is one thing, I kin *fight*; and if you want me to git you outer this here trouble you got to set down and clear me."

"Clear you?" Dan was grinning.

"Yes, sir, clear me. You got to write—I'll give ye the paper and pencil—as how you stole that boat and not me, and as how Mr. Armytage kin have it by coming up to where you left it. I'll see that he gits the letter."

"Kinder resky for me."

"It ain't resky for you, and I don't care if 'tis, you got to do it.

"Say, boy, let 'er up a little; what you aim to do if I won't?"

It may have been the suddenness of the onslaught, for the young man was on him like a brand flung out of a fire; all at once he was tripped and on the floor with a hand on his throat and a knife point pricking his skin, and a voice in his ear: "I'll dig this here knife into you if you move, and I'll bind you hand and foot and go out and give you over to the constable, kin or no kin, by gum!"

"What you so all fired anxious 'bout that boat? You told me you ben acquitted."

"So I be, but only 'cause there warn't 'nuff evidence to hold me, and they all 'low I done it, and hadn't it ben for Miss Willy Bartlett a-pleading of my

cause and a-holping of me, the squire most like would of sent me up. Will you do like I tell ye or——"

Instead of struggling the man on the floor burst into a peal of laughter. "Let me up," says he, "let me up; hang it, but I seen the biggest bluff I ever did see; why, d—— it all, Ty, I taken you for a regular chump, and you got some blood in you after all. Let me up and git out you' paper."

All the while Tyler was arranging the writing materials he kept chuckling to himself. "Declare to you, boy, I felt plumb cut up to see you such a mis'able, chicken-hearted critter like you seemed." Then he added, with an approach to feeling in his voice, "Your paw was the best friend I ever did have and—" he swore a great oath—"he ben the only friend or pardner I ever did have didn't save his own hide ruther'n holp *me*. I ain't forgot, neither, the way *you* done me in that cussed jail. I'll give ye a boost with you' girl, if I kin. Old man Bartlett's daughter, I reckon?"

"Yes, sir, but—I ain't got no chance to marry her."

"Why not?" The outlaw was scribbling with a rapidity that awakened Tyler's keen admiration.

"'Cause she told me so yistiddy."

"And what has she got agin my nephew I would like to know?"

"Nothin', only—only——" he turned red to his eyelids and the tears glittered on his eyelashes, "she said she liked me but she—there warn't nuthing of the man 'bout me and she wanted to marry a *man* when she married."

"Jest so. You fooled her like you fooled me. Well, boy, you got to reform. You got to learn to smoke and chew——"

"No, sir, women folks don't like chewing, it messes and gums too much."

"And drink——"

"I done promised maw I never *would* get drunk; reckon we got to give that up."

"Well," the outlaw looked troubled, then his face brightened, "ain't there nobody ye could *fight?* A woman will forgive most anything to a man kin fight. Laws, I used to walk up and down in front of that rotten store at Sweet Sips when I ben full, a-hollerin' with all the power of my voice, 'I'm the best man ever did make a track in Sweet Sips!' and there warn't a feller dast take me up most days. Oh, there was no flies on me them times." He sighed pensively. "Them was pleasant times after all, though I didn't know what champagne was, and a three-card monte feller could have skinned me first try. Well, ain't there somebody you could fight?"

"There's Massoner; I'd like to fight him."

"Little feller? You' light weight; better pick on one of you' class."

"No, sir, he are six feet and heavy. Used to be a convict guard in Georgia."

"'Fraid you cayn't overcraw him, boy."

"I kin try; onct I had a wrestle with a wild hog and I stuck it and killed it."

"Kin you lick him with your fists? This country is so blamed peaceable now they make it uncomfortable for a gentleman if he so much as 'fights with knucks."

"I kin try," said Tyler mildly; "there was a feller taken sick with the break bone fever and I taken care of him, 'cause they was fixing to turn him out of the hotel at Sweet Sips and he was a right kind feller and learned me how to box—that's what he called it."

"I 'lowed somebody showed ye that trick that sent me to the floor. Say, if you will lay out that convict guard and drap me a postal to Memphis, boy, I'll send you the *dandiest* suit of clothes."

"Yes, sir," said Tyler.

That evening he drove his uncle to the nearest railway station in time for the midnight train. He felt that it was a sort of disloyalty to his mother that he should shake hands with him before they parted and wish him well in heart as well as words; but he said to himself, "Well, I never did understand paw's being so sot on holping of him before; I do now," and he sighed.

Miss Willy Bartlett did not see him for days, and it is possible that his unobtrusive presence was missed. "I will say for him," she said to Aunt Tilly, her helper, while they stirred the muscadine jam in the great iron kettle in the front yard, "that he was an awful clean man and made less mess about the house than ary man I ever did see."

Sometimes she wondered what he was doing, keeping himself so close. If she could have looked into his cabin and seen Tyler with a pale face and an expression of dogged disgust puffing away at a pipe she would have understood him less than ever.

She was the first to hear of Mr. Armytage's recovery of the boat and of the note. The note said simply that the writer had taken the boat to borrow it and that Mr. Armytage could find it some six miles up the river, near Sweet Sips.

But it was Miss Willy who pointed out to her boarders how completely this cleared Tyler. "For how could he be sailing that boat six miles up the river when he was at this place three miles down from Sweet Sips?" argued she.

But suspicion is easier raised than laid, having a ghostly facility of walking without legs, so that though the latter be knocked from under it, it can still get about. Cavilers remained to assure Miss Bartlett that Tyler could have concealed the boat near Mr. Francis' place and then gotten into it and rowed up the river and written the note himself. Miss Willy had plenty of opportunities to discuss the question. Perhaps it was two weeks before Tyler appeared in the store at Mr. Francis' place. He came to buy some "gears for his mules," and he was as meek, dejected and tidy as ever. He could hear a faint buzz of low talk going on about him, but nobody paid him any attention; in fact, the only person that spoke to him (Miss Willy, passing through the store, nodded) was Squire Shinault; he held out a cordial hand and asked if his cotton had the sore shin, and if he 'lowed to gin at Mr. Francis'. Miss Willy, at the other end of the store, could see how red Tyler grew and how his hands shook.

"WELL, SHAKE, PARDNER, I NEVER THOUGHT YE HAD IT IN YE."

"Oh, ain't he a chicken-hearted man," she muttered impatiently, marching away with her head in the air. Massoner was in the store; he paid no attention to Tyler, not so much as looking at him. Tyler hung around and approached several groups with plain intent to join in the conversation, but each little cluster dissolved as soon as he joined it, leaving him alone.

"Nobody wants to have any truck with me," thought Tyler disconsolately. "I cayn't go up to a feller and hit him 'cause he won't speak to me; it ain't so easy to git a fight." He waited a little while, then he walked to the door and nailed up a placard upon which more than one evening had been spent. Not a word but had been tested by the dictionary. The card said:

"WHEREAS,—There is talk in this town that I, Daniel Tyler Ascue, have stolen a boat from Mr. Armytage of Sweet Sips, and I did not do it, and I never did steal nothing on earth since I was born, therefore I, Daniel Tyler Ascue, call you all a liar, and I am ready to fight with fists or any other weapons anybody who says I stole the said boat. "DANIEL TYLER ASCUE."

"I reckon that will fetch 'em," says Tyler grimly. And it did. A little crowd of laughing and jeering men was soon gathered about the door. To this crowd strides Tyler. "Is any one er you gentlemen aiming to take it up?" says he.

The crowd stares; Massoner bids Tyler go home and quit making a fool of himself.

"Quit you'self!" bawls Tyler, and hits Massoner in the face.

That was a fight that any renter on Mr. Francis' land can describe to this day. There was no ring, there were no seconds and no rounds, but the audience had its fill of excitement, and perhaps no man of them all was more bewildered than Massoner, when in spite of his mad-bull rushes and his big fists he found himself in a breathless and battered heap on the ground. "Have ye got enough?" piped Ascue's mild tenor above; "air you convinced I didn't steal that boat?"

"I reckon I got conviction 'nuff for one while," muttered the prison guard, as he fell back after a fruitless attempt to sit up; "my head had about a million opinions of its own. Well, shake, pardner, I never thought ye had it in you."

"I'm real sorry I hurted you," said Tyler, all his passion dissipated by the other's good humor; "now, if ary other gentleman is waiting to argy with me——"

But no other gentleman was anxious to dispute the point, and Tyler took out his pipe and having filled it went his way, past his sweetheart's house, puffing valiantly.

"It's powerful nasty," thought the smoker, "but there's so few things like a man I kin do, have to stick to them I kin."

Before Christmas week the melancholy Tyler had fought four detractors of his name, thrashing them all and going about with a black eye and a cut lip, which decorations were the more noticeable for his new Memphis clothes. He always had his boots blacked and he wore a dazzling necktie and a watch. And never did Miss Willy meet him that there was not a pipe between his lips. She could have wept at the change.

"I tell you, Miss Willy," said Morris, "I tell you that boy's got his uncle in him and it is coming out fast. Say he carries a revolver and he goes to festivals and dances. Fought Billy Foster 'tother day for nothing on earth 'cept he was licking his own steer. It is terrible young fellers will go to the devil that way, terrible, terrible!"

Christmas was now approaching apace. Purple twigs relieved only by the red swamp berries or clumps of mistletoe, replaced all the dazzling pageantry of the woodlands. The store was gay with holiday glassware and jewelry and toys.

Miss Willy had made her Christmas mince meat, and all her boarders knew that besides plum pudding her Christmas dinner would have oranges and nuts and candy and a famous bowl of egg-nogg. In fact, Miss Willy was planning to keep her boarders at home Christmas day, and trying to outbid a certain tavern of ill repute in the hills. By common consent, Christmas week on a Southwestern plantation is given over to riotous drinking. There was a distillery in the hills, near Old Man Hammer's. A party was made up to go out for a dance at the tavern. "We'll see if my boys like the Hammer girls' green biscuit and heavy cake better'n my cooking; or if they'd ruther fill themselves with mean whisky and r'ar and charge and fight like mad dogs or have a plumb good dinner and a nice dance and music," said Miss Willy to her helper.

"Do say Mist' Tyler Ascue be gwine wid dem," said Aunt Tilly. "Miss Willy, how come dat boy git so changed up? Say he gwine on most's bad like his uncle; and you 'member how he did uster pack up water and holp wash dishes, and de stillest man on airth, 'cept when he'd be singin'. 'Member how he'd sing Home, Sweet Home?"

"Tilly, the candy's boiling over," cried Miss Willy, and no more was said about Tyler Ascue, but the next night Squire Shinault, sitting in his comfortable "best room," with his violin in his arms and his foot busy with a cradle while he soothed the baby, was aware of a horsewoman approaching. Dismounting, she showed the tall and vigorous shape of Miss Willy Bartlett.

The squire greeted her with the hospitality of the region. "Mrs. Shinault had gone with the boy to visit on a neighbor and he was minding baby." Miss Willy sat down to wait and began with various enquiries, in response to which Shinault of course asked the question, "What's going on your way?"

"Nothing, 'cept Tyler Ascue's had another fight. I am worried about that boy, squire, there's such a heap of talk about him. They all say his uncle has broke out in him. I heard he was going with the boys to the dance at Hammer's."

"Shucks! They ain't no harm in the boy," said Shinault. "He don't drink, never did. I don't believe it." Shinault noticed that Miss Willy, who had been pushing at the fingers of her gloves, let her hands fall in her lap with a soft breath. "That boy, though, Miss Willy," said he slowly, "needs somebody to take care on him; I'll tell you something I know. Some way he has met up with his uncle, fur he went to Memphis to visit him. He needs somebody to care for him. His maw done it while she lived, but now——" Miss Willy reached over to rock the cradle; she thought the baby "was fixin' to cry," she said. It took a considerable time to be sure that the infant was quietly sleeping and by that time Miss Willy seemed to have forgotten her solicitude for Tyler. She talked of the cotton crop, and the price, and the new gin at Sweet Sips, and the Christmas tree at the schoolhouse. And she went away without being able to wait for Polly Shinault, to whom she left her love. As she rode away in the dusk she heard Shinault playing Home, Sweet Home.

"And to-morrow's Christmas," thought Miss Willy, "and me without a soul of kin nearer than Little Rock or the graveyard. And it's the same with him—except that pesky uncle. I know they will try to git him to join their wicked parties and festivals now they have found out what good company he is for all he's so still. There wouldn't be any harm on earth asking him up to Christmas dinner."

I should not like to say how many hours Miss Willy filched from the night to write such a simple letter as this:

FRIEND TYLER,—We have been good friends so long that I hope you will forgive me for asking of you not to go with the boys to Hammer's. It is only to drink and fight. I heard you were going with them and I am sure it would pain your dear mother in heaven if you did. I would be glad to see you to our house to dinner on Christmas day, my dear friend. I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Dinner is at one o'clock, and there will be games and dancing in the evening. "Your friend,

"WILLY R. BARTLETT."

Many and many a time did Miss Willy repeat to herself the contents of that letter, wishing it back in her own pocket, then calculating the time it would take a man on a fast horse to ride over to the boarding-house from Sweet Sips. Half an hour before the time that she gave him Tyler rode into the yard and stood smiling before Miss Willy.

"Why, laws, Tyler Ascue," said she, "where'd *you* drop from?"

"I come to tell you I got your letter. I come straight. Say, did you 'low I was going to Hammer's?"

"Well, you seemed so wild and changed lately——"

"Don't you like the change?"

"Of course I don't, Ty. I ben so scared up about you I couldn't sleep nights. What's got into you—laws! What's that a-sticking out of your pocket?"

"It—it's a pipe, Miss Willy. Don't you like smoking?"

"Of course I don't, and one thing I used to like about you was you never smoked."

Tyler kicked the dirt with his carefully blackened boots and gnawed his under lip.

"I don't know what has come over you, Tyler, you ain't like the same person, a ramping, roaring, lion-like critter as you are now."

"I didn't 'low you cared, Miss Willy—" his downcast face cleared. "Would you like for me to give up smoking, Miss Willy?"

"Of course I would, and drinking too, and—and fighting everybody on earth!"

"You sayd I hadn't nothing of a man 'bout me, Miss Willy, and so I put it up you'd like me better——"

"Oh, Ty," cried Miss Willy, "I reckon I—I ben liking you all the while, only I didn't know it till I got so scared up 'bout your evil courses, and Christmas time coming on, too, when the whole plantation gits drunk's a fool, Tyler, looks like you needed somebody to take care on you."

"Yes, Miss Willy; yes, honey, dearie, I do for sure." He said nothing more for a little while but he kissed Miss Willy recklessly, there in the gallery with Mrs. Toodles who lives next door, packing up water with Jane Mary Toodles, and both more interested than words can say.

Half an hour later the simply minded Tyler had confessed all about his uncle's advice. He was bewildered that Miss Willy should exclaim: "One thing, Tyler, I never shall let you have anything to do with your uncle, he's a terrible wicked man; I never shall forgive him for the advice he gave you! Never in this world!"

But Tyler continues to be grateful to his reprobate of a kinsman—and perhaps he has reason.

THE RICH RELATION.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THERE was an air of triumphant expectation—tempered by a slight anxiety—in the faces of all the company assembled at Allerton Fay's. They were a family party, on a scale liberal enough to include all the branches. But they chose to sit in the winter dusk, with only a cluster of candles in the small room beyond the open folding-doors, and the blaze of a log fire in the deep chimney-place round which they were gathered.

The firelight flickered up and down, danced *vis-a-vis* to its reflection in the broad hearthstone, retired into itself for a space, then shot forth again in wavy lines, long tendrils, sprays of glowing foliage, and masses of transient flowers bright as flame. So at least they seemed, as they sprang into sight in various parts of the room, and shone briefly among the shadows, on the old piano, the "high-boy" with its polished brass drawer-handles, or on Christmas wreaths hanging gracefully against the walls and garlands trained from point to point.

This changing play of sparkle and shadow was like the vision of sunshine and gloom in some nook of a magic forest, existing only for the instant, liable to be swept away at a word and created again in some new form. But the faces, as you could see, were real enough, and the owners of them were evidently not afraid of dispelling the surrounding charm by words. Uncle Shackleford and Cousin Aggie, the Bullards and the Larrabees, there they all were, with Allerton Fay and Marian Floyd, Asa Toogood, Eva Banks, and the rest. They all talked freely, and the subject to which they continually returned was "Old Gold."

"Wonder when he'll be here?" said white-haired Uncle Shackleford, as the firelight flashed upon his red and shiny forehead and immediately left him in complete darkness again.

"He was to come by the 4.33," Osborne Larrabee announced in a specially punctual tone, as though he had an important engagement on hand which couldn't wait. "That is, the train arriving at Sagamore Junction at 4.33."

He pulled out his big gold watch, on which the hearth-fire deigned to glitter approvingly, and looked at its face without being able to see the hour. Then he snapped the case to, sharply, and everybody was much impressed. Osborne was the business man of the family. He lived in New York and was supposed to carry a good part of the financial interests of the metropolis concealed about his person.

"Seems to me," Cousin Aggie remarked shrilly, "'s though Old Gold ought to be here now, this minute. Here 'tis, most six o'clock, and it only takes forty minutes' sledding to bring 'em over from Sagamore. What's the matter with Sam Dixon, anyhow?"

The general sentiment among the others was that Cousin Aggie's tone and language fell distinctly below the standard of Osborne's neat, commercial style. But they all approved her criticism of Sam Dixon, because Sam Dixon was the unregenerate poor member in the family connection, and the rest of the family here present were feeling very rich just now.

"Oh, Sam's always about a yard measure behind time," declared Mrs. Jane Bullard, who was generally known to have the "whip hand" in her particular household, and to use the same without stint. "Might have known that to begin with. *Anybody* would have been better'n Sam. Why did we let him undertake the job?"

"Undertake!" It was Asa Toogood who made this exclamation. "You talk as though Old Gold was a corpse and Sam was drivin' a hearse."

"We let Sam go," Allerton Fay threw in, "because he didn't seem to be of any use anywhere else. Besides, it was you yourself that proposed it, Aunt Jane."

"Because none of the rest of ye would propose anything," Aunt Jane retorted, with an asperity quickened by her dislike of Allerton, a mere "painter fellow," in her estimation, a poor artist who had insinuated himself into the practical Bullard circle by marrying her pretty little niece, Jessie.

"Wish we'd all gone to the station in a body," said Cousin Aggie regretfully. And Marcus Larrabee, a thin, brooding man with a stubby iron-gray beard rough as a hedge, who was always ready to follow any suggestion that was made hopelessly late, assented with "That's a fact."

As there were some twenty individuals of them, all told, they would have made a rather formidable retinue for their expected visitor, Cousin Richard Bullard, familiarly but secretly known among them as "Old Gold." To say nothing of the difficulty of providing sleighs and effective horses for the whole company—so as to make a fine showing in the eyes of Old Gold—there were other reasons why they could not have paraded in a body to welcome him at the Junction.

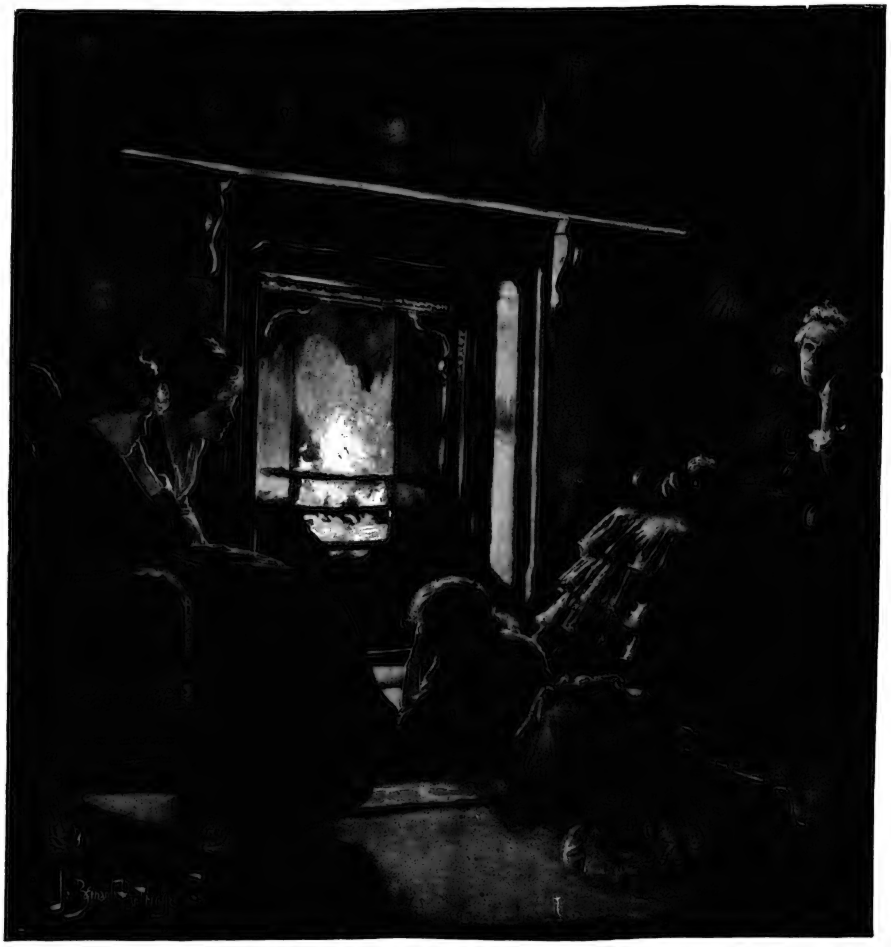
The truth is, they were all so devoted to Cousin Richard, and so still more devoted to his pocket and his as yet unfathomed bank account, that there had been a serious rivalry as to which among them should have the honor and advantage of being the first to receive him. No one wanted to come forward as claiming that distinction, but when the name of one after another was suggested by somebody else the family convention found excuses for discouraging the nominee and quickly voting him down. Each was afraid that one of the rest, or any group of them, having the luck to intercept Cousin Richard Old Gold, would get the lead and make him captive to some pet monetary scheme. For they all, it is hardly necessary to say, had schemes; plans that were like seething crucibles, in every one of which Old Gold was to be an ingredient, with the assured result of evolving a fortune. According to their calculations, his one pot of money if emptied into these crucibles would be multiplied and

"HE HAD DECIDED TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE AT HOME.

converted into at least a dozen still bigger masses of wealth. And so it came about that, all being jealous of each other, they sent the poorest of poor relations to meet the rich one.

The chief difficulty in their operations so far had been the strife to secure the original pot, the missing but essential ingredient, or, failing in this, to divide it equitably.

Twenty years earlier Richard Bullard had gone out to Mexico as a young man, taking with him his lovely but delicate wife, whom he had just married. There she had died, in an alien but poetic distance, and Richard, instead of fortune itself, and the report of his opulence took on more and more magnificent hues in the view of the humbler folks at home, who continued to plod along in their old, accustomed hum-drum employments, with their heads only just above water. That is, all excepting Osborne Larrabee, who had a mysterious kind of office somewhere down in the neighborhood of Wall street, talked a great deal about drafts and banking, swam on the surface of things with his chin well up, and seemed always to have plenty of cash. No one, however, could extract any money from Osborne for their particular purposes. If he had abundant cash, it was concentrated entirely on his own operations and enjoyments. As



"THERE WAS AN AIR OF TRIUMPHANT EXPECTATION TEMPERED BY A SLIGHT ANXIETY.'

coming home, seemed to grow attached to that foreign place, for he remained there, though never marrying again. He devoted himself to business and speculation, and prospered. He was in the export trade; he was known to possess a banana farm in Honduras, which had been positively asserted to yield him one hundred per cent. on the first investment. It was also said that he had been wonderfully lucky in silver mines, and eke those of gold, to such an extent that large quantities of the precious metals from those sources adhered to his increasing "pile." There were dim but delightful rumors, too, concerning transactions in opals of the finest quality, and other precious stones.

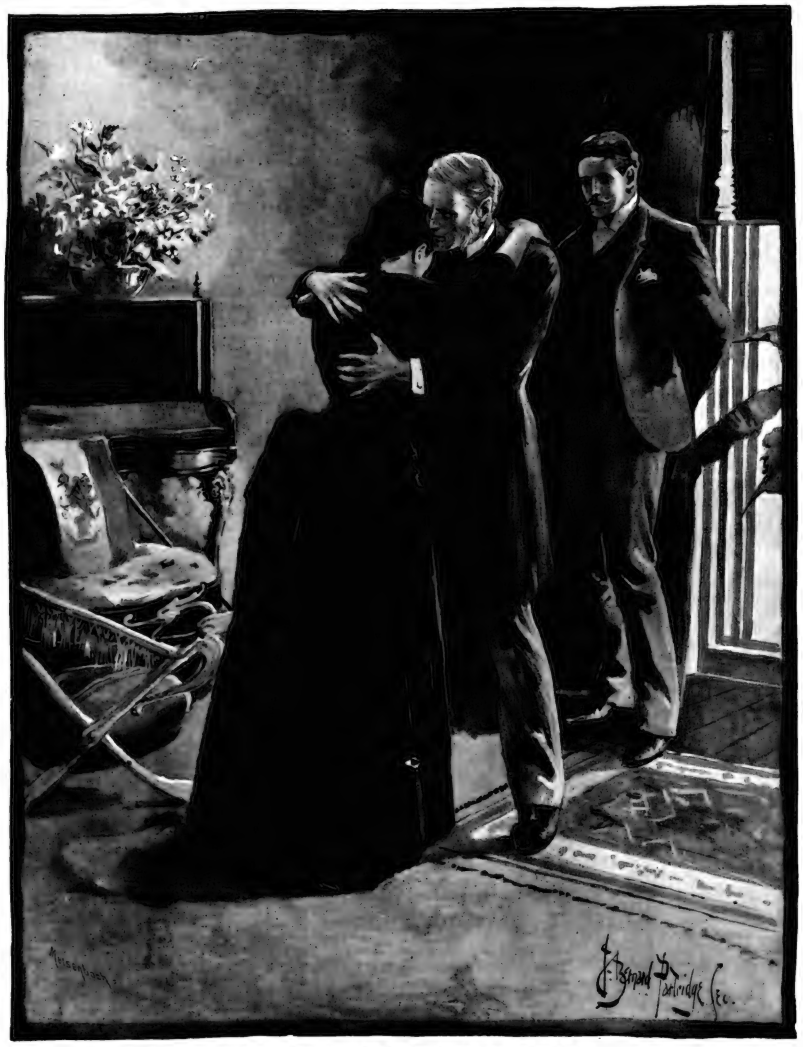
In short, the legend of his reputed wealth grew even faster than the actual Sam Dixon had been heard to remark: "Osborne's bettin' on himself every time, and he don't never lay no money on no one else."

Therefore it was that the family turned more and more to Richard Bullard —the distant nabob, the invisible Crœsus—as a providential person who was to relieve them in their numerous needs. "Old Gold" Richard was clearly destined by heaven to pull them out of a hole, if they were in one, and most of them *were* in one most of the time. He it was who some day would adjust or remove all hitches in their business, supply capital for their infallible projects and smooth for them a royal road to ease and riches.

Asa Toogood was the first who tried to enter upon that road by this con-

venient aid. The family, being fond of nicknames and catch-words, were wont to speak of Asa as "Toogood-for-this-world," which was a literally true description, because Asa, though much given to piety and benevolence, regarded them almost entirely for their usefulness in this present life and especially to his own comfort. In distributing alms and improving literature to others, he did not forget to provide a fitting and solid return for himself, on the spot, in the form of salary or legitimate profit. In a manner he professed to be too good for this world, yet as a simple individual he was Toogood for worldly reward always. Now, as I say, he was the first to begin the sapping and mining intended to capture the rich relation's gains. But his letter asking for a large charitable donation met with but a slight response from the Mexican magnate. It struck Asa as very strange than a wealthy man living in the tropics could be so very cool.

The other relatives took alarm and decided not to press their alluring propositions just then, although they were simply bursting with information which they thought would be of advantage to Cousin Richard if he could or would only hear of it, and they were quite sure it would advantage themselves.



"HE COULD NOT REFRAIN FROM ENFOLDING HER IN HIS ARMS."

Now and then Osborne Larrabee would mail a large envelope superscribed with an elaborate Mexican address, which almost made him feel that he was a perfect master of Spanish, and this envelope was sure to contain the prospectus of some new company, or loan, which Osborne desired to "float." But Cousin Richard always made up his mind that these enterprises were light enough to

float by themselves without any aid from him. He also gently ignored the tentative letters in which, occasionally, some over-sanguine member of the family opened up a prospect of lucrative investment.

On the other hand, he was fond of astonishing the entire connection with a round of cordial letters that came upon them like a flight of flowered arrows shot from his remote Mexican home, and of sending them invoices—especially at the Christmas season—of curious and valuable presents. Indian fabrics, gold and silver work, sometimes a bit of valuable quartz, antiquities, quaint jewelry, exquisite and costly gems—all these were among the objects that he included in his packets to them. He did not omit, either, to enclose drafts for small yet comforting sums of money, sometimes in prosaic business envelopes, at other times rolled up lengthwise and encircled by a pretty finger ring. There were spices, too, in the boxes, and the dried petals of unknown Cordilleran flowers that exhaled a sweet and pensive perfume, as though redolent of the tender memories and longings of a heart far distant from home.

All this convinced the Bullards and the Larrabees that Old Gold, or Cousin Richard, though he might refuse to embark in speculation with them and though he clung to his own peculiar method of conferring favors, had a kind heart and was by no means unmindful of those whom for so long a time he had not seen. But they put off all further appeals until he should return to hi native land.

He became the goal of their thoughts, not a goal that they were to seek, but one that in due time was to come to them. "No use of writin'," said Uncle Shackleford, expressing their united conviction. "Once you see a man and git him right by his two eyes and one ear—one ear'll do, even if he be a mite deaf—you'll do a sight more trade with him, and good trade too, than by all the letter-writin' you can make from here to the end of the alphabet and back again!"

Day and night they dreamed of him and pictured to themselves the magnificent prosperity in which they would all exult when he should be with them once more and mingle his plenty with their poorness.

At last he had come. Six months before this day when they found themselves assembled here in Allerton Fay's studio at Wild River, among the Vermont hills, Richard Bullard had arrived at New York, having pulled up his deeply planted stakes in Mexico and decided to spend the rest of his life in leisure and comfort at home. The family had made the most of these six months. Every male member of it, except Sam Dixon, had succeeded in drawing Cousin Richard into one of the ideal or purely commonplace schemes which they had so long cherished, and the self-sacrifice they had endured in forbearing to inveigle him hitherto, made them feel now that they were positively heaping favors upon him by borrowing his money.

Old Gold, for his part, was pleased and somewhat bewildered by the devoted attentions, the affectionateness and deference of his relatives. They were such bright people, too; they had so many ideas which they wished him to help carry out! It really touched the heart of the wifeless and childless man to have them all looking up to him in this way. He had not, it is true, brought back a colossal fortune. It was only an ordinary monumental pile, though large enough to satisfy his personal ambitions, but the flattery of having his long-lost relatives assume that he was rich beyond limit was so great that he soon began to rate himself at their valuation. "After all," said Richard to himself, "according to their standard I *am* enormously wealthy—or nearly enormous. I can afford, any way, to humor them a little."

So he dipped into one thing after another. With Osborne he took a lot of stock in a new bank that started out bravely with gilt-lettered plate glass windows, big, freshly-painted safes, but, as yet, no business. He fulfilled the dream of Toogood's life by backing up that gentleman's perfected charity society and guaranteeing him a juicy and acceptable salary. Marcus Larrabee he saved from bankruptcy by investing heavily in Marcus's unprofitable flour mill. Eva Banks was a daughter of the house of Bullard, and her active but impecunious husband, David, was an inventor. He interested Cousin Richard in his patent blacking-box, patent egg-breaker, and new bait-digger or adhesive earth-worm extractor, which was to become a powerful motor in the art of fishing. Richard not only honored David's weekly drafts for personal expenses, but also paid the bills for a factory in which David's novel implements were to be made. In connection with the egg-breaker, Uncle Shackleford developed a timely plan for a chicken farm, whence he would be able to supply a large surplus of eggs on which the breaker could be exercised. Then, of course, Cousin Richard's high sense of chivalry would not allow him to leave the mortgage on Cousin Aggie's farm unsettled, so he paid that off and bought her a small annuity besides.

Mrs. Jane Bullard, with her whip hand over her husband, kept him quiet while she sweetly induced Old Gold to buy out a rival grocery business and invest some $15,000 in a "plant" for compressing sawdust and treating it by a process that would make it into building material as firm and indestructible as stone. Before Cousin Richard had time to estimate how deeply involved he was in these various enterprises, Allerton Fay had somehow persuaded him to order a thousand dollar portrait of himself, to be painted by Fay, who required only half the amount in advance. But it was essential to the success of the young man's artistic career that he should have a little dwelling-house and a large studio in the country for summer work. Consequently, his obliging rich relation spent two or three thousand dollars more in putting up the building where the family now awaited the liberal donor of the same. Allerton and his wife had graciously thrown the house open for this holiday meeting, and had even taken the trouble to break social engagements in New York and come up here to cold Vermont in order to make the reunion a success.

Snow was falling softly on the road up the valley from Sagamore Junction, falling like the muffled tread of a friend who tries to creep up behind us unawares and give us a pleasant surprise. Suddenly there came a jingle of sleigh bells from without, and a cordial whoop uttered in the tone of Sam Dixon's voice. A transformation scene thereupon occurred within the house. All the party rose, ran to and fro, hastened to the windows or to various appointed posts around the big room, and immediately an illumination of many lamps and of closely ranged candles burst upon the darkness of the early night. The magic firelight faded from view and was completely outshone by this radiance, which was purely practical, mercenary and social.

In came Old Gold himself, stamping his feet on the door rug, bluff, hearty, covered with snow, which he shook off laughingly. His firm cheeks glowed like peonies, his whole face was lighted with cordial smiles, and yet the melting flakes as they dripped down upon his shaggy eyebrows gave a strange suggestion of tears, in contrast with the jollity of the face itself and the merriment of the surroundings.

"As nearly on time as we could make it!" he cried out genially. "Poor Sam's harness broke, but I gave him something to mend it with. Eh, Sam?"

Whereupon Sam Dixon, dazzled by the candles and the company and his emotions, held up a twenty-dollar bill to the public gaze, and sank into a rocking-chair, which he agitated violently, with his knees up.

"Poor Sam!" echoed Marian Floyd, innocently daring by nature and never afraid to say what she thought. "But what about poor Richard?"

Old Gold laughed heartily. "Quite right, Marian," said he. "Poor Richard will be my name before long, if I go on at this rate. But never mind—let's have a merry Christmas."

Everybody was about to shout response; but Marian, looking thoughtful, waved a gesture of silence with her finger. "To-morrow will be time enough for that," she said.

Cousin Aggie and Aunt Jane Bullard glanced at each other significantly. It was well known that Marian was the only young woman towards whom Richard had shown anything like sentimental partiality since his home-coming. These elder ladies, therefore, thought that when she made this perfectly natural remark she was looking forward to some decisive proposal from him, to take place on the morrow. Marian had asked for nothing yet. She had received no pecuniary benefit from Cousin Richard, and she was so very distantly related to him that he might perfectly well marry her. What if she were aiming for that?

"Dreadful poor taste," said Aunt Jane privately to Cousin Aggie, "for her to hint at it so."

What made it still more painful was that Marian was a lovely young woman and thoroughly unassuming. But Marian herself had no idea that she was unassuming. She liked Cousin Richard, in spite of his being so much older than herself, and she did not hesitate to recognize in her own mind that she liked him. That was all there was to it; unless—— Here her reflections ended.

The supper that night was a great success. Everything went beautifully.

The next day the situation was different. One by one, or group by group, the various divisions and the separate individuals of the family circle took Old Gold aside, promenading him in the snowy road or consulting with him in the retired corners, and placed before him their several anxieties and liabilities. The chicken farm was entirely congealed; the sawdust-compressing business had come to a stand-still and could not be made to pay until next summer. The egg-breaker had broken itself, a rival concern with big capital having begun to manufacture the contrivance, so that a costly law-suit would be necessary in order to derive any benefit from damages for infringement of patent. Marcus Larrabee's flour mill had failed two days before. "Wish we'd known it sooner," said Marcus sympathetically.

"Thank you," said Richard; "it's quite soon enough for me!"

To crown the general disaster that seemed to be tumbling on Old Gold's broad shoulders, despatches came from New York proving beyond doubt that Osborne's new bank had been organized as a mere tender to a fraudulent scheme for buying up and wrecking another bank which enjoyed a long established and lucrative business.

Of course Osborne swore that he was both innocent and ignorant of the plot. Whatever the truth might be as to this, the fact remained that Richard was called upon to telegraph immediately a large sum of money—many thousands of dollars—to make good certain worthless checks which had been circulated in the transactions.

This last blow was nearly too much for Cousin Richard. It brought home to him bluntly the fact that his liabilities were greater than he could meet. It made him recognize suddenly that he was a ruined man. He had given himself up to the unselfish pleasure of sustaining his relatives in their numerous ventures. They, in return, had given him up to their own avaricious desires and had sacrificed him.

And so came on his Christmas Eve, here in the bosom of this capacious family, under circumstances that to the ordinary man would seem appallingly dismal.

But Richard was not an ordinary man. He put a cheerful face on the matter and waited calmly to take part in the festal dinner which had been appointed for the evening. As the different relatives kept their own affairs to themselves, and only Osborne knew of the bank fiasco, the extent of the disaster was not generally understood among them. But there was one trouble that lay even heavier on Richard's mind than his financial overthrow. In the morning of this very day, when everything looked bright and fair, and the sun shone

gaily on the crisp, snowy landscape, he had asked Marian Floyd to marry him, and she had consented.

Well, everything was altered now. He could not, of course, ask her to keep her promise to a pauper. In his extremity, as there was no chance to speak with her alone, in the press of relatives, he turned to the other and the only recognized pauper of the family—Sam Dixon—and asked him to give Marian a hint as to his misfortune before the dinner.

"O Lord, Old Gold!" Sam blurted out. "You mean to say it's as bad as all that? Why, here! See here." He fumbled laboriously in his wrinkled clothing and drew from one of his pockets the twenty-dollar bill of the day before. "Wouldn't that help you out, old man?" he asked. "If it would, you're welcome to it."

Whether it was more difficult to keep from laughing or crying Richard hardly knew, Sam's loyalty touched him so strangely.

"No, no," he said. "Keep it. To you it may be of some use. With me it would be swallowed up."

The dinner hour came, and all were gathered at the board excepting Sam and Marian. Why they were absent, and where, no one could imagine. Richard was on tenter-hooks. What new, additional catastrophe had he got to face now? Nevertheless he rose bravely, when the time came for toasts and speeches, and expounded the situation briefly. He made no bones of it, and in fact presented the matter just as it was, a mere jelly of insolvency.

"I have spent a great deal of money on the family," he wound up, "and now the question is, what result have we reached? Do I own the family, or does the family own me?"

There was general consternation. No one knew what to say. Finally Allerton Fay called out: "We all own you, Cousin Richard, for a jolly good fellow and a loyal friend!"

This turned the tide. Richard beamed upon them and said:

"Well, you waited a long time for me to come home. But now you've got me, and got all I had; and there's nothing much left——"

"Except yourself!" It was Marian Floyd who spoke. She had just come hurrying in from the outer door with Sam Dixon, both of them breathless with haste.

"Ah, Marian, Marian!" Richard exclaimed, quite overcome. "Yes, you are right: there's only myself left."

("Badly left!" Sam murmured in a low tone.)

"And that is enough for me," Marian said, with a happy smile.

She ran straight to Cousin Richard, and he could not refrain from enfolding her with his arm. "Are you satisfied?" he asked.

"Perfectly," answered Marian, nestling closer to him.

"But where have you folks been?" Cousin Aggie demanded of her, "you and Sam?"

"We drove down to Sagamore," said Marian, "to telegraph to an old friend of my father's, who told me once that he would help us to any amount if we were in trouble. And we waited for the answer."

"Well?" shouted everybody in chorus, enquiringly.

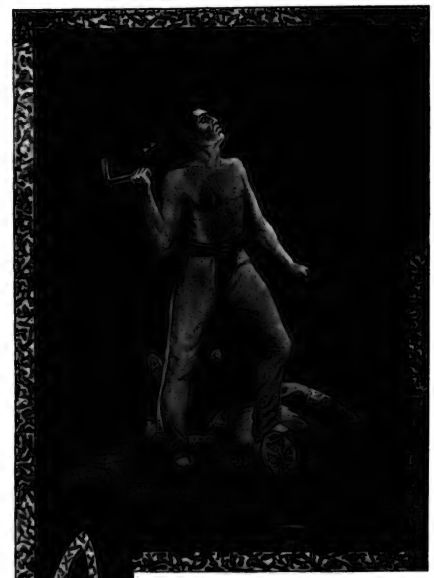
"Well," replied Marian, displaying a telegram, "he answered that it was so long ago that he had forgotten all about it, and that he was just going to Europe and would consider the matter."

All the expectant faces grew sad and shadowy at this announcement. But Sam Dixon burst out with "Hurrah! We're all poor together now."

"Yes," added Old Gold; "like some of the early Christians. To-morrow we can celebrate a real old primitive Christmas together, on the basis of poverty. And, as we are bankrupt in everything but love and charity, suppose we reorganize now as The Bullard Company."

And so they did. And from that day, with Old Gold Richard and Marian as the head of the fraternity, they worked together happily as a family, no longer divided by selfish and separate interests. And great and beautiful has been their prosperity.

THE AVENGER.



STARLESS night:
Thickened with deeds of doom
The black stream serpent—like slips thro' the gloom
Choked with a Mohawk's blood that trickles slow
From out a well nigh pulseless heart, laid low
By tribal hate and discord—giving rise
To hostile feuds and violent jealousies.
'Twas but a moment's work.

The Cherokee
Meets with his Mohawk foe; the enmity
Inherited thro' ages fires the palm
Of each red hand, they face—

A meaning calm
With venom gorged—then on the night is flung
The deadliest yell that e'er left Indian tongue—
Like wild-cats raged, concurrently they spring,
With tomahawks athirst and glittering;
They close—they struggle—then they leap apart,
Hate as a hell burns madness in each heart.
Some strategy—a crafty, rival strife,
Then parts the darkness to a gleaming knife;
A treacherous manœuvre—

On the shore
The Mohawk lifeless lies. The feud is o'er.

Exultingly, the Cherokee now stands,
Appeased his hate, avenged his reeking hands;
With foot upon his writhing victim's throat
He backward flings his head—one long, strange note
Leaves his thin lips—then up to Heaven's height
His war-whoop pierces thro' the fateful night.

Leagues off, the death-cry 'roused from sleep a son
Of the same sire as is the murdered one,
Nearest of kindred, Indian law demands
The dead must be avenged but by his hands.
The hours drift by—another midnight gloom
Curdles and cringes 'neath impending doom;
With trick of stealth a Mohawk lad slips o'er
The trail—till near a fire-illumed lodge door
He sees a man, a sinewy, ruthless scion
Of Western blood (inhuman as a lion).

The boy's step breaks
The brittle twigs—the red giant starts, awakes,
Then springs erect to meet th' unflinching eye
Of one so youthful, by whose hand to die
Is ignominy—shame—affront—disgrace.
He winces at the insult he, his race
Must take from tribes who tauntingly employ
T' avenge their wrong this fearless stripling boy.
To fate, he offers no resistance; he
Well knows that naught can shatter the decree,
That naught averts the iron Indian law
Of blood for blood, among the Iroquois,
Knows their retaliation firm and fell
Would hound him to the very depths of hell.
Boldly the youth confronts his monstrous foe,
Before whom nations quail—his eyes aglow
With hate and triumph as he hisses thro'
Locked teeth, "Last night thou lendest a knife unto
My brother; come I now O! Cherokee,
To give thy bloody weapon back to thee."
An evil curse—a flash of steel—

A leap—
A thrust above the heart, well aimed and deep,
Plunged to its very hilt in blood, the blade,
While vengeance gloating yells!

The debt is paid.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

IN THE GLOAMING.

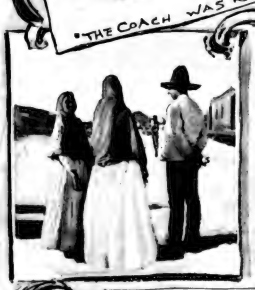
SEÑOR THE ENGINEER

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD.

"THE WOMEN STARED AT HIM BOLDLY"——

A CLUSTER OF MEXICAN HORSEMEN

"THE COACH WAS READY"



"THE SEÑORITAS GLANCED FROM THE CORNERS OF THEIR EYES"------

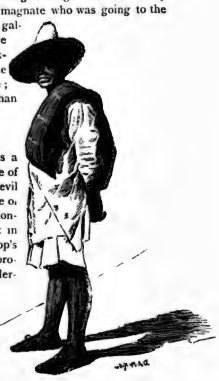
MONTEREY was submerged in a tremulous sea of white light. On a breezeless day the light throbbed and trembled and its waves broke into almost invisible foam, stained here and there by the dust from the streets which rose up in the undulating atmosphere like sediment stirred from the bottom of a pool. The brown, immovable leaves of the trees seemed cheap and dirty imitations fastened upon carved and clumsily made branches. The patient little mules tugging the street cars were like giant insects enslaved beneath the pulsing and bewildering waves of light to drag things about as tumble bugs do in Northern lanes. Where the train rattled over the bridge the women were washing themselves, their babies and their dirty linen in the stream, which was noisily trying to hasten away from its share in an unpleasant task. Patient peons now and then trotted to the station beneath their burdens, followed by grave dons and olive-faced girls whose starched skirts were as stiff as cardboard. The low houses crouched close together; all except the station and the saloon across the way were close-shuttered, as if hermetically sealing the cool air of the night before within their almost windowless walls. It was a picture of Mexican heat in which the shadows were as black as if made by electric light, while the colors were brilliant, gorgeous, wearisome. These highly colored tints made the light even less bearable, and had it not been for the deep shadows, the restful foliage and even the white-washed walls, it seemed as if aching eyes would have grown dizzy and faint and the brain floaty and uncertain in the white and throbbing air. All but a half a hundred slaves and half a dozen dons of Monterey were at their *siesta*. One waiting at the railway station could not but pity—in the indefinite and useless way in which we ordinarily pity everyone except ourselves—the man with unwashed legs slip-slapping with his sandaled feet over the pavement, his expressionless face shaded by a great sombrero, but it was perhaps too hot to again wonder whence came the sad eyes and hopeless lips of her with the faded reboza.

The only thing in Monterey that was not Mexican, that was not white-washed, that was not suggestive of sultry shade or hopeless servitude, was the dusty train at the station. The coaches, the engine, the conductor, the tobacco-chewing brakeman, and the Bowery saloon across the track notified the visitor from the North that "American" civilization had swept over the Rio Grande and was about to reform the sad-eyed, slow-moving people of Mexico, who had been living as if life were already going too fast to make it worth while endeavoring to keep up with it any longer. And why not wait till mañana? they ask you. Does not fortune leave on the mile-stones as many prizes for the sluggard as she gives to those who reach the goal over the bodies of those who fall fainting in the race?

Out of the special car stepped a man whose attitude was that of proprietorship. This was particularly noticeable, for on ordinary occasions did not the conductor and brakeman envelope the platform with their swagger, while now—O unspeakable honor—these minor officials were subdued and treated him with respect. The station master—an American too—stood with his hat off! As the new-comer gazed sharply at them, the Mexican porters bowed low before him; the peons almost undressed themselves when they pushed their great hats beneath their brown arms, for there was not two yards of cotton in the remainder of their attire. He was evidently a man of importance, though only the engineer of the road. However, it is recognized as only a matter of course and of time until a Mexican engineer owns the whole concern. Señor the Engineer was a man of dominant character and within the circle of his presence he was the president, the directors, and the entire management of the road.

It is interesting to watch the women who come within range of this sort of man. The señoritas wearing mantillas and starched dresses glanced at him from the corners of their dark eyes and pinched each other; the women who sold pulque and scorching things to eat, made of red pepper, stared at him boldly, almost defiantly, and the men of their acquaintance, though they dared not do so themselves, were very grateful to them for being brave with the Engineer.

Señor the Engineer did not go upstairs into the office. An old rattle-trap of a coach, once the property of a wealthy don, was ready to start when Señor was ready, and a statuesque Indian stood twirling his cigarette while lazily watching his own shadow and waiting for the magnate who was going to the mines. A little cluster of Mexican horsemen galloped off when they saw him come. Every face at the station suggested that he had been expected, and was unwelcome. Possibly Señor the Engineer had not been sufficiently corruptible; however, he may have been nothing worse than severe.



CHAPTER II.

Four miles away to the northward there is a spring, and legend says a princess of the house of Montezuma was once upon a time cured of an evil humor by its waters. The date of this certificate of cure is not recent and is consequently unquestionable. Two great mountains almost shadow it in the circuit of the sun; one is called the Bishop's Mitre and the other The Saddle, the latter reproducing itself at eventide on the fertile plain bordering the village. The hotel is not grand yet it is not lacking in story, or stories, for grand don and gay donna have dwelt in those plainly furnished rooms and been tempted by the music and cards of the saala and the

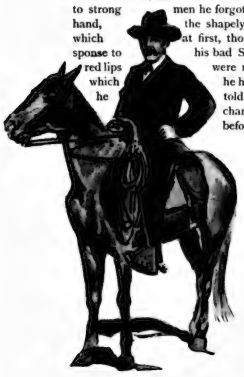
dash of Los Americanos to indulge in flirtations and excesses which even the conventionalities of Mexican life forbid. It was at the door of this hotel that the shambling carriage stopped, but the air of proprietorship cont nued as Mr. Eng neer strode through the entrance and turned into the parlor to whisper in the ear of its prettiest inmate something that made her smile. Then he departed without saying adieu to those who watched his incoming, recognizing no one but the peon who stood at the door holding his horse. The serving maids whispered and giggled behind pillars and corners, but self-content and confident he rode away without appearing proud of the attention he had excited.

"THE PEON STOOD HOLDING HIS HORSE."

There are mines up in the mountains and even from the hotel you can see the long white line where the ore is dumped down into a gorge below. These mines have been worked for centuries and it is not strange that there are people in the mountains who for generations have afforded refreshments to man and beast, and believe that they have a right to take toll from those who live in the mines or visit them. Through the sweltering valley, still white with the heat of the Mexican afternoon, the big form of the Engineer surmounting a tireless pony made a strangely intrusive picture. His handsome, sullen, masterful face, the deep, steady eyes, turned in, just now, upon himself and unobservant of his surroundings, seemed to belong to the time and place, but the troupe of peons who should have been following the lord of the manor were skulking in the patios of wayside casas and glowering at the hated "Gringo."

Where the trail begins to wind up from the foothills into the mountains stood the casa of Manuel Gomez, and at the door of what was little better than a hut Señor the Engineer halted, for it was the habit of travelers to change their ponies there while journeying to the mines. The black shadows were growing long when he shouted, "Manuel, Manuel!" No answer. Then his spurs rattled on the stones in front of the portal as he leaped from his horse, and his imperious tones again demanded the appearance of the master of the house. A soft voice answered him, "Don Manuel is not at home; but enter, the house is yours."

Her face was not beautiful, yet it was lighted and shadowed by those great, deep, sad eyes which everywhere look upon you in Mexico, seeming to tell the story of a long line of oppressed ancestors and hopeless endurance. Her red reboza was old but it was worn gracefully; the face beneath it was young, and the hand that held the fringed border over her bosom was small and shapely. Señor the Engineer was no longer pre-occupied; his eyes ceased to be introspective as he looked admiringly at the pretty señorita. His pony wandered into the corral, and Marie put up a single bar to prevent his egress before she again invited him to enter. For half an hour he talked to the señorita, and with a fit of that strange absorption which seems to come to strong men he forgot everything but her, the dark eyes, the pretty hand, the shapely figure, the white dress, the gleaming teeth, which at first, though he knew it not, showed themselves in response to his bad Spanish rather than his clever joke. The full, red lips were maddening when they did not refuse the kiss which he had no right to give with his adios, and of course he told her, as men do when opportunity offers them a chance to mislead by their untruthfulness, that never before had he seen such beautiful eyes, never had his hand touched such gentle fingers as hers.



She was a woman, a very young woman; her home was among the foothills and the mountains, nor had she before been spoken to so sweetly. Vanity and heart-hunger joined in urging her to believe that she had met her fate, that he, the masterful stranger, loved her as she in an hour of strange ecstatic bliss had learned to love him. With her arm above her head she watched him ride away, wondering how it should happen that such a great joy should come to her, a poor little Mexican girl, living in such a mean little house among mesquit-covered hills, with a father who kept mules for packing stores to the camp above and a little tienda in which men gambled and swore and disputed their bills.

At night she slept in a room divided only by a partition of woven cornstalks from the little store in which her father and some of his friends were playing cards. Again she heard something of Señor the Engineer, of Señor the new Superintendent of the Mines, and his schemes for taking ore down to the railway without the use of ponies or the employment of the means by which her father had made the money of which he was so fond. She heard them vow his death, but she smiled and thought how safe he would be with her watching over him. Ah, had Señor the Engineer seen the pretty face and the brown arm that entwined her curly head as she went to sleep, thinking how entirely safe from her people would be the man whose neck that same arm would lovingly embrace he had not been so forgetful of Marie, the Mexican girl with the red reboza.

"SHE WATCHED HIM RIDE AWAY."

Down from the mines next evening came Señor the Engineer, and if Manuel Gomez did not observe the attention bestowed upon his daughter, the eyes of his nephew Pedro were too watchful to permit such gallantries to pass unnoticed, and at least one of the conspirators became more vindictive than old Manuel Gomez himself, and he was one who swore that Señor the Engineer should but little longer trouble the people of Monterey.

CHAPTER III.

The pretty American girl at the hotel by the Springs had a father, as is not unnatural, and the father, as fathers are apt to have, had plans for his daughter's future. He did not like Señor the Engineer nor did he propose that the jolly girl whom he called Pretty Penny—with a rather obvious suggestion of what she would bring to her husband—should be permitted to make a match in Mexico. She was impressionable and he was suspicious, so when she got on horseback he too was always seen to be mounted, but when she forbade him to come he could do no more than implore her to be discreet. Her merry laugh was hard to deny, and when she pretended to be afraid of her spiritless pony he was prone to remark that Penny was hard to "skeer." She liked the sullen face of the Engineer, for he had the strength which her father lacked, which she lacked; nor can it be denied that she had the gentleness, the jollity, prepared by those who superintend love's real matches, to complete the life of the Engineer had he been a man likely to permit a woman to supply his deficiencies and make happiness a possibility.

When Señor the Engineer came down from the mines he was not so absorbed in himself or so undecided as to whether he should let love mould his

"SHE HEARD THEM VOW HIS DEATH.

future as when his pony had climbed the ridges and galloped through the gulches. She liked him better still; her father, sad to say, liked him less. The men in the hotel thought he had discovered a new mine, for surely he was too selfish to be made happy by anything except an increase of wealth or power.

When the moon rose that night Señor the Engineer was wandering with

"IN THE MORNING SHE RUBBED THE CORN FOR THE TORTILLAS."

his fair American companion under the trees, where great yellow seas of light drifted him towards a proposition which was made and accepted. Beneath the same trees, but shrouded in the darkness, Manuel Gomez and his daughter watched the lovers from the little *cafe*. What a lowly, dirty, sugary, coffeery smelling *cafe* it was! It obtained its custom on hot days on account of its great shadowy trees, and at night because it was such a convenient point of *espionage* where those who loved might watch their lovers loving somebody else.

When they parted the fair American girl laughed to think how her millionaire father would be fooled on the morrow, and Señor the Engineer cantered away to the home of the station master, proud at moments, yet sad at heart, wondering after all this was over and his fate sealed whether he might not meet the complete, the perfect woman, dark-eyed, gentle, lovely, yet sometimes jolly, but always rich and loving him best of all. Why could not fascinating women be both lovely and sad, and jolly and rich, and everything all combined? Surely there were such women. Why had he been unable to find one of them?

Up the foothills rode a dark-faced girl. She was not jolly; even the great yellow moon and the vast valley below and the soft, cool winds from the mountain that lifted her dark curls until they clustered above her reboza, had no song to sing. One hand grasped the slackened rein, unneeded to guide her pony; the other pressed upon her heart. She thought of nothing but how happy the jolly American girl must be. Her father glanced at her often as he thought of the morrow. Had it been different, he thought, had his Marie been in the place of the American girl he would have betrayed his comrades and claimed a reward for their capture.

She thought, in a dull and wondering way, what the people of the great world outside of her little life were like; she was sorry she had insisted on riding down with her father that she might have a chance of seeing her lover's face again. She had seen him; she had seen her. Marie was not vain; the handsome, laughing woman at her lover's side was incomparably superior to her. When Marie surveyed herself she thought how stupid she must be in her lover's eyes when compared with another whose laugh was contagious, whose teeth were so bright and shining and whose gown was so grand. Even a dull woman knows that sadness and intensity cannot hold a man as gaiety and laughter can. So reasonable was she in the exclusion of herself from the contest for the heart of Señor the Engineer, that she felt no bitterness; she only wondered how it might be possible for her to die very soon—and for him.

CHAPTER IV.

The sun was unusually glaring, more swimmingly, dizzily bright than even the day before when Marie rose from her sleepless bed and rubbed the corn for the tortillas, now and then brushing a tear from her eyes. Yet she was not particularly unhappy; she would not for the world have exchanged her choking disappointment for the emptiness of her past life. Her father's voice calling her to the door forced

"THE GROUP OF PEONS WHO STOOD ON THE TRACK."

her to abandon her task, but not her thoughts. Ah, those thoughts! How sweet to have someone of whom one might think so admiringly and lovingly!

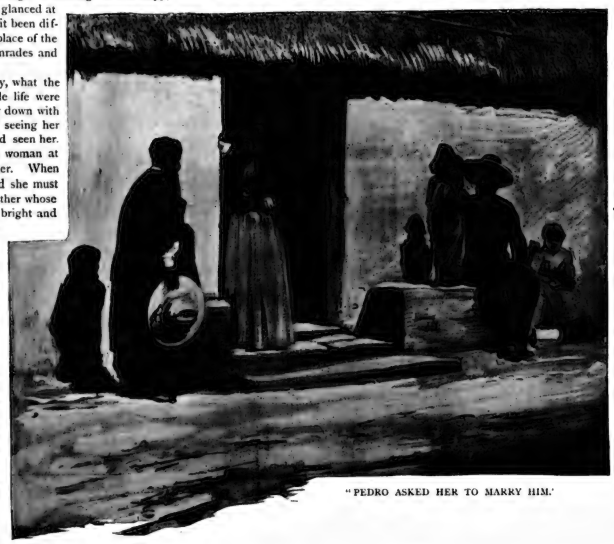
Leaning against the white-washed wall, her arm thrown over her head, as was her unconscious habit, she wondered why her cousin Pedro wore his gay serapa and carried in his hand his best sombrero. It seemed strange to her that her busy father should be sitting with her little brother and sister, and she noticed, too, in a sightless way, that little Manuel was lifting the hat from his father's brows and gazing enquiringly as to the meaning of his heavy frown and determined look.

Pedro asked her to marry him. She wondered why he should take so much trouble. Marriage had become to her a much more sacred thing than mere mating, which she had been taught was the fulfillment of a girl's life. In her eyes, as she looked at him, there was no reflection of mountain or plain; she saw nothing of Pedro Gomez as he stood before her; the whole world, everything, God himself, and Santa Maria, and even the little image that rose and fell on her bosom as she sighed to think of her unhappy fate, had but one name, Señor the Engineer.

No, she did not care to marry; she was happy at home with her father, and little Manuel needed her care, and Lucia could not without her get along. Perhaps some day it might be different; without doubt her cousin would see some other woman that he could better love. Pedro accepted his answer politely; he thought of a day not distant when there would be no masterful Engineer to disturb the business of the mines or estrange the heart of the woman he loved best amidst all the maids of La Silla.

CHAPTER V.

The shadows were growing longer and deeper and the afternoon in



"PEDRO ASKED HER TO MARRY HIM."

"CHATTING GAILY WITH A COUPLE OF FRIENDS."

Monterey was being enlivened by the opening of shutters and the chatter of neighbors, for though the light was bright the evening was coming, and with it the cool breezes of the mountains. Even the loafers loitered out of the saloon and the wives of the laborers out of their huts to see the up train come and go. A horseman stood by the platform watching Señor the Engineer, and when that official's valise was put in the baggage car and the hated man climbed into the cab with the driver of the engine, the horseman dashed away, without noticing that there were three coach-loads of soldiers going north to keep the peace on the Rio Grande. A couple of minutes later the train pulled slowly out of the station and two miles away, just as it was getting into full speed and rounding the curve, it passed through the little cloud of floating dust left by the hoofs of a panting horse. As the rider rose over the hill and dipped again into the plain, he waved his hat and fired his pistol, and as he passed the giant palm the train was not yet in sight, though he could see the group of peons who stood on the track concealing the trap they had prepared. The horseman knew a hundred sullen miners lay in ambush for the train they intended to wreck, the train that was now thundering around the long curve. Just across the railway cutting, opposite where the trail left the track and lost itself in the mesquit, Marie Gomez sprang down the bank waving her red reboza and striving in vain, so breathless and faint was she, to warn her lover by voice as well as signal of the awful fate in store for him. The horse of the signalman was pulled up on his haunches; a rifle sprang from its leathern rest; a flash, a loud report, and poor Marie tottered and fell. The horseman disappeared, the train dashed past as she lay in the gutter beside the track, pressing the red reboza to her wounded breast, the film of death glazing in her eyes a look of love and fear, her stiffening lips whispering, "Señor, Señor, beware!" Had her lover been bending over her he scarce could have heard her dying warning, and amidst the rattle and roar of the passing train she was lost to sight and sound. The eyes of Señor the Engineer were fixed on the squad of men below, and he thought nothing and saw nothing of the girl who died to save him.

"Slacken up, driver. Those scoundrels down there may mean mischief."

The train stopped; the soldiers, startled at the delay, sprang out to see what was wrong; the miners from La Silla, surprised and frightened, took to flight; the obstruction was removed and in five minutes Señor the Engineer, fanning himself with his soft hat, dropped into a seat of the Pullman car, congratulating himself on his everlasting luck. Not only had he escaped a smash-up, but Pretty Penny and her fortune were waiting for him at the crossing opposite the hotel two miles below. A thought came to him of the dark-eyed Marie, but he pulled his hat down over his eyes and hurried to the steps.

Pretty Penny sauntered down to the crossing, chatting gaily with a couple of companions who came to see her off. A peon groaned beneath the weight of her saratoga, and Colonel Johns with his little handbag walked sedately behind, swearing furiously to himself and wondering why women couldn't stay still two days at a time, or why when they moved it was necessary to carry all their clothes with them. He was satisfied to take a run up to Laredo with nothing but his razor, a collar box and a couple of shirts. Why should Penny have to carry her whole wardrobe? Colonel Johns was fond of making these complaints to himself and other people, but as a matter of fact he was proud of his daughter's luxurious habits and boasted that she could mighty well afford them.

"Well, father-in-law," exclaimed the Engineer, with grim humor, as he helped the old man up the steps, "my everlasting luck was all that prevented me leaving your daughter a widow ten minutes ago."

Pretty Penny threw her arms around his neck and asked him what he meant, and he entered into somewhat elaborate explanations as the train swept on, yet he could not but notice, while looking over her shoulder, what a quaint little town they were leaving to the right.

Colonel Johns stood glaring at the dark-browed Engineer, who carefully ignored his presence while telling his newly made wife of his narrow escape.

"Wasn't it awful, papa?" Then she caught his face between her hands and laughed in her merry, good-humored way. "Come now, don't be cross. Can't change it now, papa. We were married this morning. We didn't tell you anything about it for fear you would raise a row. It is too late to change it. You can see how much I like you, for aren't we taking you with us on our wedding trip?"

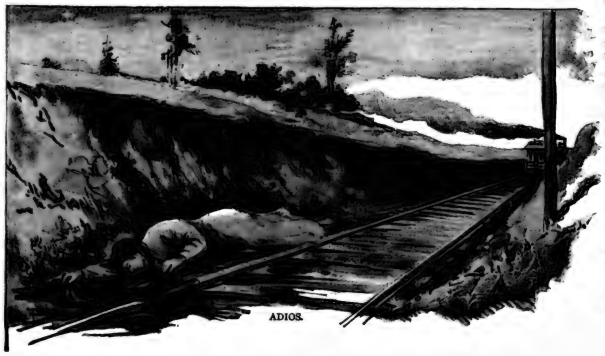
"A PEON GROANED BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF HER SARATOGA."

The colonel sank down into his seat, eying his daughter half in anger yet with his habitual admiration. "Yes, you think a great deal of me," he muttered. "You are awfully fond of me! I imagine you taking me along with you if you could have got your trunk out of the hotel without bringing your father and his money with it. You like your fine clothes better than you do either me or your husband, so I suppose I needn't feel hurt!" Then turning to his son-in-law, he snapped out:

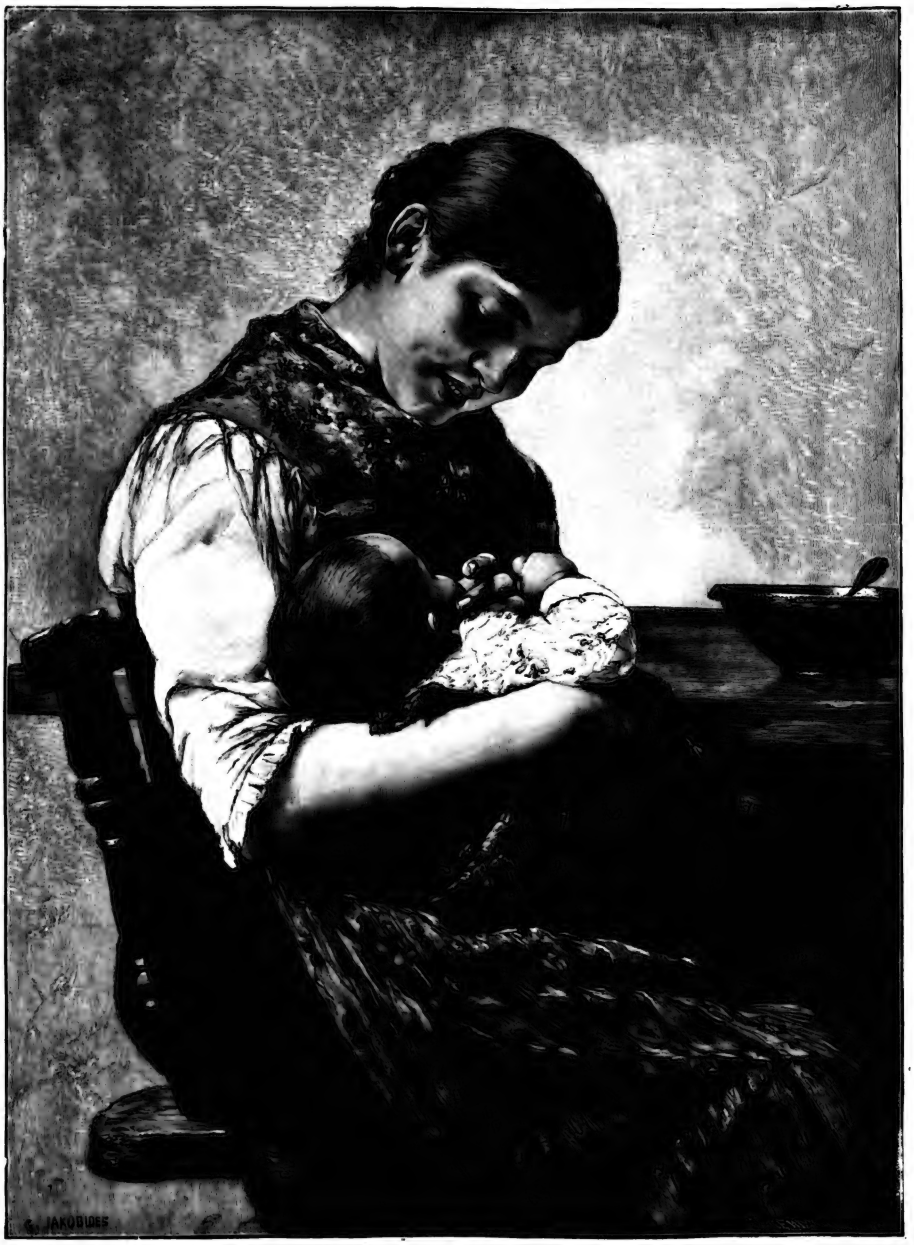
"Say, young fellow, if you have got any pull on this road call the porter and see if we can't for once get a decent drink."

. . . . . .

Miles and miles behind, still lying in the gutter beside the track, her bare arms torn by thorns and her dress stiff with drying blood, lay poor dead Marie, her sightless eyes still watching for the coming train and her cold lips yet struggling to frame the warning cry, "Señor, Señor, beware." The great heart that loved so well was still; the passionate love, unreasoning, unhappy, yet blazing with all the heat that at noonday had flooded the patio of her father's house, was robed in night. The cold, calculating people of the North know better how to husband their store of love and hate. Unforgetful of this, the dark-eyed people bear the burdens and endure the sorrows while others reap the wealth of counting-house and mine, and the great, throbbing, white sunlight continues to pour down on the high mountains and into the green valleys of Monterey. The great blue arch excites to-day, as yesterday, in the mind of the peon the unanswerable question of the Here and the Hereafter. The bright light marks the coming of hours of toil; the dark shadows, which have nothing to do with the ripening of crops or the making of money, mark nothing for them but the slow downgoing of the great, blazing sun—they are the ebony tomb-stones of the dying hours, welcome alike to the mulero, the vaquero and the panting peon, who linger in these shadows as we all some day shall wait, and perhaps wonder, in that more lasting, that greater and deeper shadow which shifteth not until the eternal sun rises and shadows are no more.



ADIOS.



"CHEEK OR CHIN, KNUCKLE OR KNEE,
WHERE SHALL THE BABY'S DIMPLE BE?"

HE had long been friends with the student. Friends in this way, that every morning she would shake her fluffy head and throw him a kiss with her dainty hand from the pretty vine-wreathed window of her nursery on one side of the narrow strip of lawn, and at exactly the same moment, from his window high up in the great, grim house on the other side of the lawn, the student would grin all over his jolly face, draw down his mouth into an astounding grimace and bow low with his hand on his heart at the reception of the kiss so daintily blown. Then the summer morning, swelling its cheerful chorus, would add to the chirp and twitter of its birds, to the swirl and twirl of its fresh little breezes, and the gay flitter-flutter of its dancing leaves—the sweet, sweet, musical sound of the bubbling laughter of this little lady.

Once in a while there would be two fluffy heads and two sounds of laughter, when the little mother came and stood at the window with her arms about her darling—one so like the other—her very counterpart.

Not to be outdone, directly would appear two big heads in the opposite window. For the student had a dog—such a crooked-nosed, comic-eyed, crisp-eared canine, whose broad and jovial aspect as he sat with his head cocked over on one side seemed to say, all in a look louder far than words: "How do you like me now, you little lady?"

This always delighted the child beyond measure, and so the friendship prospered in its own delightful way, till the little lady fell ill with a burning fever, and instead of the laughing, dimpling face at the vine-wreathed window, the blinds were drawn close and a dismal silence seemed to settle down upon the cheerful summer.

Then the student made bold to go round by the gate and through the garden, and to enquire at the great door how the little lady might be.

"Very ill," they told him, and sometimes, "a little better," but oftenest he was answered by a silent shake of the head from the old nurse or the father, and not infrequently by tears only.

But there came a day at last when the little mother met him—trembling with joy and all brimming over with tears and laughter. "Better, oh so much better; she would be well now, quite well in a very little time."

The dismal air of silence vanished in a twinkling, and in its sunny way the morning grew quite garrulous as the student tramped through the wood on his way to the city classes, whistling softly as he strode along. Even Croppy, the comic-eyed and crooked-nosed, vented his share in the general jubilation by a succession of sharp, short shrieks and a nervous jerking of his stumpy tail that said as plainly as bark and tail of dog can say: "This is delightful now, it really *is*."

When she was able to come to the window once more the student, under shelter of the twilight, attached to the nursery window sill a slender wire, which he carried across to his own window higher up, and on the following morning when the fluffy head appeared a great, soft, purple ball shot spinning through the air, alighting almost in the little lady's lap, followed by a yellow ball and then a white one, and then another yellow, another purple, and another white, till she was all but smothered in the sweet wood violets that filled the air about her with their fragrant breath, so that when she fell asleep, fatigued for very pleasure, she dreamed that she was wandering in an enchanted forest where all the trees were violets and all the fairies students.

This was a great invention, and odd enough were the travelers that morning after morning crossed the airy bridge; flowers innumerable of every shape and color, moss and ferns, and little green cones, all sorts of woodland treasures; and as the child grew stronger, quaint little puzzle boxes and baskets carved from nutshells. But the crowning day arrived when she was to go out into the garden—a morning long to be remembered by the sudden skimming along of an athletic clown over the slender causeway. What if his head were but of dough and his joints of wire spirals! Were not his trowsers, frills and all, made of the student's best silk handkerchief, and didn't he hang by his toes and his chin, and hippety over and hoppety under, and twiddle around in a nimble circle till he looked like the spoke in a revolving wheel?

The child could scarcely contain herself in her laughter and delight. As for Croppy, the dog, he went wild, wilder, wildest with excitement, and yelped and shrieked and battered away till he was all but precipitated from his dizzy height. Then, amidst some disturbance the window was shut and the clown pulled in, but with the weight of this performance the bridge broke down.

After this happy morning followed other happy mornings, when with their gentle kisses the air and light of the garden brought the sunbrown and the roses back to the little lady's face. But as the roses bloomed anew in her delicate beauty they withered and faded away from the little mother's cheek. She was very worn from the long nights of watching and anxiety, and when the fever seized upon her exhausted system she had no strength to resist it, and after a short illness, died.

For days the student saw nothing of the little lady, and this time, not even so much as by the opening of the window did he dare to break the sacred stillness of the place. It was not until the morning after the mother's burial, when her sleeping body had been laid gently away under the green grass on the hillside, where the birds sang and the blue river ran slipping over the rocks with a sound like a lullaby—not until after this that the student so much as caught a glimpse of the little lady.

He started forward, about to open the window and to attract her attention by drawing his funniest face, but quickly slipped back into the shadow of the room. After a moment's pause he whistled low to the dog, ran softly down the stair and left her undisturbed. For the little creature was kneeling at the nursery window, her tiny hands dropped idly on its sill. She was gazing earnestly into the cloudless blue above her, with a great longing in her attitude and look.

The student returned late that night and slept late into the next morning. The city classes were over and though he intended to study on through the long vacation, and in the afternoon took out his Xenophon again, his thoughts were far enough from any classic lore; and as he sat lazily smoking an old pipe, his chair tipped idly back, his hands deep in his pockets, he was thinking vaguely of the little lady over the way, for the blinds had been closed all morning and he was wondering uneasily if she were ill again, when a sudden yawning sound of pleasure from the dog made him aware of her presence in the room.

Although their friendship had been one of signals only and he had not as yet even spoken to the child, she entered the room without the least hesitation and seating herself on the first low seat convenient dropped her hands in her lap, and looking up at him with a great trouble in her baby face said in a little grieved voice: "She's gone."

The student felt an uncomfortable lump rise in his throat. He dropped his pipe quickly, and turning his chair about said in a subdued voice, whose gentleness fell strangely even upon his own ear:

"Yes, my little lady, I know—she's gone."

"SHE'S GONE."

"Where?" queried the child again in an eager tone, whose shrillness held within it a note of pain.

The student was on the point of making a thoughtless answer, when something in the pleading eyes so wistfully turned to his made him hesitate and say as simply as the child herself:

"My dear, I don't know."

The child dropped her face forlornly in her hands.

"Don't you know?" she wailed. "I know a little; I thought you'd know it all. I know it's heaven, but I've been watching all day and I can't find any footmarks. It's so dweadfully high up, and I can't find any stairs. Father's ill."

In the pause that followed the student coughed and winked as he drummed upon the table with an old wooden paper knife, which he suddenly flung down, and drawing his chair beside her took the slight hand of the child into his broad palm.

"Did the little mother never tell you about heaven?" he asked, in his ordinary matter-of-fact tone.

The child nodded, and answered with a slight trembling of her under lip:

"She said the angels lived there—that they sang in the air when the baby in the manger was born. The angels in the picture had wings on, but I don't want her to have wings on," and the little wailing sound crept into her voice again: "I can't think how she looks with wings on—it's so dweadfully high." And a tear rolled slowly down the delicate cheek and fell with a great splash upon the dainty frock.

"What else did the little mother tell you?" asked the student gently, loosing her hand for a moment that he might suppress the dog, whom he squeezed down and held between his knees, the great protruding head with its red tongue lolling out looking for all the world like that of a culprit in the stocks.

"To be good—to be happy," sighed the child wearily, rubbing the wet spot with her slender finger.

"That's right," cried the student cheerfully, and as he spoke he twisted Croppy's ears so neatly wrong side out that the faintest flicker of a little smile trembled for an instant round the drooping mouth.

"Now, my little lady," he continued, in the same brisk tone, "what you have to do is to do just what the little mother told you. To be happy—that's the very thing; the real happy, you know, that runs and laughs and stands on its head, and all that sort of thing; not the kind that sits and thinks, and gets off one chair on to another when it is told to get up and go out. That won't do at all. But you're going to be the right kind of happy now, ain't you? *She* said so, you know."

"I'll twy," said the child hesitatingly; "but it's vewy diffisilt. The dolls is cwoss, and the things is not the same. They argufy."

"Do they now? Yes, I suppose they do," remarked the student thoughtfully. "Well, look here, my little lady, when you go home you shake those dolls every one, and put each one to bed with a good big cabbage leaf rolled round her; and you tell them if they don't wake up better humored in the morning I'll come right over and cut their cottons and let out all their sawdust."

"Gwacious!" exclaimed the child, quite startled. "Shall you have to?"

"I shall," said the student gravely. "Something of the kind at all events; and when the roses get pouty over there in the garden, and the lilies are stiff, and the tulips brag, and the great blubbering trees cry nasty, gummy tears all over you—when they all get into that sort of an argufying mood come right over here to Croppy. He can say very bad barks, can Croppy, sometimes," and the student sadly shook his head, "but he never argufies, does Croppy, never."

At the sound of his name the dog tipped his inquisitive nose in the air, and when freed from the bondage of his master's knees stood upon his hind legs and waved his forepaws in such a limp and ridiculous manner that the child involuntarily smiled.

"Here, sir," cried the student, hoisting him up on the trapeze that hung from the center of the room, where he proceeded to put him through such glorious antics that the child clapped her little hands and laughed aloud.

After this she became a frequent visitor, for the father allowed her to do exactly as she pleased. There were afternoons, as the summer lengthened, too hot for anything but swinging in the hammock, which was slung across a corner of the room. On such afternoons the student would declare it was much too hot for study of the sciences, and seated on his desk or tipped back in his chair would relate to his little listening lady visitor strange and marvelous tales of the "fairie folk," charming stories of goblin, gnome and genii such as she had never heard nor dreamed of before. There were other cooler days though, when this airy establishment seemed possessed with the spirit of misrule, days when they all performed upon the flying trapeze; the dog in a clown's dress with bloomer legs of red and yellow; the student coiling and uncoiling himself like "wubber," making of the little lady a "flying Zelia" in the air. Days when the sound of jumping feet upon the floor, of the frantic barking and scuffling of the dog, of the roaring of his master, and of the pealing laughter of the child descended to the region of the old house dame below.

"Arrah, murther! May the saints presarve us!" she would mutter, standing open-mouthed with hands upon her sides. "May the Howly Virgin help the purty crathur! It's a crazy divil he is, is the young mashther, to be tratin' the darlin' wid the loike o' that—with his chimisthry, an' his ashthronomy, an' his schmels enough to quinch the heart in ye, an' thim desavin' articles set up upin the roof. What nade has he to be afther the stars, shure—can't he lave thim alone to the Lord that made thim? It's roight enough they are accordin' to me own belafe. Och! the Lord have mercy!" for with that would come a sound as if the roof and walls were falling in; and with palpitating heart the dame would burst into the room to find the bar and clubs rolling back into the corner, the student scrubbing his flushed face with a bandanna, the dog panting like an animated steam valve, and the little lady perched upon the flat old-fashioned bedpost "westing out of the way," as she cheerfully explained; each and all bearing an exasperating air of self-complacency, an air of pleased achievement of a good day's work.

This was often repeated through the idle summer, but when the days grew cooler in the early autumn the little lady was taken to the city by her father, the student was busy with the re-opening of the college classes, and so for quite a time the friends were parted.

Towards the end of October, however, there came a sultry week, so oppressive that the father hurried his little daughter back again. All absorbed in his "chimisthry" and his "ashthronomy," his athlete's dress on, a damp towel round his brow, the student was sitting in his room the day following her arrival, when he heard the well known sound of her light foot-fall on the stair, but accompanied this time by an unfamiliar step.

Was she bringing another baby with her?

"May we come?" called a pathetic and plaintive voice from the landing.

The student opened his eyes wide with a look of apprehension. He had heard that plaintiveness in her tone before—*once* only.

"Come in," he cried briskly, his cheerful invitation swallowed up as soon as given by the vociferous welcome of the irrepressible dog.

In she came, dragging by the arm a huge doll bundled up in a pillow case, through which, unhappily, the kid legs had kicked a passage, and whence they issued now in a manner disrespectful and distressing beyond words.

"Very glad to see you, ladies," cried the student cheerily. "Won't you introduce me, ladyship?" he added solemnly, bowing his toweled head with exceeding gravity.

"I'se so ashamed of her," announced her ladyship, gathering up the pillow case into her arms as she sat down, hanging her head to hide her trembling lips. "I want her dwessed," very plaintively. The student opened his eyes still wider and came quickly round to where she sat.

"Look here, ladyship," he said persuasively, "she's all right. That's a beautiful costume for a hot day like this, and I'm charmed to meet her; she's a darling; now what do you think of this, your majesty? It's going to be far too hot a night to sleep; suppose when it gets dark I come and steal you like a real princess and carry you up on the roof here and let you see the stars like great, big, beautiful balls through the telescope."

"No," complained her ladyship, still more fretfully, "I don't want to see the stars like that. They're littler and twinklier the way they are. I want my dolly dwessed."

There were indications of a gathering storm in the sweet blue of the baby's eyes, that filled with real alarm the heart of her great, good-natured, awkward friend.

"Can't the old nurse put it right?" he asked dubiously.

The storm burst.

"No, no," sobbed the child despairingly. "Nurse is cwoss. Oh, I want *her*—I want *her*. *She* dwessed them always—and it's so dweadfully high, and it's getting higher."

For a moment the sound of her sobbing was all the sound to be heard in the room, till the dog rose from his corner, dropped himself at her feet and gently licked her ribboned shoes.

In less than the space of an instant the student unrolled himself from his Oriental headgear and dived into his wardrobe, from whose depths he produced a gaily colored fancy dress of scarlet and black velvet.

"Now, look here, ladyship," he called in a business-like tone, "I'm going to dress this dolly, but you must brisk up, you know, and give your orders. Just wait, though," he added, "till I get some ammunition," and he darted down the stair and was back again directly with a coarse needle, a spool of "No. 20," and a queer, fat thimble without any "roof" to it, that was a source of some amusement to the child. For the sun was beginning to shine and the storm was breaking up, though the drops still glistened on the drooping lashes.

"Now," queried the student, rolling up his sleeves and settling down to business, "will your ladyship have a red gown or a velvet one?"

"Twowsers, please," demanded the child pathetically, with an anxious glance from behind her misty lashes.

"Eh?" exclaimed the student, startled and non-plused at this unexpected turning of affairs.

"Twowsers," repeated the child firmly, "and a pettitoat—

like this," she explained, whisking up her frock to show the dainty skirts beneath.

The student, in dismay, looked from the mass of tucks and laces to the

"TWOWSERS, PLEASE."

vacant kid limbs more aggressively displayed than ever. He scratched the point of his nose with the roofless thimble and shook his head.

The clouds swept up over the blue again. The student moved uneasily, then was seized with an inspiration.

"I suppose you have lots of those things at home, eh, ladyship?" he said, tapping the frilled petticoat with the scissors in his hand.

"A dwarful," replied the child indifferently.

"Off with it then," cried the student eagerly; "the very thing! It will make the whole outfit, furbelows and all. As for the old nurse over there, if she says a word about it, up she goes on the trapeze with Croppy to watch her."

The clouds vanished as, obediently and laughingly, the child scrambled out of her petticoat, and when the "twowsers" were an accomplished fact her eyes sparkled with an inexpressible delight. But frequent and fervent and free were the difficulties of the student that sultry afternoon. No sooner was the thimble tossed into the corner as an interloper than the needle, on an independent voyage of discovery, ran under his finger nail and drew forth blood and imprecations, while the various i aplements of manufacture fell so often to the floor that the child at last, quite tired of picking them up, ventured the remark "that the things gwew twoublesome when they hadn't any lap," and an apron was improvised from a couple of bath towels.

To accomplish such a frock as the child herself wore would have demanded the touch of a French modiste, so the favorite legend was again repeated, and the doll arrayed like the favorite Queen Crimchild, in scarlet vest with trimmings of gold and a magnificent velvet train.

It was an herculean task.

The sun had dipped down behind the cedar hedge; the lawn lay in shadow and a cooler breeze fluttered the window curtain before the student drew himself up, stretched out his cramped muscles and laughed long and softly as he listened to the retreating footsteps on the stair. But the laugh was changed to a look of consternation when he heard her turn, re-ascend, and knock at the door again.

"Come in," he called, dropping into a chair behind him, much surprised.

Hugging the dolly closely to her bosom, she walked deliberately across the room, looked up at him with eyes full of a child's unspoken confidence, laid her hand for an instant with slight touch upon his knee, said simply, in her little monotone, "I like you," and the next moment had vanished from the room.

Through the winter months and during the following summer there were many interruptions to these charming visits. Now that she was grown so much taller and older the child was frequently away from home, and the student daily more absorbed in college doings. The second Christmas found them still asunder, and it was not until well on into the month of February that they found themselves together in the old neighborhood once more.

At the thought of this approaching meeting the child was fuller of delight than usual, for she held in keeping a magnificent surprise. She had caught up the idea of a valentine from the gaily dressed windows of the city shops; but as the paper roses were unsightly to her delicate tastes and country breeding, she had said to herself with secret pleasure, "I will send him a valwentine but I will send a real rose."

Upon the morning, therefore, of the longed-for day—a morning of alternate sunshine, skipping clouds and breezes, proper morning for this dubious saint—she spent a long hour in the sunny greenhouses choosing her blossom, a white rose, half-blown.

Though at the usual hour she had tapped upon the nursery pane, no tap answered from the other window. Eager and excited, all day long she watched, but not a sign of friend nor dog appeared. As it grew toward evening and the shadows lengthened she could wait no longer. Begging to be rolled up in her little cloak, with the surprise in its slender box beneath her arm she ran across the gardens and up the well known stair. No answer to her knock, though she thought she heard the moving of the dog. Again she knocked, again no answer, but this time, sure of the scuffle of the well known paws and tail, she opened the door a little way and peeped coyly in.

Her sweet lips trembled and her face grew pale. Was it her friend—or was it not?—and if so, how, oh how could he be so different! It was—and she advanced a step within the room. It was not—and she hesitated trembling where she stood. His hair was rough, his eyes were red, his face was swollen; half-dressed he sat upon the edge of the great bed, one shoe on, the other hanging limply in his hand. An air of sad disorder prevailed within the room, extending even to the miserable Croppy. After what had evidently been a late performance, he had been divested of three bloomers only, and, with his fourth leg still arrayed in yellow cambric, his cardboard spectacles still on awry, presented an appearance at once peculiar and ashamed.

Catching a glimpse of the dainty little lady, the student gave a sudden gasp that ended in a groan, dropped his shoe quickly, rolled his head up in the bedquilt and from its voluminous depths issued a command to her to leave the room.

The child was horror-struck.

"Are you ill?" she asked, advancing gently.

"Yes," muttered the dull voice from its hidden depths.

"Is it catching?" she repeated, coming yet a little nearer.

"No," replied the voice, in accents somewhat fainter.

"Are you going to die?" she continued tremulously.

"No," roared the student, throwing off the stifling drapery. "Die? No. I only wish I could. I long to die. I'd like to die deader than the deadest nail that ever doored. Hanging's not good enough for me, I tell you. Leave the room, I say, if you don't want to see my head fly up and hit the ceiling. It's whirling now like a circular mill-saw," and drawing up his knees together on the bed the student let his head fall heavily upon them, as he held it tightly pressed between his hands.

The child walked slowly and sorrowfully to the door, then turned and hesitated, lingering upon the threshold. The student had tossed himself back upon his pillow, where he lay motionless, his hand upon his eyes.

Swiftly and noiselessly the child recrossed the room, shook hastily the sweet rose from its mossy bed, dropped it down upon the pillow close beside him, its moist leaves falling over on his face, and whispering gently, "It's your valwentine," caught up her cloak and ran quickly from the room.

But the little lady was a pensive lady all that evening, pondering and troubled and very mystified. The next night, however, brought a joyful solving of her problem, for there came a little book of moss held together with gay ribbons, and upon its dewy pages in letters formed of blossoms the invitation, "Come to tea."

HALF-DRESSED HE SAT UPON THE EDGE OF THE BED.

Greater still was her surprise and pleasure when, the evening following, in answer to her gentle knock, the student's door flew open to disclose a very bower; pots of blooming flowers in the windows, a glorious fire crackling on the

hearth, a charming little tea table set out *tete-a-tete;* Croppy in a muslin frill of Tudoresque dimensions, and the student himself in faultless evening dress.

"It is lovely, quite lovely," cried the delighted little lady. "You are almost like a fairy tale."

"Let it be quite a fairy tale," replied the student, and bending on his knee before her he kissed with reverence and deep emotion her pure hands.

Of all their many charming hours together none had ever proved so charming as this evening hour. Seated near her in the gleam and flicker of the fire-light, the student recited such a charming story, such a glowing tale of mirth and magic that even the little romping shadows seemed to listen, leaping to the ceiling in a silent merriment when the silver laughter of the little listening lady fell upon the air with a rhythmical vibration that set the nodding flower-bells all trembling with delight.

But deeper than the pleasure excited by the story, lay the light of a growing gladness in the little lady's eyes.

"I have a secret to tell," she cried, leaning nearer that her friend might catch her lowered tones. "I am to have a dear mother again. Mother, mother," she murmured, over and over.

The student sat up quickly.

"True?" he cried, in a voice that for an instant was sharp with the keenness of pain.

"True, true, true," repeated the child in her rippling murmur. "Father told me and he held me close up to him and his eyes were full of shining tears. Keep my secret," she whispered, as she bade him sweet "good night."

The student kept her secret, but its keeping cost him many an hour of anxious thought. On the evening of arrival of the dearly-longed-for mother he seemed unaccountably restless and disturbed. One after another of his books was tossed aside, and he had taken out his pipe and drawn his chair up to the fire, when there came the sound of the light step upon the stair. In his impatience he struck at the log fiercely with the fire-iron he was holding in his hand. To-night of all nights, she would come with bounding footfall, with a child's glad cry of joyous exultation.

Ah, sweet heaven! the little, pitiful, white face, the mute, imploring eyes, the uplifted arms!

"Take me," she cried in broken accents; and he took her, and like a woman hushed her crying on his breast.

"She loves me," cried the child through her tears and sobbing; "she loves me, but it is not *her*—not *her*—not *her*, and I want *her*, oh I want *her*. I know it cannot be. I think I always knew it could not be, but they told me—they told me it would be the same."

"Will you keep *my* secret?" asked the student softly, bending nearer to her.

For answer, the slight arm crept close about his neck.

"You are a child," he gravely said, "and may not know how such a thing could be, but the little mother, when she died, left me the precious gift of her own sweet heart of mother-love. It is beating now in my bosom, where your cheek is pressed. Lie there, little one, and go to sleep."

"SHE MADE A SLIGHT MOVEMENT OF HER FLUTTERING LIPS."

The young stepmother loved the child indeed and soon became to her as an elder sister. Occasionally the student would see them wandering together in the garden and always with their arms about each other. But the child growing lovelier each season, grew also more transparent and more fragile. Soon they recognized the fact, though none could utter it, that their sweet flower was fading day by day.

When the winter came they took her to a warm and sunny southern nook, where the great waves came singing up the shore, a song she loved. There was a consciousness of strength and power in their resistless rush upon the sands connected in her childish fancy with the strong friend she left behind, and the even swell of flood and ebb tide dwelt in her imagination always as the constant beating of a loving heart.

They brought her home again, too tired to be moved now from her chamber. The student came each day and held her often in his arms. They spoke little, but she was happier so.

But the sad time came when as he walked slowly and sorrowfully home one evening a messenger met him, begging him to hasten on; she had been asking for him all the afternoon. He was soon there. The room was very still, sweet with the odor of the flowers he brought her every morning. The father sat motionless at the foot of the low bed, his head bowed down upon his folded arms, the young stepmother near him, her tears falling silently upon the coverlet. The student knelt softly down; no word was spoken but the friend knew what she asked. He laid her angel face upon his bosom that she might feel the beating of his heart. She made a slight movement of her fluttering lips towards him. Stooping, he kissed her, and all his heart of love lay in that last caress. For, her little human longings uttered, the pure spirit of the little lady had sought and found her angel mother's breast at last.

A CONVERT TO THEOSOPHY.

I've a level head an' practical,
For so it's said of me;
I never took particular stock
In this Theosophy.
But Nellie is a lady
Notwithstandin' she was born
Far in the backwoods shady,
With fortunes all forlorn.

She must have been a princess
In ages long ago,
She wears like robes of ermine
Her gowns of calico.
She weaves her mane of shining hair
In many a flashing fold,
It sits upon her forehead like
A coronet of gold.

Ten thousand years ago she sent
Her fighting men to war,
And loyal hearts to vict'ry went
Around her battle car;
And when the day was over,
And ere the night began,
With streams of sacrificial blood
Her lofty altars ran.

And thro' the night with shouting
Her boundless gardens rang,
And countless white-robed vestals
Triumphal anthems sang;
Her couch was strewn with banners bright
Torn from a conquered foe,
But in her sleep she died that night
Ten thousand years ago.

To-day her father's working
In Bennett's shingle mill,
And they've a little cabin
Just half way up the hill;
But never was there castle
Or royal palace hall,
Full-thronged with prince and vassal
Like yonder cabin small.

The walls gleam with her handiwork,
The floor is white as snow,
Her instincts now are just the same
As centuries ago.
Altho' her home is humble,
As I have often seen,
She's got imperial manners and
The instincts of a queen.

Altho' I'm mighty practical,
These facts are bothering me,
For nothing seems to quite explain
Except Theosophy.

But in my mind I'm satisfied
That this strange thing is so,
My Nellie was a lady
Ten thousand years ago.

RUSHDALE FARM. R. K. KERNIGHAN (THE KHAN).

I.

THE through train to New York would leave Montreal railway station in ten minutes. It was the twenty-fifth day of November. The sky above the city was covered with leaden-colored clouds. Snow lay two feet on the level in the city streets, and had drifted in places to five times that depth. The massive houses of dark gray stone looked across at one another through their glistening, icy windows. The snow had been dug away from the pavements and heaped up in the roadway; but the wind kept re-establishing it in curved ridges at the corners, a wind that blew twenty-five miles an hour, in a zero temperature. The foot passengers in the streets walked with quick, short steps, and often felt cautiously of their noses. Fur caps and gloves, high collars, comforters, and long top-coats were the fashion for men; the women were pillars of sealskins, shawls, veils and muffs. People in sleighs were visible chiefly by inference; all one could actually see was conical masses of buffalo robes and wraps, while the drivers bent their heads forward against the blast and grasped the reins with numb but resolute fingers. The horses didn't seem to mind the cold; their manes flourished, their tails streamed, and their bells jingled sharp music. But a human being must possess a vigorous frame, a bounding pulse, and a full stomach in order to really enjoy weather of this kind. Not that this was severe weather for Montreal, but it was a little early in the season; and in New York, where folks were buying their Thanksgiving turkeys that very day, the thermometer registered sixty-six degrees in the shade.

Meanwhile, the long vestibule train in the station was ready to start. Passengers were streaming down the gusty platform, and clambering up into the cars. Station-men, with red noses and stamping feet, were calling out the names of the successive stopping places. Snug porters, with record-books in their icy hands, were standing at the entrances of the parlor cars. In the huge engine, the fireman was shoveling in coal, and the driver was taking a last look at his machinery and appointments. The snow-plough had already gone forward to clear the track in advance. But the taciturn driver glanced at his watch and rubbed his grizzled chin, and thought to himself that they would be likely to get to Albany four hours late.

A party of three persons and a large bundle came hurrying down the platform to the second parlor car forward. After a word with the porter, the gentleman ascended the steps first, with a somewhat feeble movement. The lady followed, with the bundle in her arms, and the female servant, a negro, brought up the rear. They entered the car, and took possession of the private room on the right, just beyond the smoking compartment. Then they turned to recover their breath and look at one another.

The gentleman was tall and well built, but his handsome, straight-featured face was pale and thin, and he held himself rather languidly. The lady was a Hebe of health and rosy vigor, deep-bosomed, full-limbed, erect and efficient. Her eyes were dark and sparkling with ardor; a strand of her dark hair had escaped, and was curving across her temple and dangling down her pure pink cheek. The servant was just a substantial, motherly-looking colored person, not otherwise specifically describable. Then there was the Bundle.

"Let us see how the precious has stood it!" said the lady, who still held the bundle in her arms, and now began to remove quickly some of its exterior layers of softness and warmth. By and by the core of the mystery was reached—the face of a baby rather less than two years old.

"She looks all right," remarked the gentleman. "Hello, Buster!"

The buster smiled curiously. Her eyes looked rather too large, and her pretty phiz rather too pointed. Her smile was followed by a little fit of coughing.

"There, precious!" said the lady, kissing the cough. "She won't be doing that five days from now. Nor you either, Tom. Oh, my baby!—my *two* darlings! You must both of you be very good, you know. Only two months before we are together again. There'll be a happy New Year—Ah! Oh, Tom, Tom—I'm so—I'm so happy you're going! Yes, I am! Oh, I'm not crying—that's just—habit! My own, ownest baby! Take her, Tom; no, you take her, Drusilla. Remember, she's to be fed again in three hours. Tom, you'll both be as strong as anybody was by the time we meet again. Drusilla, I rely on you to take care of Captain Gordon, as well as of the baby."

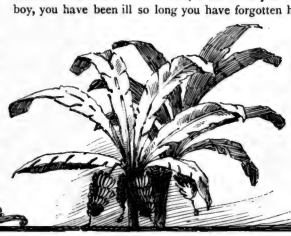
"So a' will, deed a' will, Miss's Gordon," replied Drusilla, in her soft Southern tone, with a gleam of smiling ivory. Drusilla's good spirits were not feigned, whatever anybody else's were. In the midst of Canadian snows she scented the tropics through that broad flat nose of hers. "We'se be all com'-fible," she added, taking the Buster deftly in her arms and turning herself into a cushioned divan.

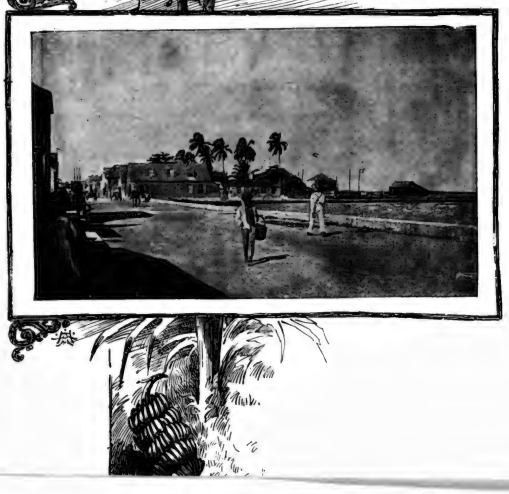
"Well, we've said our good-bye, Kate," remarked the captain, turning to his wife with an aspect of resolute cheerfulness. "Besides, it's not good-bye at all—just *au revoir*. And it's all well enough for the Buster and me; but I feel cheap leaving you here to do a man's work and your own, too. If it doesn't come out as we expected, never mind, come on at once! After all, so we're together, what does the rest matter? Let it go!"

"Of course it doesn't matter, love; only I'm going to put it through all the same, and I shall come to you in triumph—you'll see! We are in the right; and I know what to say. I've never seen a trial; I shall enjoy it!"

"By Jove! but it's hard we must be parted—at this time of all others, Kate!"

"Oh, fiddlesticks! What is your life and the baby's to be weighed against, I should like to know! Besides, don't I tell you I shall enjoy it? My poor boy, you have been ill so long you have forgotten how it feels to be well, and—pugnacious! I am as you were the moment before that Hunza Niger bullet went through your beloved lung. And all I have to meet is, not a bullet, but a snuffy little cross-examining lawyer, whom I mean to rout, horse, foot and dragoons!"





A knock at the door. Voice of the porter without. "Train leaves in one minute, sir, please."

"Oh, Tom, my darling! Oh, my baby, my own, ownest baby! God bless you and keep you, my darling—my darlings! You will write . . . But, oh! my heart, I shall know if anything happens; my soul goes with you! Angels will be about you, I know!"

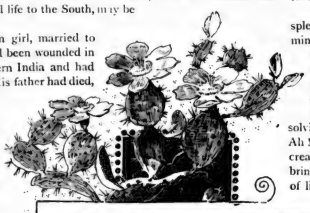
Voice of conductor on the platform without: "All aboard!"

"My love!" Her face was wet with tears. "My baby!"

She was gone. The engine whistled. The train gave a slow jerk and began to draw out. The baby coughed. Drusilla turned herself into a rocking-chair, with a singing accompaniment. Captain Gordon dropped into a seat and the lines of his face grew grave and haggard. His cheek, too, was wet, either with his own tears, or with hers, or both. Now they were rumbling over the long bridge. Now Canada was behind them and the frozen north; and before them lay, far down the southern horizon, the palms and coral of the tropics.

II.

The business that kept Mrs. Kate Gordon at home, while her husband and her baby fled for health and life to the South, may be dismissed in a paragraph.



She was an American girl, married to an English officer, who had been wounded in the late outbreak in northern India and had retired from the service. His father had died, leaving a considerable property in Canada. Captain Gordon's wound had apparently healed rapidly, and he had come to Montreal to look after his inheritance, and with the expectation of taking up his residence there. It presently turned out that a cousin of his father, a lawyer of large local practice, advanced a claim to the estate, on the ground partly of private treaty and partly for professional services rendered. Matters were complicated by the fact that Gordon senior had left no will. Tom was his only child and would inherit in the natural course of things, but this unexpected claim bade fair to be disastrous to his hopes. Mr. Graham, the lawyer-cousin, had not the reputation of being an easy man. It was necessary, then, to bring suit. Graham filed an answer, issue was joined and a date set for the trial. At this juncture a calamity happened. Captain Gordon's wound, which was in the apex of the right lung, broke out afresh. His physician informed him that a winter in Canada would be the death of him. Following this, the baby caught the grippe and lay at death's door for a week. It then rallied, but a relapse would be fatal. "They must both go south," said the doctor, "or——!" But the trial was fixed for the middle of January: it was then the middle of November, and the livelihood of the little family mainly depended upon their winning their suit. It was now that Kate Gordon came out in her strength. She had an interview with their counsel, the issue of which was that Tom's deposition was taken, and it was arranged that he and the baby should go south at once, while she remained behind to prosecute the suit. It was no use the captain remonstrating and objecting; she was a woman to have her way; she carried all before her, and showed such a command of herself and the situation that her lawyers were caught by the contagion of her spirit and her confidence, and Tom, assailed by the combined forces of her, them and the doctor, was constrained to yield. It was their first parting and the circumstances did not conspire to diminish its pangs. We have had an outside glimpse of it and will now resume our narrative.

III.

On the first day of December everything in Montreal was white, gray and black; it was snowing furiously, and a north-east gale was carrying the flying snow horizontally, and piling up that which had fallen in drifts twenty feet high. The river was frozen solid and there was a railroad track laid on it. Kate Gordon, awakening from an uneasy dream, got up, slipped on her wadded dressing-gown and fur slippers, and went to the window, which looked towards the south. It was quite dark. Snow was heaped up against the window-pane, leaving only a semi-circular opening near the top, and that was covered with frost. She scratched the frost away with her nail, and peered out. In the darkness she could just discern the swirl of the flying flakes, rather than the flakes themselves. She heard the venomous scream of the wind; it shook the window in its frozen sash. It was deadly outside. She shuddered. Then, the eyes of her body being unavailable, she looked with the eyes of love and imagination, and perhaps beheld, through the wintry darkness, some such scene as this.

The hush before dawn in the tropics. All around is the broad, polished flow of the sea, gray, but opaline with latent color, awaiting the signal of the sun. Polished is the surface, yet not motionless; a rhythmic undulation breathes through it—the long, long, quiet sighs of slumberous peace. The air is fresh but warm and tender; impalpable, crystalline, stretching upwards to the clear morning stars, and outwards to the pale regions of the mysterious horizon, it is invisible life in the nostrils, soothing, healing, inspiring; an air forever innocent of ice and snow and harshness, the pure medium of joy and love.

Yonder to the left dawns a faint brightening, the semi-halo of approaching splendor. Faintly over the sea the hues of the rainbow begin to awaken, mingling and changing. A tiny marvel breaks the surface and drifts on a wayward course—the little mariner who marshalled Columbus to the unknown shores. Another and another, a fairy fleet, glistening white, with trailing, sinuous oars. And what is this leaping and fluttering and low skimming and shallow diving, close at hand?—iridescent birds of the deep sea, leaving their depths to quaff the morning! The brightness gathers and widens, dissolving the stars into itself, and darkening the eastern profile of the leaning world. Ah! now the wonder comes, helmed in intolerable splendors, the magician creating and enchanting the earth. For an instant he poises, dazzling, on the brink, then ascends his everlasting path. To him, from him, flow aerial rivers of life and color. The heavens are azure where he has walked upon them: streams of glory palpitate across the waters, breadths of pearl, tremulous passages of amethyst, and frettings of liquid ruby. Life and beauty, passionate yet calm, vibrate and teem above and below. The heat of endless summer glows and kindles in nature, and in the veins of him who contemplates her. Away to the south what slender stems arise, with feathery crowns: what low white cliffs, and sparkling arcs of beach! There are isles fit for the dwelling of immortals. These are the shores first seen by the tanned discoverers of Spain, four centuries since; here swarmed the quest for gold and empire, and here lurked and reveled the blood-stained buccaneers, and murder, lust and robbery made their abode, where angels might have lingered and scarce known they were not still in heaven.

But the heroes and the incarnate devils are at rest now, and the Spanish main is no longer swept by high-pooped caravels. The fiery gleam of El Dorado has faded, and in its place are drowsy peace, and commerce tempered with indolence, and annual pilgrimages of valetudinarians, seeking what remains of the elixir of life and the fount of youth. Hark! the steady throb of the screw, speeding the dark, narrow bulk of yonder steamer through the magic calms. Here come the pilgrims of 1892! The mounting sun shines on the long decks, fresh from the morning holystone. And up the companion-way, with an elastic step and a bright eye, comes Captain Gordon, with the Buster in his arms. The Buster's cheeks are rosy, and she coughs no more.

"Look, baby! By Jove! See the pretty white houses over there, and the ships, and the big hotel, and the castle on the hill! That's where we're going. Isn't it fine? By Jove—if mamma were only here!"

Mamma shivers and draws back from the black and icy windows: yet she smiles in the midst of her shivering:

"Bless my darlings! It's sweet to think that they are there. Pray God all may go well, and we be together again soon!"

IV.

On Christmas Eve there was a marooning party to one of the little islets within an hour's sail of Nassau. A marooning party is West Indian for a picnic: the memory of the buccaneers has this much influence still. The party was small but select. Captain Gordon was its getter-up and leading spirit. The captain, during the three weeks or more of his sojourn, had acquired a great popularity. He was the life of the place—he and the Buster. From the governor down to the negro boys who took them out fishing, everybody was delighted with them, and everybody felt the greatest curiosity to see Mrs. Gordon: a woman must be worth seeing, it was argued, whose husband was so utterly in love with her, and who was the mother of so enchanting a little daughter, for anything in the shape of babyhood more enchanting than the Buster

had never been seen. And people pleased themselves with the anticipation of Mrs. Gordon's pleasure, when she should witness the astonishing amendment in the health of her beloved ones—their robust and abounding health. The Hon. Mrs. Mallet, a person of quality, who was a guest at the governor's house, and who had known Captain Gordon's family when the captain was a little boy at Rugby, was already the cordial friend and admirer of the American wife whom she had never seen. She praised the gallant courage and devotion of a woman who would not only send those she loved better than herself to a place of safety, while she remained behind to fight a death-battle with the enemy in the icy and hostile North; but who, having nursed her baby at her own breast from the hour of its birth, could have the self-abnegation and the trust in Providence "and in New Providence," added, *sotto voce*, young Jack Mallet, her nephew by marriage, who had been her escort on her travels), to entrust it to a negro foster mother. She was a real heroine, the old lady declared. She was the chief of the Buster's subjects. She was actually jealous of the faithful Drusilla's more intimate relations. When the Buster was not at her meals, she was very apt, therefore, to be riding roughshod over the Hon. Mrs. Mallet. The Lady of Quality reveled in her servitude, and wooed her tyrant to be tyrannical. The two were together for hours every day; and when Mrs. Mallet had succeeded in persuading the Buster to call her "G'an'ma," her felicity was complete. She had no children or grandchildren of her own. She commended Drusilla's faithfulness and zeal, but anybody could see that she believed the Buster to be much safer in her hands than in Drusilla's. These facts, though not in themselves remarkable, had their bearing on the catastrophe, as we shall see.

The small but select marooning party consisted of Captain Gordon and the Buster, with Drusilla; of the Hon. Mrs. Mallet and Jack Mallet; and of two or three other young gentlemen and ladies with whom we will not concern ourselves. The little white yacht was sailed by her owner, Captain Samuel, the elderly, the respectable, the genial, the resourceful; and it was he who saw to the provision of fishing lines and hooks, of conch-shell bait, of water telescopes, and of other conventional paraphernalia. The luncheon was got together by Gordon and Mrs. Mallet, and included, among other delectable things, three or four bottles of champagne.

They embarked at eleven o'clock. It was an exceptionally warm day—81° in the shade. The harbor, between the town and Hog Island, was as smooth as oil, and the yacht, with all sail spread, made but slow headway.

"We'll get a bit of a slant of breeze once we're outside," Captain Samuel remarked, with his eye on the tell-tale, and working his tiller.

The Buster, wound about by Drusilla's long arms, craned over the side of the boat and stretched out her small tapering fingers for the coral fronds and tinted fishes three fathoms below, but which, through the invisible medium, seemed within easy reach. "Be careful, girl!" Mrs. Mallet warned her; "she jumps so unexpectedly. Hadn't I better take her? Look, darling! G'an'ma's watch!" But the Buster glanced disdainfully out of her full, despotic, translucent agate eyes, and returned to her submarine longings. "How deliciously natural she is," murmured the old lady adroitly. "She'd rather have a fish, or a flower, than all the gold and jewels in the world!"

"She inherited the fish love from me; the flower love from mamma," said Gordon.

As they drifted along, Jack Mallet, leaning against the mast, in an immaculate white flannel yachting suit, got his banjo out of its case and began to troll out a bold buccaneering song in resonant baritone. The others fell in at the chorus. The Buster listened with the aspect of a rapt seraph for a space, and then frowned horribly, and sent forth stentorian yells whenever there was general laughter, and Jack brought the flat of his hand down on the strings. The music stopped. Drusilla arrayed herself discreetly, and became a dining-room, at whose mahogany the Buster was the only feeder. Then someone asked Captain Gordon a question relative to the assault on Nilt, and the battle with

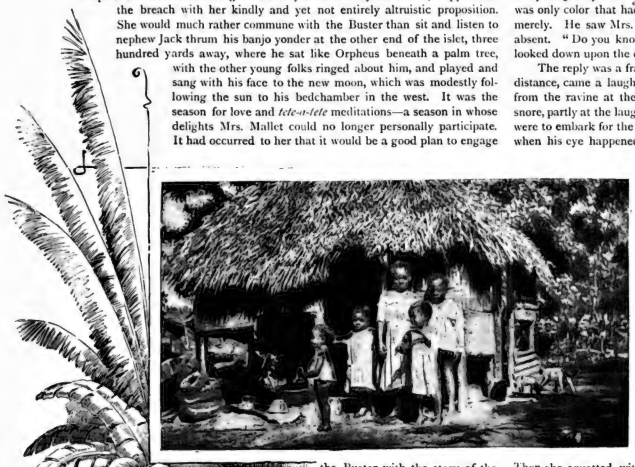
the mountaineers of the Hunza Niger. The captain narrated well and modestly, and with humor as well as wisdom; and the first thing they knew they had doubled the point and were leaping off with a good breeze, close-hauled on the starboard tack. Their destination—a shadow of green crowning a gleam of white—lay a few miles off to windward, over the starboard bow. The Buster, having banqueted, slept. The young people talked sentiment perhaps. Gordon and the Lady of Quality discussed the trial which was soon to take place among the drifts and glaciers of latitude 46°. Captain Samuel smoked his pipe con-

tentedly, and, after hauling in another inch on his peak halyards, settled himself with his left foot braced against a stanchion and humored the sheet. He fetched the islet in four tacks. By two o'clock they were safe ashore, and properly hungry.

V.

"I will take care of her, Drusilla. Captain Samuel has your supper ready for you there in the gorge. Baby and I will stay here and entertain each other—won't we, pet?"

Thus spoke the Hon. Mrs. Mallet. The torrid sun of Christmas Eve had blazed and set. It had been a day of glories. Such a luncheon, such a fishing, such bathing, such coral diving and shell hunting, such geniality and festival of nature and human nature no Christmas Eve had ever surpassed. The Buster had been in the thick of it all, except for two hours, during which she had slept in the curtained bedstead into which the unfailing Drusilla had transformed herself. Now she was awake and ready for business. But the poor bedstead, being after all human, was very sharp-set, and had as yet had a chance to eat nothing beyond a fortuitous banana or two and a bit of sponge cake. So Mrs. Mallet, being weary of ordinary social delights and her receptivity of subtropical enchantments having been finally exhausted by the sunset, stepped into the breach with her kindly and yet not entirely altruistic proposition. She would much rather commune with the Buster than sit and listen to nephew Jack thrum his banjo yonder at the other end of the islet, three hundred yards away, where he sat like Orpheus beneath a palm tree, with the other young folks ringed about him, and played and sang with his face to the new moon, which was modestly following the sun to his bedchamber in the west. It was the season for love and *tete-a-tete* meditations—a season in whose delights Mrs. Mallet could no longer personally participate. It had occurred to her that it would be a good plan to engage the Buster with the story of the first Christmas Eve; she might regard it now, though she could scarcely have done so a year earlier in her career. The Hon. lady felt moved to do good. She had eaten well, laughed much, done her share with the champagne, and was at peace with the world. She was sure the Buster's mamma would thank her for leading the infant intelligence to a contemplation of divine things.



"Now, dearie, listen to g'an'ma. Once, a great many years ago, in a place a great way off——"

But the Buster had her own convictions as to what was divine. In her opinion this quality attached to g'an'ma's lace-trimmed parasol, which, temporarily relieved from duty, lay on the grass beside her. She laid hands on the trimming and began trying to separate it from its foot-hold. G'an'ma was obliged to interrupt her tale to interfere. The Buster, indignant, required propitiation in some form. Finally the watch-charms were surrendered to her. Her examination of them was prolonged and earnest. G'an'ma watched her with dreamy satisfaction. Her little legs were stretched out straight in front of her, at a divergent angle. Her little hands were busy. Her little face was serious and deeply preoccupied, eyes intent, lips folding and pouting. G'an'ma wished heaven had made her such a baby. She fell into a train of vague memories, which she pursued with closed eyelids. Far off the banjo tinkled. The lapse of waves against the base of the cliff hard by was soothing. The crescent in the west stooped seaward, a silver phantom. Nature and g'an'ma slumbered.

Captain Gordon, heated by the day and defiant of sharks, had sought a secluded inlet and gone in for a swim. Secure in Drusilla's watchfulness, he took his time, reclining luxuriously on the warm yet refreshing translucency, undulating dolphin-like beneath and above, rejoicing in the sensation of recovered health and strength. What an ocean of bliss was this! What a climate! You could try it with any extravagance or recklessness and never reach any mischief in it. Why not remain here forever? If the trial went against them they could hardly find a spot at once more luxurious and more economical. If they won their case, on the other hand, could wealth be housed more fittingly than here? The main thing was to get here—to establish themselves on some such Calypso's Isle as this very one on whose beach the captain now stood leisurely dressing himself. Would that Kate were come! The trial was set for January 13th. She might start by the 15th and arrive five or six days later, say on the 20th. In a month, then, less four days. The captain looked northward with his heart in his eyes. He had heard from her but once since his departure. He was a little anxious; if he had allowed himself to think about it he might have made himself intolerably so. But his profession had taught him discipline and patience, and his mother, perhaps, had taught him a reverent belief in the Divine goodness. He and the Buster had been sent down here to get well and they had faithfully applied themselves to the task and had accomplished it. The rest was in God's hand; worrying would not help it. But he looked northward towards the Canadian shores, and sighed as he turned to climb the coral cliff and relieve the faithful Drusilla of her charge.

It was dusk as he approached the spot where he had left Drusilla and the Lady of Quality with the Buster; but the atmosphere was still quite clear. It was only color that had been withdrawn, leaving objects to light and shadow merely. He saw Mrs. Mallet sitting there; but Drusilla and the Buster were absent. "Do you know which way they went?" he asked, as he came up, and looked down upon the daughter of a lord.

The reply was a frank, well developed snore. At the same moment, from a distance, came a laugh. No one but Drusilla laughed like that. It sounded from the ravine at the eastern side of the island. He smiled, partly at the snore, partly at the laugh. He took out his watch—ten minutes past five. They were to embark for the return trip at half-past. He was just turning to the east when his eye happened to catch a white object on the verge of the cliff to the westward. The cliff at that point was about thirty-five feet in height and precipitous. The sea washed its base. The white object, hanging on the verge, was perhaps forty paces from where he stood. He could not distinguish it very clearly, but he remembered that Mrs. Mallet had a white shawl, and he thought it must have been carried by the breeze to the precarious position while she slept. Another puff would carry it over, so he stepped off to secure it.

Before he had gone a fourth of the distance, he stopped and gazed with a terrible intentness. It was as if his soul had left his body stiffened there and gone forward. Pulse, breathing, paused. The action of his bodily senses ceased. The soul, behind sense, perceived and felt immediately, and with an unimaginable agony of keenness. He was at once dead, and poignantly, exquisitely alive.

The Buster, in her white frock, had crawled away from unresponsive g'an'ma, and, pursuing now a hopping insect, now a flower, and now her own despotic whim, had finally reached the overhanging edge of death. Then she squatted, with her back to destruction, busily pulling to pieces with her strong, tiny fingers the bud of a plant which she had found growing there. A movement, a breath, and she would lose her balance and topple over into the other world. Should she raise her head to look at him, she would be lost. Every immeasurable instant might be her last. To speak was death. Gordon was helpless. Could even an angel from heaven rescue her? Oh, could prayer avail! Whether or not he prayed, he never knew. There he stood.

Suddenly, the Buster lifted her eyes—but not on him. She looked off diagonally towards her right. A moment, and she dropped the bud with a coo of pleasure. She leaned forward, pitched upon all fours, and began to crawl lustily in the direction of her gaze. Slowly, stiffly, Gordon glanced thitherward. With an emotion of relief and thankfulness so overwhelming as to make his knees tremble and his whole frame shake and sink, he saw Kate Gordon, his wife, her mother. She was kneeling on the turf, a dozen yards to the left of him, her face and figure clear in the western light. She had unfastened the front of her dress, and with her left hand held her bosom, a fountain of nourishment, open to the Buster, while with her right she beckoned, nodding and smiling. Gordon felt no wonder, scarcely surprise. A dim memory of some old legend of a similar event passed distantly through his mind. But all he could be conscious of then was that Kate was there, and had saved her baby. With a gasp of joy unutterable, his soul reanimated his body, and he staggered towards them. Just as the mother's arms enfolded her darling, he stood beside them; and the Buster was there, but Kate had vanished.

The Buster tumbled forward flat, and sat up with a shout of indignation. "Mamma! Mamma—come! Mam-ma-a!"

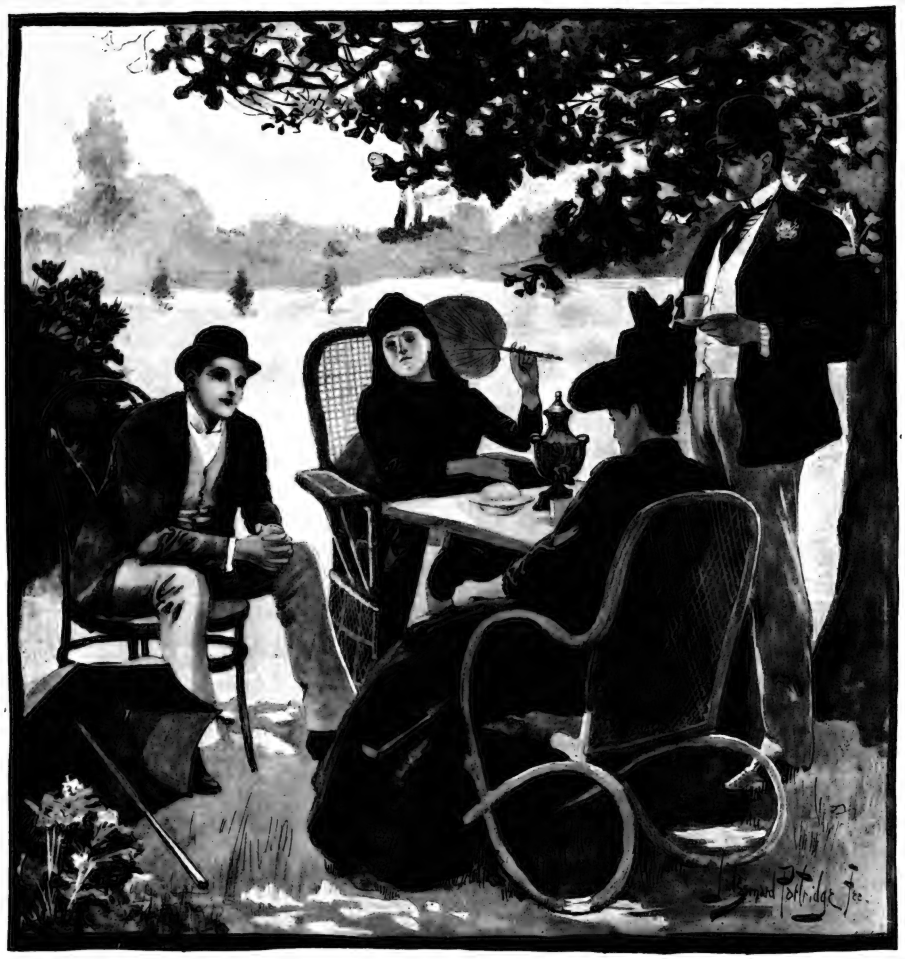
Gordon caught her up, kicking and yelling. She, thank God, was no phantom! He stumbled off, breathless, in a whirl, and came plump to the ground almost on top of the Lady of Quality, who awoke with a jump. "Good gracious!—ah!—how you startled—Mr. Gordon—how—what's the matter?"

Gordon's face was buried in the Buster's little chest; she screamed and pulled his hair. He was sobbing violently. "O God—God—my baby—O God—be thanked!" And the Buster bellowed, "Wan' mamma! Mum—ma—a!"

VI.

Next day the semi-monthly steamer was due. Gordon was up at dawn, hoping for a letter. The event of the previous evening had its anxious side. He had seen the spirit of Kate. How was it with her, then? A disembodied spirit means death. Was the Buster saved to him and she lost? He paced the wharf restlessly. At last, beyond the back of Hog Island, he saw the smoke of the steamer. She rounded the point and came into the harbor, picking her way smoothly, the passengers on deck. Gordon saw the boat which was to carry the line reach her side. To his impatience everything seemed to proceed with intolerable slowness. Would that letter come? The line was brought ashore finally, and the big vessel began to push and pull herself into the wharf. Meanwhile a crowd of people had joined him, white and black. There were chatter, laughter, calls, orders given and answered. In she swung. Gordon, after all, couldn't get his letter until the mail had been sorted at the postoffice, but he was killing time at any rate. He stood in the crowd, staring abstractedly, but seeing nothing. He was away in Montreal, wandering knee-deep in snow, seeking for Kate. The gang-plank was down; the passengers were emerging. Well, he would go to the postoffice now and wait there. He turned and at the same moment was seized violently by the shoulder. He faced about, half resentfully, and Kate—the real, flesh and blood Kate this time—was in his arms. He was a hundred times more astonished than when he had beheld her phantom the night before, and for a while he could do nothing but exclaim monosyllabically, and clutch her arms and shoulders interrogatively, and giggle in her face as if in misgiving of his own eyesight.

"Tom—oh! Is it—nothing has happened——?"



"Kate! By Jove! No—but the—you know—the trial?"

She gave a little warble of laughter and turned. A small gray-haired gentleman with a broad ruddy face stood at her elbow. "Tom, let me introduce Mr. Graham, your cousin, our best friend. He was so good as to escort me down here."

"Hem! Glad to know you, cousin Gordon. Wish you happy Christmas!" said Mr. Graham, extending a short, stout hand, which Tom shook as one in a dream.

"But——" he began; and looked from Graham to his wife. Graham grinned.

"Here are your title deeds," quoth he, producing a bundle of papers from

his pocket. "You married a good woman, sir. I happened to meet her and—well, the trial began and ended there. Which side might have won in court I don't know and don't want to, but the property's yours and I hope we're friends. That's all right, sir! A man fights by instinct, you know, if his claims are questioned, but I'd rather lose all I've got than give a woman like that the right to call me enemy. We'll talk it over another time. I must see after my luggage. Meet you at the hotel." He nodded and crawled over to was gone.

Tom stared after him, then at the title deeds, then at Kate.

"He's the dearest old fellow in the world, but one," she said. "But, Tom"—she eyed him piercingly—"you look so well . . . . it can't be that anything . . . . the baby!" She uttered the last words with a strange sinking of the voice; she paled and her hand went to her heart. "Tell me!"

"The Buster is a Bull of Bashan. She's just about having her bath now. Come on and see her. What's the matter?"

She covered her face with her hands and when she removed them she was all tears and smiles. It was several moments before she found a voice.

At last she said, "I'll never heed a presentiment again! But I could have sworn, Tom, I was actually . . . . Oh, it makes me tremble now to think of it! Last evening I was sitting on deck, and Mr. Graham had just left me to go below. It was about five o'clock; I was as broad awake as I am now. I was looking at the new moon that was just setting. All at once, I was on shore. Not anywhere where I had ever been before. The sea was all around; it was a little tiny island, I thought. Somewhere in the distance there was music and singing. But oh, the baby was right on the brink of the cliff, just ready to go over backwards if she moved. I was afraid to go to her or speak. Tom, I remembered a story of a mother and her baby in just such a terrible . . . . I knelt down and——"

"I know," said Tom; "and the Buster you; and when you disappeared, she set up such a row. Look at the scratch on my nose!"

"What do you mean?" She stopped still, and her lovely mouth gaped.

"Kate, I don't know: that is, I don't pretend to explain. But you were there, sure enough; and I saw you save the baby, when nothing else could have saved her. And now I remember you said, just as we parted in the car, that your soul went with us. I fancy it did: and became visible at the right moment. As for the Buster, she will never believe that it wasn't you in flesh and blood; and you will never get her to forgive you for taking her supper right out of her mouth, after offering it to her—at any rate, unless you can give her a breakfast! Come on. The queerest thing is, you should have heard Jack Mallet strumming his banjo!"

"Don't laugh, Tom," said she, laughing and crying both. "It is something sacred and holy: I want to kneel down: I want to be in church!"

"And not see the Buster till afterwards?"

"Ah!" she quivered, wiping her eyes and turning up to him a heavenly look. "It's Christmas, Tom—the time of the great miracle. And I am the most blessed woman in the world!"

"So am I, Kate," returned he, absurdly. "Look! There comes the Buster to meet you!"

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

I had finished my toilet, and was loitering with Frank Bracebridge in the library, when we heard a distant thwacking sound, which he informed me was a signal for the serving up of the dinner. The 'Squire kept up old customs in kitchen as well as hall; and the rolling-pin struck upon the dresser by the cook, summoned the servants to carry in the meats.

Just in this nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our train band,
Presented, and away.

The dinner was served up in the great hall, where the 'Squire always held his Christmas banquet. A blazing crackling fire of logs had been heaped on to warm the spacious apartment, and the flame went sparkling and wreathing up the wide-mouthed chimney. . . .

We were ushered into this banqueting scene with the sound of minstrelsy; the old harper being seated on a stool beside the fireplace, and twanging his instrument with a vast deal more power than melody. Never did Christmas board display a more goodly and gracious assemblage of countenances; those who were not handsome, were, at least, happy; and happiness is a rare improver of your hard-favored visage. . . .

The parson said grace, which was not a short familiar one, such as is commonly addressed to the Deity in these unceremonious days; but a long, courtly, well worded one of the ancient school. There was now a pause, as if something was expected; when suddenly the butler entered the hall with some degree of bustle; he was attended by a servant on each side with a large waxlight, and bore a silver dish, on which was an enormous pig's head, decorated with rosemary, with a lemon in its mouth, which was placed with great formality at the head of the table. The moment this pageant made its appearance the harper struck up a flourish; at the conclusion of which the young Oxonian, on receiving a hint from the 'Squire, gave, with an air of the most comic gravity, an old carol, the first verse of which was as follows:

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.
The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary.
I pray you all synge merrily
Qui estis in convivio.

Though prepared to witness many of these little eccentricities, from being apprized of the peculiar hobby of mine host; yet, I confess, the parade with which so odd a dish was introduced somewhat perplexed me, until I gathered from the conversation of the 'Squire and the parson, that it was meant to represent the bringing in of the boar's head—a dish formerly served up with much ceremony, and the sound of minstrelsy and song, at great tables on Christmas day. "I like the old custom," said the 'Squire, "not merely because it is stately and pleasing in itself, but because it was observed at the college at Oxford, at which I was educated. When I hear the old songs chanted, it brings to mind the time when I was young and gamesome—and the noble old college hall—and my fellow-students loitering about in their black gowns; many of whom, poor lads, are now in their graves!" . . .

The table was literally loaded with good cheer, and presented an epitome of country abundance, in this season of overflowing larders. A distinguished post was allotted to "ancient sirloin," as mine host termed it; being, as he added, "the standard of old English hospitality, and a joint of goodly presence, and full of expectation." There were several dishes quaintly decorated, and which had evidently something traditional in their embellishments; but about which, as I did not like to appear over-curious, I asked no questions.

I could not, however, but notice a pie, magnificently decorated with peacocks' feathers, in imitation of the tail of that bird, which overshadowed a considerable tract of the table. This, the 'Squire confessed, with some little hesitation, was a pheasant pie, though a peacock pie was certainly the most authentical; but there had been such a mortality among the peacocks this season, that he could not prevail upon himself to have one killed. . . .

When the cloth was removed the butler brought in a huge silver vessel, of rare and curious workmanship, which he placed before the 'Squire. Its appearance was hailed with acclamation; being the Wassail Bowl, so renowned in Christmas festivity. The contents had been prepared by the 'Squire himself; for it was a beverage, in the skilful mixture of which he particularly prided himself: alleging that it was too abstruse and complex for the comprehension of an ordinary servant. It was a potation, indeed, that might well make the heart of a toper leap within him; being composed of the richest and raciest wines, highly spiced and sweetened, with roasted apples bobbing about the surface.

The old gentleman's whole countenance beamed with a serene look of indwelling delight as he stirred this mighty bowl. Having raised it to his lips, with a hearty wish of a merry Christmas to all present, he sent it brimming round the board, for everyone to follow his example according to the primitive style; pronouncing it "the ancient fountain of good feeling, where all hearts met together."—*Washington Irving.*

The Manufacturers of "Sunlight" have been specially appointed soap-makers to the Queen.

A. ALLAN, President. J. O. GRAVEL, Secretary-Treasurer. J. J. McGILL, Manager. F. SCHOLES, Managing Director

The Canadian Rubber Co.

Of MONTREAL, TORONTO and WINNIPEG

CAPITAL, $2,000,000

MANUFACTURERS OF

First Quality Rubber Boots and Shoes

SUPERIOR QUALITY

Rubber Belting

INCLUDING

THE FORSYTH (Boston Belting Co.) SEAMLESS RUBBER BELTING

For which we are sole agents and manufacturers in Canada.

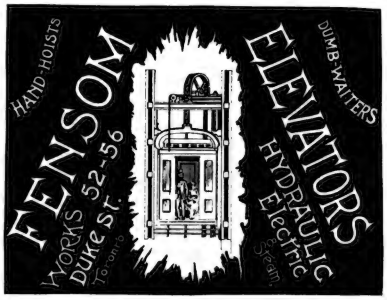
Hard and Soft Rubber Goods for Electrical Purposes, including Rod, Sheet, Tube, Telephone Receivers, Battery Cells, Etc. All sorts of Rubber Tubes for Insulating Purposes, all kinds of Rubber Hose, Packings, Etc.

Head Office and Factory, Montreal

WESTERN BRANCH

Cor. Front and Yonge Streets, Toronto

J. H. WALKER, MANAGER



ARE YOU BEAUTIFUL?

DO YOU DESIRE A CLEAR COMPLEXION?

You can be cured of Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Yellow or Oily Skin, Red Nose or other Facial Blemishes or Skin Diseases, and Superfluous Hair on Face or Arms.

You can rid yourself of all disfigurements if you will consult Miss Moote or Miss Hye at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's, 145½ Yonge Street, Toronto. They can refer you to several ladies whose complexions were coarse, dark and spotted, but whose skin is now beautiful.

AT FORTY YOU CAN LOOK TWENTY-FIVE

Our latest stoud patient, who inherited obesity, lost four pounds the first two weeks, and says she now breathes easily and feels perfectly well.

Ladies who are taking German Baths say that their nervousness has vanished and they sleep better than for years.

SEND A STAMP FOR BOOKLET, PRESS NOTICES AND REFERENCES.

Mrs. Gervaise Graham's Dermatological Institute

145½ YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

THERE IS AN EXISTING DEMAND FOR

HIGH CLASS PERFUMES

THE SEASON'S FAVORITES ARE

HIGHLAND HEATHER WHITE ROSE

LAVENDER WATER

FOR CHRISTMAS TRADE

We Keep the Best at Closest Prices

DRUGGISTS AND PERFUMERS

HOOPER & Co. 43 King St. West and 444 Spadina Av.

ARTISTS' AND TEACHERS' GRADUATING COURSES

INCORPORATED 1886 **TORONTO** HON. G. W. ALLAN PRESIDENT

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

SCHOLARSHIPS, DIPLOMAS, CERTIFICATES, MEDALS, ETC.

UNIVERSITY AFFILIATION FOR DEGREES IN MUSIC.

Free instruction in Theory, Sight-Singing, Violin, Orchestral and Ensemble playing. The Concerts and Recitals by teachers and students are alone invaluable educational advantages. Staff of teachers number 57. New music hall and class rooms lately added. Facilities for general musical education unsurpassed. Pupils may enter at any time.

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION

H. N. SHAW, B. A., Principal.

Large, efficient staff. Best methods for development of Verbal, Voca. and Pantomimic Expression. Delsarte and Swedish Gymnastics. Special course in Pyhsical Culture, developing muscles which strengthen voice; also course in Literature. One and two year courses with Diploma.

CONSERVATORY AND ELOCUTION CALENDAR MAILED FREE

EDWARD FISHER

Cor. Yonge and Wilton Avenue. Musical Director.

PIANOS

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE WORLD RENOWNED

Steinway Chickering

Haines Everett

"THE NORDHEIMER PIANO"

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS. SATISFIES THE MOST CRITICAL.

TORONTO **A. & S. NORDHEIMER** MONTREAL

Branches, Ottawa, Hamilton, London.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. The Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. 25 CTS.

I can highly recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption for Croup, as I am positive that we would have lost our little girl, three years old, only for having Piso's Cure in the house.—E. D. Townsend, Green Bay, Wisconsin, Oct. 3, 1892.

I suffered with Catarrh for years, and tried all kinds of medicines. None of them did me any good. At last I was induced to try Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. I have used about half a package and am entirely cured.—PHIPIP LANCREV, Fieldon, Illinois, June 22, 1892.

JAMES MURRAY & CO.

28 FRONT ST. WEST, TORONTO

PRINTING ALL BRANCHES

BOOKBINDING PAPER RULING, Etc.

ENGRAVING ALL PROCESSES

RATES FOR ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF ABOVE WORK SUPPLIED ON APPLICATION

THE IMPERIAL TRUSTS COMPANY

OF CANADA

OFFICE, 32 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

SIR LEONARD TILLEY, C. B., K. C. M. G., PRESIDENT.
HENRY S. HOWLAND, ESQ., - VICE-PRESIDENT.

This Company transacts all business usual to trust companies, including MANAGEMENT OF ESTATES, FINANCIAL AGENCY, etc.

Attention is especially drawn to the FIVE PER CENT. GOLD DEBENTURES of the EQUITABLE MORTGAGE COMPANY, which we sell at par and accrued interest, and recommend as a safe investment. These debentures are the direct obligation of the Equitable Mortgage Company, having a cash capital and surplus of upwards of THREE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. In addition they are secured by FIRST LIENS on REAL ESTATE to an equal amount, deposited with trustees for the sale, benefit and protection of the Debenture holders.

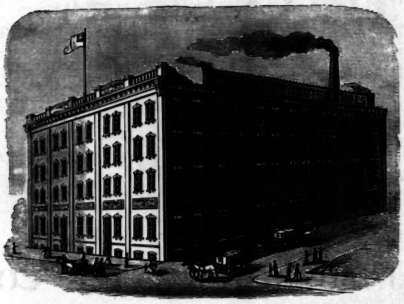
For pamphlets, etc., please write to or apply at the office of the Imperial Trusts Company as above.

F. S. SHARP, Secretary

The Magnificent Type

From which this handsome Christmas Number of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is printed is from the warerooms of Messrs. Miller & Richard of Edinburgh, Scotland, represented in Canada by Mr. R. L. Patterson, Jordan street, Toronto. Five special holiday numbers, making a total of over a quarter of a million impressions, have been printed from this type, and it is as bright and clear and unbroken as when first put on the press. So great has been the success of this firm and so well acquainted is their Dominion representative with the wants of the Canadian press, that nearly every paper in the Dominion is printed from their type.

A LARGER FACTORY



AN INCREASING DEMAND

FOR

Fine Boots and Shoes

THE **J. D. KING CO.** LTD.

IS NOW IN A POSITION TO DO A LARGER BUSINESS THAN EVER.

BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, ETC.

Made by this firm are noted for good fitting and wearing qualities. See that the manufacturers' name is stamped on each pair.

CANADA PERMANENT
LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY

Incorporated A.D. 1855.

Subscribed Capital, $5,000,000 Paid Up Capital, 2,600,000
Reserved Fund, - 1,550,000 Total Assets, - 12,000,000

OFFICE—Company's Buildings, Toronto Street, TORONTO.

DIRECTORS:

President and Managing Director - - J. HERBERT MASON
Vice-President - - EDWARD HOOPER.
S. NORDHEIMER, A. M. SMITH, JUDGE BOYD, HENRY CAWTHRA, RALPH K. BURGESS, WILLIAM G. GOODERHAM.

Assistant Manager - - - - ALFRED J. MASON.
Superintendent - - RUFUS S. HUDSON.
Secretary - - GEORGE H. SMITH

SAVINGS BANK BRANCH—Sums of $4 and upwards received at current rates of interest, paid or compounded half-yearly.

DEBENTURES—Money received on deposit for a fixed term of years, for which Debentures are issued, with half-yearly interest coupons attached. Executors and Trustees are authorized by law to invest in the Debentures of this Company. The Capital and Assets of this Company being pledged for money thus received. Depositors are at all times assured of perfect safety.

Capital supplied to holders of Real Estate at Currant Rates and on favorable conditions as to repayment.

MORTGAGES AND MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES PURCHASED.

THE VERY BEST
ROGERS COAL.
HEAD OFFICE 20 KING ST. WEST TORONTO

BEST QUALITY

Coal AND Wood

LOWEST PRICES

Offices—20 King Street West
409 Yonge Street
793 Yonge Street
288 Queen Street East
578 Queen Street West
1352 Queen Street West
419 Spadina Avenue
Yard Esplanade E., near Berkeley St.
Yard Esplanade E., near Church St.
Yard Bathurst St., opposite Front St.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO.

THE DOMINION PIANO IS THE BEST

AND IS IN THE BEST HOMES IN CANADA.

DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.

PARLOR, CHAPEL AND COMBINATION ORGANS.

BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL

THE BRITISH LIBRARY